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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

A FOOL FOR LOVE

FIVE SHORT STORIES

THE MAN WHO ADOPTED ASIA

SYLVIA'S BRIDEGROOMS

FROM THE PEDESTAL.

A DREAMER .

MISS SOPHY'S MATRIMONIAL STEP .

WILL LEVINGTON CONTORT

ARABELIA KENELLY

PLIZABETH ROCKACEE

JERUS BREXEL TURNER

LUFELEN CASS TETERS

CONHECTS, THE GREATEST OF WOMEN PAINT THEODORE STANTON













LIPPINCOTT





## LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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## LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

**APRIL, 1905** 



## A FOOL FOR LOVE

BY FRANCIS LYNDE Author of "The Grafters"

T.

T was a December morning,—the Missouri December of mild temperatures and saturated skies,—and the Chicago and Alton's fast train, dripping from the rush through the wet night, had steamed briskly to its terminal track in the Union Station at Kansas City.

Two men, one smoking a short pipe and the other snapping the ash from a scented cigarette, stood aloof from the hurrying throngs on the platform, looking on with the measured interest of those who are in a mêlée but not of it.

"More delay," said the cigarettist, glancing at his watch. "We are over an hour late now. Do we get any of it back on the run to

The pipe-smoker shook his head.

"Hardly, I should say. The 'Limited' is a pretty heavy train to pick up lost time. But it won't make any particular difference. The western connections all wait for the 'Limited,' and we shall reach the seat of war to-morrow night, according to the Boston itinerary."

Mr. Morton P. Adams flung away the unburned half of his cigarette and masked a yawn behind his hand.

"It's no end of a bore, Winton, and that is the plain, unlacquered fact," he protested. "I think the governor owes me something. I worried through the Tech because he insisted that I should have a profession; and now I am going in for field work with you in a howl-

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ing winter wilderness because he insists on a practical demonstration. I shall ossify out there in those mountains. It's written in the book."

"Humph! it's too bad about you," said the other ironically. He was a fit figure of a man, clean-cut and vigorous, from the steadfast outlook of the gray eyes and the close clip of the Van Dyck beard to the square finger-tips of the strong hands, and his smile was of goodnatured contempt. "As you say, it is an outrage on filial complaisance. All the same, with the right-of-way fight in prospect, Quartz Creek Canyon may not prove to be such a valley of dry bones as——— Lookout, there!"

The shifting engine had cut a car from the rear of the lately arrived Alton, and was sending it down the outbound track to a coupling with the Transcontinental "Limited." Adams stepped back and let it miss him by a hand's-breadth, and as the car was passing Winton read the name on the panelling.

"The 'Rosemary:' somebody's twenty-ton private outfit. That cooks our last chance of making up any lost time between this and to-morrow—"

He broke off abruptly. On the square rear observation platform of the private car were three ladies. One of them was small and blue-eyed, with wavy little puffs of snowy hair peeping out under her dainty widow's cap. Another was small and blue-eyed, with wavy masses of flaxen hair caught up from a face which might have served as a model for the most exquisite Bisque figure that ever came out of France. But Winton saw only the third.

She was taller than either of her companions—tall and straight and lithe; a charming embodiment of health and strength and beauty: clear-skinned, brown-eyed—a very goddess fresh from the bath, in Winton's instant summing-up of her, and her crown of red-gold hair helped out the simile.

Now thus far in his thirty-year pilgrimage John Winton, man and boy, had lived the intense life of a working hermit so far as the social gods and goddesses were concerned. Yet he had a pang—of disappointment or pointless jealousy, or something akin to both—when Adams lifted his hat to this particular goddess, was rewarded by a little cry of recognition, and stepped up to the platform to be presented to the elder and younger Bisques.

So, as we say, Winton turned and walked away as one left out, feeling one moment as though he had been defrauded of a natural right, and deriding himself the next, as a sensible man should. After a bit he was able to laugh at the "sudden attack," as he phrased it, but later, when he and Adams were settled for the day-long run in the Denver sleeper, and the "Limited" was clanking out over the

switches, he brought the talk around with a carefully assumed air of lack-interest to the party in the private car.

"She is a friend of yours, then?" he said, when Adams had taken the baited hook open-eved.

The Technologian modified the assumption.

"Not quite in your sense of the word, I fancy. I met her a number of times at the houses of mutual friends in Boston. She was studying at the Conservatory."

"But she isn't a Bostonian," said Winton confidently.

"Miss Virginia?—hardly. She is a Carteret of the Carterets; Virginia-born, bred, and named. Stunning girl, isn't she?"

"No," said Winton shortly, resenting the slang for no reason that he could have set forth in words.

Adams lighted another of the scented villanies, and his clean-shaven face wrinkled itself in a slow smile.

"Which means that she has winged you at sight, I suppose, as she does most men." Then he added calmly, "It's no go."

"What is 'no go'?"

Adams laughed unfeelingly.

"You remind me of the fable about the head-hiding ostrich. Didn't I see you staring at her as if you were about to have a fit? But it is just as I tell you: it's no go. She isn't the marrying kind. If you knew her, she'd be nice to you till she got a good chance to flay you alive——"

"Break it off!" growled Winton.

"Presently. As I was saying, she would miss the chance of marrying the best man in the world for the sake of taking a rise out of him. Moreover, she comes of old Cavalier stock with an English earldom at the back of it, and she is inordinately proud of the fact; while you—er—you've given me to understand that you are a man of the people, haven't you?"

Winton nodded absently. It was one of his minor fads to ignore his lineage, which ran decently back to a Colonial Governor on his father's side, and to assert that he did not know his grandfather's middle name—which was accounted for by the very simple fact that the elder Winton had no middle name.

"Well, that settles it definitely," was the Bostonian's comment. "Miss Carteret is of the sang azure. The man who marries her will have to know his grandfather's middle name—and a good bit more besides."

Winton's laugh was mockingly good-natured.

"You have missed your calling by something more than a hand's-breadth, Morty. You should have been a novelist. Give you a spike and a cross-tie and you'd infer a whole railroad. But you pique my

curiosity. Where are these American royalties of yours going in the Rosemary?"

"To California. The car belongs to Mr. Somerville Darrah, who is Vice-President and manager in fact of the Colorado and Grand River road: the 'Rajah,' they call him. He is a relative of the Carterets, and the party is on its way to spend the winter on the Pacific coast."

"And the little lady in the widow's cap: is she Miss Carteret's mother?"

"Miss Bessie Carteret's mother and Miss Virginia's aunt. She is the chaperon."

Winton was silent while the "Limited" was roaring through a village on the Kansas side of the river. When he spoke again it was not of the Carterets; it was of the Carterets' kinsman and host.

"I have heard somewhat of the Rajah," he said half musingly. "In fact, I know him, by sight. He is what the magazinists are fond of calling an 'industry colonel,' a born leader who has fought his way to the front. If the Quartz Creek row is anything more than a stiff bluff on the part of the C. and G. R. it will be quite as well for us if Mr. Somerville Darrah is safely at the other side of the continent—and well out of reach of the wires."

Adams came to attention with a half-hearted attempt to galvanize an interest in the business affair.

"Tell me more about this mysterious jangle we are heading for," he rejoined. "Have I enlisted for a soldier when I thought I was only going into peaceful exile as assistant engineer of construction on the Utah Short Line?"

"That remains to be seen." Winton took a leaf from his pocket memorandum and drew a rough outline map. "Here is Denver, and here is Carbonate," he explained. "At present the Utah is running into Carbonate this way over the rails of the C. and G. R. on a joint track agreement which either line may terminate by giving six months' notice of its intention to the other. Got that?"

"To have and to hold," said Adams. "Go on."

"Well, on the first day of September the C. and G. R. people gave the Utah management notice to quit."

"They are bloated monopolists," said Adams sententiously. "Still, 1 don't see why there should be any scrapping over the line in Quartz Creek Canyon."

"No? You are not up in monopolistic methods. In six months from September first the Utah people will be shut out of Carbonate business, which is all that keeps that part of their line alive. If they want a share of that traffic after March first, they will have to have a road of their own to carry it over."

"Precisely," said Adams, stifling a yawn. "They are building one, aren't they?"

"Trying to," Winton amended. "But, unfortunately, the only practicable route through the mountains is up Quartz Creek Canyon, and the canyon is already occupied by a branch line of the Colorado and Grand River."

"Still I don't see why there should be any scrap."

"Don't you? If the Rajah's road can keep the new line out of Carbonate till the six months have expired, it will have a monopoly of all the carrying trade of the camp. By consequence it can force every shipper in the district to make iron-clad contracts, so that when the Utah line is finally completed it won't be able to secure any freight for a year, at least."

"Oho! that's the game, is it? I begin to savvy the burro: that's

the proper phrase, isn't it? And what are our chances?"

"We have about one in a hundred, as near as I could make out from Mr. Callowell's statement of the case. The C. and G. R. people are moving heaven and earth to obstruct us in the canyon. If they can delay the work a little longer, the weather will do the rest. With the first heavy snow in the mountains, which usually comes long before this, the Utah will have to put up its tools and wait till next summer."

Adams lighted another cigarette.

"Pardon me if I seem inquisitive," he said, "but for the life of me I can't understand what these obstructionists can do. Of course, they can't use force."

Winton's smile was grim. "Can't they? Wait till you get on the ground. But the first move was peaceable enough. They got an injunction from the courts restraining the new line from encroaching on their right of way."

"Which was a thing that nobody wanted to do," said Adams, between inhalations.

"Which was a thing the Utah had to do," corrected Winton. "The canyon is a narrow gorge—a mere slit in parts of it. That is where they have us."

"Oh, well; I suppose we took an appeal and asked to have the injunction set aside?"

"We did, promptly; and that is the present status of the fight. The appeal decision has not yet been handed down; and in the meantime we go on building railroad, incurring all the penalties for contempt of court with every shovelful of earth moved. Do you still think you will be in danger of ossifying?"

Adams let the question rest while he asked one of his own.

"How do you come to be mixed up in it, Jack? A week ago some-

one told me you were going to South America to build a railroad in the Andes. What switched you?"

Winton shook his head. "Fate, I guess; that and a wire from President Callowell of the Utah offering me this. Chief of Construction Evarts, in charge of the work in Quartz Creek Canyon, said what you said a few minutes ago—that he had not hired out for a soldier. He resigned, and I'm taking his berth."

Adams rose and buttoned his coat.

"By all of which it seems that we two are in for a good bit more than the ossifying exile," he remarked. And then: "I am going back into the Rosemary to pay my respects to Miss Virginia Carteret. Won't you come along?"

"No," said Winton, more shortly than the invitation warranted;

and the Technologian went his way alone.

### IL.

"Scuse me, sah; private cyah, sah."

It was the porter's challenge in the vestibule of the Rosemary. Adams found a card.

"Take that to Miss Carteret—Miss Virginia Carteret," he directed, and waited till the man came back with his welcome.

The extension table in the open rear third of the private car was closed to its smallest dimensions, and the movable furnishings were disposed about the compartment to make it a comfortable lounging room.

Mrs. Carteret was propped among the cushions of a divan with a book. Her daughter occupied the undivided half of a tête-à-tête chair with a blond athlete in a clerical coat and a reversed collar. Miss Virginia was sitting alone at a window, but she rose and came to greet the visitor.

"How good of you to take pity on us," she said, giving him her hand. Then she put him at one with the others: "Aunt Martha you have met: also Cousin Bessie. Let me present you to Mr. Calvert: Cousin Billy, this is Mr. Adams, who is responsible in a way for many of my Boston-learned gaucheries."

Aunt Martha closed the book on her finger. "My dear Virginia!" she protested in mild deprecation; and Adams laughed and shook hands with the Reverend William Calvert and made Virginia's peace all in the same breath.

"Don't apologize for Miss Virginia, Mrs. Carteret. We were very good friends in Boston, chiefly, I think, because I never objected when she wanted to—er—to take a rise out of me." Then to Virginia: "I hope I don't intrude?"

"Not in the least. Didn't I just say you were good to come? Uncle Somerville tells us we are passing through the famous Golden Belt,—

whatever that may be,—and recommends an easy-chair and a window. But I haven't seen anything but stubble-fields—dismally wet stubble-fields at that. Won't you sit down and help me watch them go by?"

Adams placed a chair for her and found one for himself.

"'Uncle Somerville'—am I to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Somerville Darrah?"

Miss Virginia's laugh was non-committal.

"Quien sabe?" she queried, airing her one Westernism before she was fairly in the longitude of it. "Uncle Somerville is a law unto himself. He had a lot of telegrams and things at Kansas City, and he is locked in his den with Mr. Jastrow, dictating answers by the dozen, I suppose."

"Oh, these industry colonels!" said Adams. "Don't their toilings

make you ache in sheer sympathy sometimes?"

"No, indeed," was the prompt rejoinder; "I envy them. It must be fine to have large things to do, and to be able to do them."

"Degenerate scion of a noble race!" jested Adams. "What ancient Carteret of them all would have compromised with the necessities by

becoming a captain of industry?"

"It wasn't their métier, or the métier of their times," said Miss Virginia with conviction. "They were sword-soldiers merely because that was the only way a strong man could conquer in those days. Now it is different, and a strong man fights quite as nobly in another field—and deserves quite as much honor."

"Think so? I don't agree with you—as to the fighting, I mean. I like to take things easy. A good club, a choice of decent theatres, the

society of a few charming young women like-"

She broke him with a mocking laugh.

"You were born a good many centuries too late, Mr. Adams; you would have fitted so beautifully into decadent Rome."

"No—thanks. Twentieth-century America, with the commercial frenzy taken out of it, is good enough for me. I was telling Winton a little while ago——"

"Your friend of the Kansas City station platform?" she interrupted. "Mightn't you introduce us a little less informally?"

"Beg pardon, I'm sure—yours and Jack's: Mr. John Winton, of New York and the world at large, familiarly known to his intimates and they are precious few—as 'Jack W.' As I was about to say——"

But she seemed to find a malicious satisfaction in breaking in upon him.

"'Mr. John Winton:' it's a pretty name, as names go, but it isn't as strong as he is. He is an 'industry colonel,' isn't he? He looks it."

The Bostonian avenged himself for the interruption at Winton's expense,

"So much for your woman's intuition," he laughed. "Speaking of idlers, there is your man to the dotting of the 'i; 'a dilettante raised to the nth power."

Miss Carteret's short upper lip curled in undisguised scorn.

"I like men who do things," she asserted, with pointed emphasis; whereupon the talk drifted eastward to Boston, and Winton was ignored until Virginia, having exhausted the reminiscent vein, said, "You are going on through to Denver?"

"To Denver and beyond," was the reply. "Winton has a notion of hibernating in the mountains,—fancy it; in the dead of winter!—and he has persuaded me to go along. He sketches a little, you know."

"Oh, so he is an artist?" said Virginia, with interest newly aroused.

"No," said Adams gloomily, "he isn't an artist—isn't much of anything, I'm sorry to say. Worse than all, he doesn't know his grandfather's middle name. Told me so himself."

"That is inexcusable—in a dilettante," said Miss Virginia mockingly. "Don't you think so?"

"It is inexcusable in anyone," said the Technologian, rising to take his leave. Then, as a parting word: "Does the Rosemary set its own table? or do you dine in the dining-car?"

"In the dining-car, if we have one. Uncle Somerville lets us dodge the Rosemary's cook whenever we can," was the answer; and with this bit of information Adams went his way to the Denver sleeper.

Finding Winton in his section, poring over a blue-print map and making notes thereon after the manner of a man hard at work, Adams turned back to the smoking-compartment.

Now for Mr. Morton P. Adams the salt of life was a joke, harmless or otherwise, as the tree might fall. So, during the long afternoon which he wore out in solitude, there grew up in him a keen desire to see what would befall if these two whom he had so grotesquely misrepresented each to the other should come together in the pathway of acquaintanceship.

But how to bring them together was a problem which refused to be solved until chance pointed the way. Since the "Limited" had lost another hour during the day there was a rush for the dining-car as soon as the announcement of its taking on had gone through the train. Adams and Winton were of this rush, and so were the members of Mr. Somerville Darrah's party. In the seating the party was separated, as room at the crowded tables could be found; and Miss Virginia's fate gave her the unoccupied seat at one of the duet tables, opposite a young man with steadfast gray eyes and a Van Dyck beard.

Winton was equal to the emergency, or thought he was. Adams was

still within call and he beckoned him, meaning to propose an exchange of seats. But the Bostonian misunderstood wilfully.

"Most happy, I'm sure," he said, coming instantly to the rescue.

"Miss Carteret, my friend signals his dilemma. May I present him?"

Virginia smiled and gave the required permission in a word. But for Winton self-possession fled shrieking.

"Ah—er—I hope you know Mr. Adams well enough to make allowances for his—for his——" He broke down piteously and she had to come to his assistance.

"For his imagination?" she suggested. "I do, indeed; we are quite old friends."

Here was "well enough," but Winton was a man and could not let it alone.

"I should be very sorry to have you think for a moment that I would—er—so far forget myself," he went on fatuously. "What I had in mind was an exchange of seats with him. I thought it would be pleasanter for you; that is, I mean, pleasanter for——" He stopped short, seeing nothing but a more hopeless involvement ahead; also because he saw signals of distress or of mirth flying in the brown eyes.

"Oh, please!" she protested, in mock humility. "Do leave my vanity just the tiniest little cranny to creep out of, Mr. Winton. I'll promise to be good and not bore you too desperately."

At this, as you would imagine, the pit of utter self-abasement yawned for Winton, and he plunged headlong, holding the bill of fare wrong side up when the waiter asked for his dinner order, and otherwise demeaning himself like a man taken at a hopeless disadvantage. But she had pity on him.

"But let's ignore Mr. Adams," she went on sweetly. "I am much more interested in this," touching the bill of fare. "Will you order for me, please? I like——"

When she had finished the list of her likings, Winton was able to smile at his lapse into the primitive, and gave the dinner order for two with a fair degree of coherence. After that they got on better. Winton knew Boston, and next to the weather Boston was the safest and most fruitful of the commonplaces. Nevertheless, it was not immortal; and Winton was just beginning to cast about for some other safe riding road for the shallop of small talk when Miss Carteret sent it adrift with malice aforethought.

It was somewhere between the entrées and the fruit, and the point of departure was Boston art.

"Speaking of art, Mr. Winton, will you tell me how you came to think of sketching in the mountains of Colorado at this time of year? I should think the cold would be positively prohibitive of anything like that." Winton stared-open-mouthed, it is to be feared.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, with the inflection which takes its pitch from blank bewilderment.

Miss Virginia was happy. Dilettante he might be, and an unhumbled man of the world as well; but, to use the Reverend Billy's phrase, she could make him "sit up."

"I beg yours, I'm sure," she said demurely. "I didn't know it was a craft secret."

Winton looked across the aisle to the table where the Technologian was sitting opposite a square-shouldered, ruddy-faced gentleman with fiery eyes and fierce white mustaches, and shook a figurative fist.

"I'd like to know what Adams has been telling you," he said. "Sketching in the mountains in midwinter! that would be decidedly original, to say the least of it. And I think I have never done an original thing in all my life."

For a single instant the brown eyes looked their pity for him; generic pity it was, of the kind that mounting souls bestow upon the stagnant. But the sub-conscious lover in Winton made it personal to him, and it was the lover who spoke when he went on.

"That is a damaging admission, is it not? I am sorry to have to make it—to have to confirm your poor opinion of me."

"Did I say anything like that?" she protested.

"Not in words'; but your eyes said it, and I know you have been thinking it all along. Don't ask me how I know it: I couldn't explain it if I should try. But you have been pitying me, in a way—you know you have."

The brown eyes were downcast. Frank and free-hearted after her kind as she was, Virginia Carteret was finding it a new and singular experience to have a man tell her baldly at their first meeting that he had read her inmost thought of him. Yet she would not flinch or go back.

"There is so much to be done in the world, and so few to do the work," she pleaded in extenuation.

"And Adams has told you that I am not one of the few? It is true enough to hurt."

She looked him fairly in the eyes. "What is lacking, Mr. Winton—the spur?"

"Possibly he rejoined. "There is no one near enough to care, or to say 'Well done!"

"How can you tell?" she questioned musingly. "It is not always permitted to us to hear the plaudits or the hisses—happily, I think. Yet there are always those standing by who are ready to cry 'Io triumphe!' and mean it, when one approves himself a good soldier."

The coffee had been served, and Winton sat thoughtfully stirring the

lump of sugar in his cup. Miss Carteret was not having a monopoly of the new experiences. For instance, it had never before happened to John Winton to have a woman, young, charming, and altogether lovable, read him a lesson out of the book of the overcomers.

He smiled inwardly and wondered what she would say if she could know to what battle-field the drumming wheels of the "Limited" were speeding him. Would she be loyal to her Mentorship and tell him he must win, at whatever the cost to Mr. Somerville Darrah and his business associates? Or would she, woman-like, be her uncle's partisan and write one John Winton down in her blackest book for daring to oppose the Rajah?

He assured himself it would make no jot of difference if he knew. He had a thing to do, and he was purposed to do it strenuously, inflexibly. Yet in the inmost chamber of his heart, where the barbarian ego stands unabashed and isolate and recklessly contemptuous of the moralities minor and major, he saw the birth of an influence which must henceforth be desperately reckoned with.

Given a name, this new-born life-factor was love; love barely awakened, and as yet no more than a masterful desire to stand well in the eyes of one woman. None the less, he saw the possibilities: that a time might come when this woman would have the power to intervene; would make him hold his hand in the business affair at the very moment, mayhap, when he should strike the hardest.

It was a rather unnerving thought, and when he considered it he was glad that their ways, coinciding for the moment, would presently go apart, leaving him free to do battle as an honest soldier in any cause must.

The Rosemary party was rising, and Winton rose too, folding the seat for Miss Virginia and reaching her wrap from the rack.

"I am so glad to have met you," she said, giving him the tips of her fingers and going back to the conventionalities as if they had never been ignored.

But the sincerity in Winton's reply transcended the conventional form of it.

"Indeed, the pleasure has been wholly mine, I assure you. I hope the future will be kind to me and let me see more of you."

"Who knows?" she rejoined, smiling at him level-eyed. "The world has been steadily growing smaller since Shakespeare called it 'narrow.'"

He caught quickly at the straw of hope. "Then we need not say good-by?"

"No; let it be auf wiedersehen," she said; and he stood aside to let her join her party.

Two hours later, when Adams was reading in his section and Win-

ton was smoking his short pipe in the men's compartment and thinking things unspeakable with Virginia Carteret for a nucleus, there was a series of sharp whistle shrieks, a sudden grinding of the brakes, and a jarring stop of the "Limited"—a stop not down on the timecard.

Winton was among the first to reach the head of the long train. The halt was in a little depression of the bleak plain, and the trainmen were in conference over a badly derailed engine when Winton came up. A vast herd of cattle was lumbering away into the darkness, and a mangled carcass under the wheels of the locomotive sufficiently explained the accident.

"Well, there's only the one thing to do," was the engineer's verdict. "That's for somebody to mog back to Arroyo to wire for the

wreck-wagon."

"Yes, by gum! and that means all night," growled the conductor. There was a stir in the gathering throng of half-alarmed and all-curious passengers, and a red-faced, white-mustached gentleman, whose soft Southern accent was utterly at variance with his manner, hurled a question bolt-like at the conductor.

"All night, you say, seh? Then we miss ouh Denver connections?"

"You can bet to win on that," was the curt reply.

"Damn!" said the ruddy-faced gentleman; and then in a lower tone: "I beg your pahdon, my deah Virginia; I was totally unaware of your presence."

Winton threw off his overcoat.

"If you will take a bit of help from an outsider, I think we needn't wait for the wrecking-car," he said to the dubitant trainmen. "It's bad, but not as bad as it looks. What do you say?"

Now, as everyone knows, it is not in the nature of operative railway men to brook interference even of the helpful sort. But they are as quick as other folk to recognize the man in esse, as well as to know the clan slogan when they hear it. Winton did not wait for objections, but took over the command as one in authority.

"Think we can't do it? I'll show you. Up on the tank, one of you, and heave down the jacks and frogs. We'll have her on the steel

again before you can say your prayers."

At the hearty command, churlish reluctance vanished and every-body lent a willing hand. In two minutes the crew of the "Limited" knew it was working under a master. The frogs were adjusted under the derailed wheels, the jack-screws were braced to lift and push with the nicest accuracy, and all was ready for the attempt to back the engine in trial. But now the engineer shook his head.

"I ain't the artist to move her gently enough with all that string

o' dinkeys behind her,' he said unhopefully.

"No?" said Winton. "Come up into the cab with me and I'll show you how." And he climbed to the driver's footboard with the doubting engineer at his heels.

The reversing-lever went over with a clang; the air whistled into the brakes; and Winton began to ease the throttle open. The steam sang into the cylinders, the huge machine trembling like a living thing under the hand of a master. Slowly and by almost imperceptible degrees the life of the pent-up boiler power crept into the pistons and out through the connecting-rods to the wheels. With the first thrill of the gripping tires Winton leaned from the window to watch the derailed trucks climb by half-inches up the inclined planes of the frogs.

At the critical instant, when the entire weight of the forward half of the engine was poising for the drop upon the rails, he gave the precise added impulse. The big ten-wheeler coughed hoarsely and spat fire; the driving-wheels made a quick half-turn backward; and a cheer from the onlookers marked the little triumph of mind over matter.

Winton found Miss Carteret holding his overcoat when he swung down from the cab, and he fancied her enthusiasm was tempered with something remotely like embarrassment. But she suffered him to walk back to the private car beside her; and in this sudden retreat from the scene of action he missed hearing the comments of his fellowcraftsmen.

"You bet, he's no 'prentice," said the fireman.

"Not much!" quoth the engineer. "He's an all-'round artist, that's about what he is. Shouldn't wonder if he was the travellin' engineer for some road back in God's country."

"Travellin' nothing!" said the conductor. "More likely he's a train master, 'r p'raps a bigger boss than that. Call in the flag, Jim, and we'll be getting a move."

Oddly enough, the comment on Winton did not pause with the encomiums of the train crew. When the "Limited" was once more rushing on its way through the night, and Virginia and her cousin were safely in the privacy of their state-room, Miss Carteret added her word.

"Do you know, Bessie, I think it was Mr. Adams who scored this afternoon?" she said.

"How so?" inquired la petite Bisque, who was too sleepy to be over-curious.

"I think he 'took a rise' out of me, as he puts it. Mr. Winton is precisely all the kinds of a man Mr. Adams said he wasn't."

#### ш

It was late breakfast time when the Transcontinental "Limited" swept around the great curve in the eastern fringe of Denver, paused for a registering moment at "yard limits," and went clattering in over

the switches to come to rest at the end of its long westward run on the in-track at the Union Depot.

Having wired ahead to have his mail meet him at the yard limits registering station, Winton was ready to make a dash for the telegraph office the moment the train stopped.

"That is our wagon, over there on the narrow-gauge," he said to Adams, pointing out the waiting mountain train. "Have the porter transfer our dunnage, and I'll be with you as soon as I can send a wire or two."

On the way across the broad platform he saw the yard crew cutting out the Rosemary, and had a glimpse of Miss Virginia clinging to the hand-rail and enjoying enthusiastically, he fancied, her first view of the mighty hills to the westward.

The temptation to let the telegraphing wait while he went to say good-morning to her was strong, but he resisted it and hastened the more for the hesitant thought. Nevertheless, when he reached the telegraph office he found Mr. Somerville Darrah and his secretary there ahead of him, and he remarked that the explosive gentleman who presided over the destinies of the Colorado and Grand River appeared to be in a more than usually volcanic frame of mind.

Now Winton, though new to the business of building railroads for the Utah Short Line, was not new to Denver or Colorado. Hence when the Rajah, followed by his secretarial shadow, had left the office, Winton spoke to the operator as to a friend.

"What is the matter with Mr. Darrah, Tom? He seems to be uncommonly vindictive this morning."

The man of dots and dashes nodded.

"He's always crankier this time than he was the other. He's a holy terror, the Rajah is. I wouldn't work on his road for a farm Down East—not if my job took me within cussing distance of him. Bet a hen worth fifty dollars he is up in Mr. Colbert's office right now, raising particular sand because his special engine wasn't standing here ready to snatch his private car on the fly, so's to go on without losing headway."

Winton's eyes narrowed, and he let his writing hand pause while he said, "So he travels special from Denver, does he?"

"On his own road?—well, I should smile. Nothing is too good for the Rajah; or too quick, when he happens to be in a hurry. I wonder he didn't have the T. C. pull him special from Kansas City."

Winton handed in his batch of telegrams and went his way reflective. What was Mr. Somerville Darrah's particular rush? As set forth by Adams, the plans of the party in the Rosemary contemplated nothing more hasteful than a leisurely trip to the Pacific coast—a pleasure jaunt with a winter sojourn in California to lengthen it. Why, then,

this sudden change from "Limited" regular trains to unlimited specials? Was there fresh news from the seat of war in Quartz Creek Canyon? Winton thought not. In that case he would have had his budget as well; and so far as his own advices went, matters were still as they had been. A letter from the Utah attorneys in Carbonate assured him that the injunction appeal was not yet decided, and another from Chief of Construction Evarts concerned itself chiefly with the Major's desire to know when he was to be relieved.

But if Winton could have been an eavesdropper behind the door of Superintendent Colbert's office on the second floor of the Union Depot, his doubts would have been resolved instantly.

The telegraph operator's guess went straight to the mark. Mr. Darrah was "raising particular sand" because his wire order for a special engine had not been obeyed to the saving of the ultimate second of time. But between his objurgations on that score, he was rasping out questions designed to exhaust the chief clerk's store of information concerning the status of affairs at the seat of war.

"Will you inform me, seh, why I wasn't wired that this beggahly appeal was going against us?" he demanded wrathfully. "What's that you say, seh? Don't tell me you couldn't know what the decision of the cou't was going to be before it was handed down: that's what you-all are heah for—to find out these things! And what is all this about Majah Eva'ts resigning, and the Utah's sending East for a professional right-of-way fighteh to take his place? Who is this new man? Don't know? Dammit, seh! it's your business to know! Now when do you faveh me with my engine?"

Thus the Rajah; and the chief clerk, himself known from end to end of the Colorado and Grand River as a queller of men, could only point out of the window to where the Rosemary stood engined and equipped for the race, and say meekly: "I'm awfully sorry you've been delayed, Mr. Darrah; very sorry, indeed. But your car is ready now. Shall I go along to be on hand if you need me?"

"No, seh!" stormed the irate master; and the chief clerk's face became instantly expressive of the keenest relief. "You stay right heah and see that the wires to Qua'tz Creek are kept open—wide open, seh. And when you get an ordeh from me—for an engine, a regiment of the National Gyua'd, or a train-load of white elephants—you fill it. Do you understand, seh?"

Meantime, while this scene was getting itself enacted in the Superintendent's office, a mild fire of consternation was alight in the gathering room of the Rosemary. As we have guessed, Winton's packet of mail was not the only one which was delivered by special arrangement that morning to the incoming "Limited" at the yard registering station. There had been another, addressed to Mr. Somerville Darrah; and when he had opened it there had been a volcanic explosion and a hurried dash for the telegraph office, as recorded.

Sifted out by the Reverend Billy, and explained by him to Mrs. Carteret and Bessie, the firing spark of the explosion appeared to be some news of an untoward character from a place vaguely designated as "the front."

"It seems that there is some sort of a right-of-way scrimmage going on up in the mountains between our road and the Utah Short Line," said the young man. "It was carried into the courts, and now it turns out that the decision has gone against us."

"How perfectly horrid!" said Miss Bessie. "Now I suppose we shall have to stay here indefinitely while Uncle Somerville does things." And placid Mrs. Carteret added plaintively: "It's too bad! I think

they might let him have one little vacation in peace."

"Who talks of peace?" queried Virginia, driven in from her post of vantage on the observation platform by the smoke from the switchingengine. "Didn't I see Uncle Somerville charging across to the telegraph office with war written out large in every line of him?"

"I am afraid you did," affirmed the Reverend Billy; and thereupon

the explanation was rehearsed for Virginia's benefit.

The brown eyes flashed militant sympathy.

"Oh, I wish Uncle Somerville would go to 'the front,' wherever that is, and take us along!" she cried. "It would be ever so much better than California."

The Reverend William laughed; and Aunt Martha put in her word

of expostulation, as in duty bound.

"Why, my dear Virginia—the idea! You don't know in the least what you are talking about. I have been reading in the papers about these right-of-way troubles, and they are perfectly terrible. One report said they were arming the laboring men, and another said the militia might have to be called out."

"Well, what of it?" said Virginia, with all the hardihood of youth and unknowledge. "It's something like a burning building: one doesn't want to be hard-hearted and rejoice over other people's misfortunes; but then, if it has to burn, one would like to be there

to see."

Miss Bessie put a stray lock of the flaxen hair up under its proper comb.

"I'm sure I prefer California and the orange-groves and peace," she asserted. "Don't you, Cousin Billy?"

What Mr. Calvert would have replied is no matter for this history, since at this precise moment the Rajah came in, "coruscating," as Virginia put it, from his late encounter with the Superintendent's chief clerk.

"Give them the word to go, Jastrow, and let's get out of heah," he commanded. And when the secretary had vanished the Rajah made his explanations to all and sundry. "I've been obliged in a manneh to change ouh itinerary. Anotheh company is trying to fault us up in Qua'tz Creek Canyon, and I am in a meashuh compelled to be on the ground. We shall be delayed only a few days, I hope; at the worst only until the first snow-storm comes; and, in the meantime, Califo'nia won't run away."

Virginia clapped her hands.

"Then we are really to go to 'the front' and see a right-of-way

fight? Oh, won't that be perfectly intoxicating!"

The Rajah glared at her as if she had said something incendiary. The picturesque aspect of the struggle had evidently not appealed to him. But he smiled grimly when he said: "Now there spoke the blood of the fighting Carterets: hope you won't change your mind, my deah." And with that he dived into his working den, pushing the lately returned secretary in ahead of him.

Virginia linked arms with Bessie the flaxen-haired when the wheels began to turn.

"We are off," she said. "Let's go out on the platform and see the last of Denver."

It was while they were clinging to the hand-rail and looking back upon the jumble of railway activities out of which they had just emerged that the Rosemary, gaining headway, overtook another moving train running smoothly on a track parallel to that upon which the private car was speeding. It was the narrow-gauge mountain connection of the Utah line, and Winton and Adams were on the rear platform of the last car. So it chanced that the four of them were presently waving their adieux across the wind-blown interspace. In the midst of it, or rather at the moment when the Rosemary, gathering speed as the lighter of the two trains, forged ahead, the Rajah came out to light his cigar.

He took in the little tableau of the rear platforms at a glance, and when the slower train was left behind asked a question of Virginia.

"Ah—wasn't one of those two the young gentleman who called on you yestehday afternoon, my deah?"

Virginia admitted it.

"Could you faveh me with his name?"

"He is Mr. Morton P. Adams, of Boston."

"Ah-h: and his friend—the young gentleman who laid his hand to ouh plough and put the engine on the track last night?"

"He is Mr. Winton—a—an artist, I believe; at least, that is what I gathered from what Mr. Adams said of him."

Mr. Somerville Darrah laughed, a slow little laugh deep in his throat.

"Bless your innocent soul—he a picchuh-painteh? Not in a thousand yeahs, my deah Virginia. He is a railroad man, and a right good one at that. Faveh me with the name again; Winteh, did you say?"

"No; Winton-Mr. John Winton."

"D-d-devil!" gritted the Rajah, smiting the hand-rail with his clenched fist. "Hah! I beg your pahdon, my deahs—a meah slip of the tongue." And then, to the full as savagely, "By Heaven, I hope that train will fly the track and ditch him before ever he comes within ordering distance of the work in Qua'tz Creek Canyon!"

"Why, Uncle Somerville-how vindictive!" cried Virginia. "Who

is he, and what has he done?"

"He is Misteh John Winton, as you informed me just now; one of the brainiest constructing engineers in this entiah country, and the hardest man in this or any otheh country to down in a right-of-way fight—that's who he is. And it's not what he's done, my deah Virginia, it's what he is going to do. If I can't get him killed up out of ouh way——" but here Mr. Darrah saw the growing terror in two pairs of eyes, and realizing that he was committing himself before an unsympathetic audience, beat a hasty retreat to his stronghold at the other end of the Rosemary.

"Well!" said the flaxen-haired Bessie, catching her breath. But Virginia laughed.

"I'm glad I'm not Mr. Winton," she said.

## IV.

MORNING in the highest highlands of the Rockies, a morning clear, cold, and tense, with a bell-like quality in the frosty air to make the cracking of a snow-laden fir-bough resound like a pistol-shot. For Denver and the dwellers on the eastern plain the sun is an hour high; but the hamlet mining-camp of Argentine, with its dovecote railway station and two-pronged siding, still lies in the steel-blue depths of the canyon shadow.

Massive mountains, dark green to the timber line and dazzling white above it, shut in the narrow valley to right and left. A mimic torrent, icebound in the quieter pools, drums and gurgles on its descent midway between two railway embankments, the one to which the station and side-tracks belong old and well settled, the other new and as yet unballasted. Just opposite the pygmy station a lateral gorge intersects the main canyon, making a deep gash in the opposing mountain bulwark, around which the new line has to find its way by a looping detour.

In a scanty widening of the main canyon a few hundred yards below the station a graders' camp of rude slab shelters is turning out its horde of wild-looking Italians; and on a crooked spur track fronting the shanties blue wood-smoke is curling lazily upward from the kitchen car of a construction train.

All night long the Rosemary, drawn by the speediest of mountainclimbing locomotives, had stormed onward and upward from the valley of the Grand, through black defiles and around the shrugged shoulders of the mighty peaks to find a resting-place in the white-robed dawn on the siding at Argentine. The lightest of sleepers, Virginia had awakened when the special was passing through Carbonate; and drawing the berth curtain she had lain for hours watching the solemn procession of cliffs and peaks wheeling in stately and orderly array against the inky background of sky. Now, in the steel-blue dawn, she was—or thought she was—the first member of the party to dress and steal out upon the railed platform to look abroad upon the wondrous scene in the canyon.

But her reverie, trance-like in its wordless enthusiasm, was presently broken by a voice behind her—the voice, namely, of Mr. Arthur Jastrow.

"What a howling wilderness, to be sure, isn't it?" said the secretary, twirling his eye-glasses by the cord and looking, as he felt, interminably bored.

"No, indeed; anything but that," she retorted warmly. "It is grander than anything I ever imagined. I wish there were a piano in the car. It makes me fairly ache to set it in some form of expression, and music is the only form I know."

"I'm glad if it doesn't bore you," he rejoined, willing to agree with her for the sake of prolonging the interview. "But to me it is nothing more than a dreary wilderness, as I say; a barren, rockribbed gulch affording an indifferent right-of-way for two railroads."

"For one," she corrected, in a quick upflash of loyalty for her kin.

The secretary shifted his gaze from the mountains to the maiden and smiled. She was exceedingly good to look upon—high-bred, queenly, and just now with the fine fire of enthusiasm to quicken her pulses and to send the rare flush to neck and cheek.

Jastrow the cold-eyed, the business automaton set to go off with a click at Mr. Somerville Darrah's touch, had ambitions not automatic. Some day he meant to put the world of business under foot as a conqueror, standing triumphant on the apex of that pyramid of success which the Mr. Somerville Darrahs were so successfully uprearing. When that day should come, there would need to be an establishment, a ménage, a queen for the kingdom of success. Summing her up for the hundredth time since the beginning of the westward flight, he thought Miss Carteret would fill the requirements passing well.

But this was a divagation, and he pulled himself back to the askings

of the moment, agreeing with her again without reference to his private convictions.

"For one, I should have said," he amended. "We mean to have it that way, though an unprejudiced onlooker might be foolish enough to say that there is a pretty good present prospect of two."

But Miss Carteret was in a contradictory mood. Moreover, she was a woman, and the way to a woman's confidence does not lie through the neutral country of easy compliance.

"If you won't take the other side, I will," she said. "There will

be two."

Jastrow acquiesced a second time.

"I shouldn't wonder. Our competitor's road seems to be only a question of time—a very short time, judging from the number of men turning out in the track gang down yonder."

Virginia leaned over the railing to look past the car and the dovecote station, shading her eyes to shut out the snow-blink from the sunfired peaks.

"Why, they are soldiers!" she exclaimed. "At least, some of them have guns on their shoulders. And see—they are forming in line!"

The secretary adjusted his eye-glasses.

"By Jove! you are right; they have armed the track force. The new chief of construction doesn't mean to take any chances of being shaken loose by force. Here they come."

The end of track of the new line was diagonally across the creek from the Rosemary's berth and a short pistol-shot farther down stream. But to advance it to a point opposite the private car, and to gain the altitude of the high embankment directly across from the station, the new line turned short out of the main canyon at the mouth of the intersecting gorge, describing a long, U-shaped curve around the head of the lateral ravine and doubling back upon itself to reënter the canyon proper at the higher elevation.

The curve which was the beginning of this U-shaped loop was the morning's scene of action, and the Utah track-layers, two hundred strong, moved to the front in orderly array, with armed guards as flankers for the hand-car load of rails which the men were pushing

up the grade.

Jastrow darted into the car, and a moment later his place on the observation platform was taken by a wrathful industry colonel fresh from his dressing-room—so fresh, indeed, that he was coatless, hatless, and collarless, and with the dripping bath-sponge clutched like a missile to hurl at the impudent invaders on the opposite side of the canyon.

"Hah! wouldn't wait until a man could get into his clothes!" he rasped, apostrophizing the Utah's new chief of construction. "Jas-

trow! Faveh me instantly, seh! Hustle up to the camp there and turn out the constable, town-marshal, or whatever he is. Tell him I have a writ for him to serve. Run, seh!"

The secretary appeared and disappeared like a marionette when the string has been jerked by a vigorous hand, and Virginia smiled this without prejudice to a very acute appreciation of the grave possibilities which were preparing themselves. But having her share of the militant quality which made her uncle what he was, she stood her ground.

"Aren't you afraid you will take cold, Uncle Somerville?" she asked archly; and the Rajah came suddenly to a sense of his incompleteness and went in to finish his ablutions against the opening of the battle actual.

At first Virginia thought she would follow him. When Mercury Jastrow should return with the officer of the law there would be trouble of some sort, and the woman in her shrank from the witnessing of it. But-at the same instant the blood of the fighting Carterets asserted itself and she resolved to stay.

"I wonder what uncle hopes to be able to do?" she mused. "Will a little town constable with a bit of signed paper from some justice of the peace be mighty enough to stop all that furious activity over there? It's more than incredible."

From that she fell to watching the activity and the orderly purpose of it. A length of steel, with men clustering like bees upon it, would slide from its place on the hand-car to fall with a frosty clang on the cross-ties. Instantly the hammermen would pounce upon it. One would fall upon hands and knees to "sight" it into place; two others would slide the squeaking track-gauge along its inner edge; a quartette, working like the component parts of a faultless mechanism, would tap the fixing spikes into the wood; and then at a signal a dozen of the heavy pointed hammers swung aloft and a rhythmic volley of resounding blows clamped the rail into permanence on its wooden bed.

Ahead of the steel-layers were the Italians placing the cross-ties in position to receive the track, and here the foreman's badge of office and sceptre was a pick-handle. Above all the clamor and the shoutings Virginia could hear the bull-bellow of this foreman roaring out his commands—in terms happily not understandable to her; and once she drew back with a little cry of womanly shrinking when the pick-handle thwacked upon the shoulders of one who lagged.

It was this bit of brutality which enabled her to single out Winton in the throng of workers. He heard the blow, and the oath that went with it, and she saw him run forward to wrench the bludgeon from the bully's hands and fling it afar. What words emphasized the act she could not hear, but the little deed of swift justice thrilled her

curiously, and her heart warmed to him as it had when he had thrown off his coat to fall to work on the derailed engine of the "Limited."

"That was fine!" she said to herself. "Most men in his place wouldn't care, so long as the work was done, and done quickly. I wonder if—oh, you startled me!"

It was Mr. Somerville Darrah again, clothed upon and in his right mind; otherwise the mind of a master of men who will brook neither defeat at the hands of an antagonist nor disobedience on the part of his following. He was scowling fiercely across at the Utah activities when she spoke, but at her exclamation the frown softened into a smile for his favorite niece.

"Startled you, eh? Pahdon me, my deah Virginia. But as I am about to startle someone else, perhaps you would better go in to your aunt."

She put a hand on his arm. "Please let me stay out here, Uncle Somerville," she said. "I'll be good and not get in the way."

He shook his head, rather in deprecation than refusal.

"An officer will be here right soon now to make an arrest. There may be a fight, or at least trouble of a sort you wouldn't care to see, my deah."

"Is it-is it Mr. Winton?" she asked.

He nodded.

"What has he been doing—besides being 'The Enemy'?"

The Rajah's smile was ferocious.

"Just now he is trespassing, and directing others to trespass, upon private property. Do you see that dump up there on the mountain?—the hole that looks like a mouth with a long gray beard hanging below it? That is a mine, and its claim runs down across the track where Misteh Winton is just now spiking his rails."

"But the right of way: I don't understand," she began; then she stopped short and clung to the strong arm. A man in a wide-flapped hat and cowboy chapparajoes, with a revolver on either hip, was crossing the stream on the ice-bridge to scramble up the embankment

of the new line.

"The officer?" she asked in an awed whisper.

The Rajah made a sign of assent. Then, identifying Winton in the throng of workers, he forgot Virginia's presence. "Confound him!" he fumed. "I'd give a thousand dollars if he'd faveh me by showing fight so we could lock him up on a criminal count!"

"Why, Uncle Somerville!" she cried.

But there was no time for reproaches. The leather-breeched person masquerading as the Argentine town-marshal had climbed the embankment, and singling out his man was reading his warrant.

Contrary to Mr. Darrah's expressed hope, Winton submitted quietly.

With a word to his men—a word that stopped the strenuous labor-battle as suddenly as it had begun—he turned to pick his way down the rough hillside at the heels of the Marshal.

For some reason that she could never have set out in words Virginia was distinctly disappointed. It was no part of her desire to see the conflict blaze up in violence, but it nettled her to see Winton give up so easily. Some such thought as this had possession of her while the Marshal and his prisoner were picking their way across the ice, and she was hoping that Winton would give her a chance to requite him, if only with a look.

But it was Town-Marshal Peter Biggin, affectionately known to his constituents as "Bigginjin Pete," who gave her the coveted opportunity. Instead of disappearing decently with his captive, the Marshal made the mistake of his life by marching Winton up the track to the private car, thrusting him forward, and saying: "Here's yer meat, Guv'nor. What-all 'ud ye like fer me to do with hit?"

Now it is safe to assume that the Rajah had no intention of appearing thus openly as the instigator of Winton's arrest. Hence, if a fierce scowl and a wordless oath could maim, it is to be feared that the overzealous Mr. Biggin would have been physically disqualified on the spot. As it was, Mr. Darrah's ebullient wrath could find no adequate speech forms, and in the eloquent little pause Winton had time to smile up at Miss Carteret and to wish her the pleasantest of good-mornings.

But the Rajah's handicap was not permanent.

"Confound you, seh!" he exploded. "I'm not a justice of the peace! If you've made an arrest, you must have had a warrant for it, and you ought to know what to do with your prisoneh."

"I'm dashed if I do," objected the simple-hearted Mr. Biggin. "I allowed you wanted him."

Winton laughed openly.

"Simplify it for him, Mr. Darrah. We all know that it was your move to stop the work, and you have stopped it—for the moment. What is the charge, and where is it answerable?"

The Rajah dropped the mask and spoke to the point.

"The cha'ge, seh, is trespass, and it is answerable in Judge Whitcomb's cou't in Carbonate. The plaintiff in this particular case is John Doe, the supposable owneh of that mining claim up yondeh. In the next it will probably be Richa'd Roe. You are fighting a losing battle, seh."

Winton's smile showed his teeth.

"That remains to be seen," he countered coolly.

The Rajah waved a shapely hand towards the opposite embankment, where the track-layers were idling in silent groups waiting for someone in authority to tell them what to do.

"We can do that every day, Misteh Winton. And each separate individual arrest will cost your company twelve hours, or such a matteh—the time required for you to go to Carbonate to give bond for your appearance."

During this colloquy Virginia had held her ground stubbornly, this though she felt intuitively that it would be the greatest possible relief

to the three men if she would go away.

But now a curious struggle as of a divided allegiance was holding her. Of course, she wanted Mr. Somerville Darrah to win. Since he was its advocate, his cause must be righteous and just. But as against this dutiful convincement there was a rebellious hope that Winton would not allow himself to be beaten; or, rather, it was a feeling that she would never forgive him if he should.

So it was that she stood with face averted lest he should see her eyes and read the rebellious hope in them. And notwithstanding the precaution he both saw and read, and made answer to the Rajah's

ultimatum accordingly.

"Do your worst, Mr. Darrah. We have some twenty miles of steel to lay to take us into the Carbonate yards. That steel shall go down in spite of anything you can do to prevent it."

Virginia waited breathless for her uncle's reply to this cool defiance.

Contrary to all precedent, it was mildly expostulatory.

"It grieves me, seh, to find you so determined to cou't failure," he began; and when the whistle of the upcoming Carbonate train gave him leave to go on: "Constable, you will find transpo'tation for yourself and one in the hands of the station agent. Misteh Winton, that is your train. I wish you good-morning and a pleasant journey. Come, Virginia, we shall be late to ouh breakfast."

Winton walked back to the station at the heels of his captor, cudgelling his brain to devise some means of getting word to Adams. Happily the Technologian, who had been unloading steel at the construction camp, had been told of the arrest, and when Winton reached the station he found his assistant waiting for him.

But now the train was at hand and time and grown suddenly precious. Winton turned short upon the Marshal.

"This is not a criminal matter, Mr. Biggin: will you give me a moment with my friend?"

The ex-cowboy grinned. "Bet your life I will. I ain't lovin' that old b'iler-buster in the private car none too hard." And he went in to get the passes.

"What's up?" queried Adams, forgetting his drawl for once in a way.

"An arrest—trumped-up charge of trespass on that mining claim up yonder. But I've got to go to Carbonate to answer the charge and give bonds, just the same." "Any instructions?"

"Yes. When the train is out of sight and hearing, you get back over there and drive that track-laying for every foot there is in it."

Adams nodded. "I'll do it, and get myself locked up, I suppose."

"No, you won't; that's the beauty of it. The majesty of the law—all there is of it in Argentine—goes with me to Carbonate in the person of the Town-Marshal."

"Oh, good—succulently good! Well, so long. I'll look for you back on the evening train?"

"Sure; if the Rajah doesn't order it to be abandoned on my poor account."

Ten minutes later, when the train had gone storming on its way to Carbonate and the Rosemary party was at breakfast, the clank of steel and the chanteys of the hammermen on the other side of the canyon began again with renewed vigor. The Rajah threw up his head like a war-horse scenting the battle from afar and laid his commands upon the long-suffering secretary.

"Faveh me, Jastrow. Get out there and see what they are doing, seh."

The secretary was back in the shortest possible interval, and his report was concise and business-like.

"Work under full headway again, in charge of a fellow who wears a billy-cock hat and smokes cigarettes."

"Mr. Morton P. Adams," said Virginia, recognizing the description.
"Will you have him arrested too, Uncle Somerville?"

But the Rajah rose hastily without replying and went to his office state-room, followed, shadow-like, by the obsequious Jastrow.

It was some little time after breakfast, and Virginia and the Reverend Billy were doing a constitutional on the plank platform at the station, when the secretary came down from the car on his way to the telegraph office.

It was Virginia who stopped him. "What do we do next, Mr. Jastrow?" she said—"call in the United States Army?"

For reply he handed her a telegram, damp from the copying press. It was addressed to the Superintendent of the C. and G. R. at Carbonate, and she read it without scruple.

"Have the Sheriff of Ute County swear in a dozen deputies and come with them by special train to Argentine. Revive all possible titles to abandoned mining claims on line of the Utah Extension, and have Sheriff Deckert bring blank warrants to cover any emergency.

"DARRAH, V.-P."

"That's one of them," said the secretary. "I daren't show you the other."

"Oh, please!" she said, holding out her hand, while the Reverend Billy considerately turned his back.

Jastrow weighed the chances of detection. It was little enough he could do to lay her under obligations to him, and he was willing to do that little as he could. "I guess I can trust you," he said, and gave her the second square of press-damp paper.

Like the first, it was addressed to the Superintendent at Carbonate. But this time the brown eyes flashed and her breath came quickly as

she read the Vice-President's cold-blooded after-thought:

"Town-Marshal Biggin will arrive in Carbonate on Number 201 this A.M. with a prisoner. Have our attorneys see to it that the man is promptly jailed in default of bond. If he is set at liberty, as he is likely to be, I shall trust you to arrange for his rearrest and detention at all hazards.

V.

VIRGINIA took the first step in the perilous path of the strategist when she handed the incendiary telegram back to Jastrow.

"Poor Mr. Winton!" she said, with the real sympathy in the words made most obviously perfunctory by the tone. "What a world of possibilities there is masquerading behind that little word 'arrange.' Tell me more about it, Mr. Jastrow. How will they 'arrange' it?"

"Winton's rearrest? Nothing easier in a tough mining-camp like Carbonate, I should say."

"Yes, but how?"

"I can't prophesy how Grafton will go about it, but I know what I should do."

Virginia's smile was irresistible, but there was a look in the deepest depth of the brown eyes that was sifting Mr. Arthur Jastrow to the innermost sand-heap of his desert nature.

"How would you do it, Mr. Napoleon Jastrow?" she asked, giving him the exact fillip on the side of gratified vanity.

"Oh, I'd fix him. He is in a frame of mind right now; and by the time the lawyers are through drilling him in the trespass affair, he'll be just spoiling for a row with somebody."

"Do you think so? Oh, how delicious! And then what?"

"Then I'd hire some plug-ugly to stumble up against him and pick a quarrel with him. He'd do the rest—and land in the lock-up."

Those who knew her best said it was a warning to be heeded in Miss Virginia Carteret when her eyes were downcast and her voice sank to its softest cadence.

"Why, certainly; how simple!" she said, taking her cousin's arm again; and the secretary went in to set the wires at work in Winton's affair.

Now Miss Carteret was a woman in every fibre of her, but among her gifts she might have counted some that were, to say the least, super-feminine. One of these was a measure of discretion which would have been fairly creditable in a past master of diplomacy.

So, while the sympathetic part of her was crying out for a chance to talk Winton's threatened danger over with someone, she lent herself outwardly to the Reverend Billy's mood—which was one of scenic enthusiasm; this without prejudice to a growing determination to intervene in behalf of fair play for Winton if she could find a way.

But the way obstinately refused to discover itself. The simple thing to do would be to appeal to her uncle's sense of justice. It was not like him to fight with ignoble weapons, she thought, and a tactful word in season might make him recall the order to the Superintendent. But she could not make the appeal without betraying Jastrow. She knew well enough that the secretary had no right to show her the telegrams; knew also that Mr. Somerville Darrah's first word would be a demand to know how she had learned the company's business secrets. Regarding Jastrow as little as a high-bred young woman to whom sentiment is as the breath of life can regard a man who is quite devoid of it, she was still far enough from the thought of effacing him.

To this expedient there was an unhopeful alternative: namely, the sending, by the Reverend Billy, or, in the last resort, by herself, of a warning message to Winton. But there were obstacles seemingly insuperable. She had not the faintest notion of how such a warning should be addressed; and again, the operator at Argentine was a Colorado and Grand River employé, doubtless loyal to his salt, in which case the warning message would never get beyond his waste-basket.

"Getting too chilly for you out here?—want to go in?" asked the Reverend Billy, when the scenic enthusiasm began to outwear itself.

"No; but I am tired of the sentry-go part of it—ten steps and a turn," she confessed. "Can't we walk on the track a little way?"

Calvert saw no reason why they might not, and accordingly helped her over to the snow-encrusted path between the rails.

"We can trot down and have a look at their construction camp, if you like," he suggested, and thitherward they went.

There was not much to see, after all, as the Reverend Billy remarked when they had reached a coign of vantage below the curve. A string of use-worn bunk cars; a "dinkey" caboose serving as the home on wheels of the chief of construction and his assistant; a crooked siding with a gang of dark-skinned laborers at work unloading a car of steel. These in the immediate foreground; and a little way apart, perched high enough on the steep slope of the mountain side to be out of the camp turmoil, a small structure, half plank and half canvas—to wit, the end-of-track telegraph office.

It was Virginia who first marked the boxed-up tent standing on the slope.

"What do you suppose that little house-tent is for?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Calvert. Then he saw the wires and ventured a guess which hit the mark.

"I didn't suppose they would have a telegraph office," she commented, with hope rising again.

"Oh, yes; they'd have to have a wire: one of their own. Under the circumstances they could hardly use ours."

"No," she rejoined absently. She was scanning the group of steelhandlers in the hope that a young man in a billy-cock hat and with a cigarette between his lips would shortly reveal himself.

She found him after a time and turned quickly to her cousin.

"There is Mr. Adams down there by the engine. Do you think he would come over and speak to us if he knew we were here?"

The Reverend Billy's smile was of honest admiration.

"How could you doubt it? Wait here a minute and I'll call him for you."

He was gone before she could reply—across the ice-bridge spanning one of the pools, and up the rough, frozen embankment of the new line. There were armed guards here too, as well as at the front, and one of them halted him at the picket line. But Adams saw and recognized him, and presently the two were crossing to where Virginia stood waiting.

"Eheu! what a little world we live in, Miss Virginia! Who would have thought of meeting you here?" said the Technologian, taking her hand at the precise elevation prescribed by good form—Boston good form.

"The shock is mutual," she laughed. "I must say that you and Mr. Winton have chosen a highly unconventional environment for your sketching-field."

"I'm down," he admitted cheerfully; "please don't trample on me. But really, it wasn't all fib. Jack does do things with a pencil—other things besides maps and working profiles, I mean. Won't you come over and let me do the honors of the studio?" with a grandiloquent arm-sweep meant to include the construction camp in general and the "dinkey" caboose-car in particular.

It was the invitation she would have angled for, but she was too wise to assent too readily.

"Oh, no; I think we mustn't. I'm afraid Mr. Winton might not like it."

"Not like it? If you'll come he'll never forgive himself for not being here to 'shoot up' the camp for you in person. He is away, you know; gone to Carbonate for the day." "Ought we to go, Cousin Billy?" she asked, shifting, not the decision, but the responsibility for it, to broader shoulders.

"Why not, if you care to?" said the athlete, to whom right-ofway fights were mere matters of business in no wise conflicting with the social ameliorations.

Virginia hesitated. There was a thing to be said to Mr. Adams, and that without delay; but how could she say it with her cousin standing by to make an impossible trio out of any attempted duet confidential? A willingness to see that Winton had fair play need not carry with it an open desertion to the enemy. She must not forget to be loyal to her salt; and, besides, Mr. Somerville Darrah's righteous indignation was not lightly to be ignored.

But the upshot of the hesitant pause was a decision to brave the consequences—all of them; so she took Calvert's arm for the slippery crossing of the ice-bridge.

Once on his own domain, Adams did the honors of the camp as thoroughly and conscientiously as if the hour held no care heavier than the entertainment of Miss Virginia Carteret. He explained the system under which the material was kept moving forward to the everadvancing front; let her watch the rhythmic swing and slide of the rails from the car to the benches; took her up into the cab of the big "octopod" locomotive; gave her a chance to peep into the camp kitchen car; and concluded by handing her up the steps of the "dinkey."

"Oh, how comfortable!" she exclaimed, when he had shown her all the space-saving contrivances of the field office. "And this is where you and Mr. Winton work?"

"It is where we eat and sleep," corrected Adams. "And speaking of eating: it is hopelessly the wrong end of the day,—or it would be in Boston,—but our Chinaman won't know the difference. Let me have him make you a dish of tea," and the order was given before she could protest.

"While we are waiting on Ah Foo I'll show you some of Jack's sketches," he went on, finding a portfolio and opening it upon the drawing-board.

"Are you quite sure Mr. Winton won't mind?" she asked.

"Mind? He'd give a month's pay to be here to show them himself. He is peacock vain of his one small accomplishment, Winton is—bores me to death with it sometimes."

"Really?" was the mocking rejoinder, and they began to look at the sketches.

They were heads, most of them, impressionistic studies in pencil or pastel, with now and then a pen-and-ink bearing evidence of more painstaking after-work. They were made on bits of map paper, the backs of old letters, and not a few on leaves torn from an engineer's note-book.

"They don't count for much in an artistic way," said Adams, with the brutal frankness of a friendly critic, "but they will serve to show you that I wasn't all kinds of an embroiderer when I was telling you about Winton's proclivities the other day."

"I shouldn't apologize for that, if I were you," she retorted. "It is well past apology, don't you think?" And then, "What is this

one?"

They had come to the last of the sketches, which was a rude map. It was pencilled on the leaf of a memorandum, and Adams recognized it as the outline Winton had made and used in explaining the rightof-way entanglement.

"It is a map," he said-" one that Jack drew day before yesterday when he was trying to make me understand the situation up here. I wonder why he kept it? Is there anything on the other side?"

She turned the leaf, and they both went speechless for the moment. The reverse of the scrap of cross-ruled paper held a very fair likeness of a face which Virginia's mirror had oftenest portrayed: a sketch setting forth in a few vigorous strokes of the pencil the impressionist's ideal of the "goddess fresh from the bath."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Adams, when he could find the word for his surprise. Then he tried to turn it off lightly. "There is a good bit more of the artist in Jack than I have been giving him credit for. Don't you know, he must have got the notion for that between two half-seconds-when you recognized me on the platform at Kansas City. It's wonderful!"

"So very wonderful that I think I shall keep it," she rejoined, not without a touch of austerity. Then she added: "Mr. Winton will probably never miss it. If he does, you will have to explain the best way you can." And Adams could only say "By Jove!" again, and busy himself with pouring the tea which Ah Foo had brought in.

In the nature of things the tea-drinking in the stuffy "dinkey" drawing-room was not prolonged. Time was flying. Virginia's errand of mercy was not yet accomplished, and Aunt Martha in her capacity of anxious chaperon was not to be forgotten. Also, Miss Carteret had a feeling that under his well-bred exterior Mr. Morton P. Adams was chafing like any barbarian industry captain at this unwarrantable intrusion and interruption.

So presently they all forthfared into the sun-bright, snow-blinding out-of-door world, and Virginia gathered up her courage and took her dilemma by the horns.

"I believe I have seen everything now except that tent-place up there," she asserted, groping purposefully for her opening.

Adams called up another smile of acquiescence. "That is our telegraph office. Would you care to see it?" The Technologian was of those who shirk all or shirk nothing.

"I don't know why I should care to, but I do," she replied, with charming and childlike wilfulness; so the three of them trudged up the slippery path to the operator's den on the slope.

Not to evade his hospitable duty in any part, Adams explained the use and need of a "front" wire, and Miss Carteret was properly interested.

"How convenient!" she commented. "And you can come up here and talk to anybody you like—just as if it were a telephone?"

"To anyone in the company's service," amended Adams. "It is not a commercial wire."

"Then let us send a message to Mr. Winton," she suggested, playing the part of the capricious ingenue to the very upcast of a pair of mischievous eyes. "I'll write it and you may sign it."

Adams stretched his complaisance the necessary additional inch and gave her a pencil and a pad of blanks. She wrote rapidly:

"Miss Carteret has been here admiring your drawings. She took one of them away with her, and I couldn't stop her without being rude. You shouldn't have done it without asking her permission. She says——"

"Oh, dear! I am making it awfully long. Does it cost so much a word?"

"No," said Adams, not without an effort. He was beginning to be distinctly disappointed in Miss Virginia, and was wondering in the inner depths of him what piece of girlish frivolity he was expected to sign and send to his chief. Meanwhile she went on writing:

"——I am to tell you not to get into any fresh trouble—not to let anyone else get you into trouble; by which I infer she means that some attempt will be made to keep you from returning on the evening train."

"There, can you send all that?" she asked sweetly, giving the pad to the Technologian.

Adams read the first part of the letter-length telegram with inward groanings, but the generous purpose of it struck him like a whip-blow when he came to the thinly veiled warning. Also it shamed him for his unworthy judgment of Virginia.

"I thank you very heartily, Miss Carteret," he said humbly. "It shall be sent word for word." Then, for the Reverend William's benefit: "Winton deserves all sorts of a snubbing for taking liberties with your portrait. I'll see that he gets more of it when he comes back."

Here the matter rested; and, having done what she conceived to be her charitable duty, Virginia was as anxious to get away as heart the heart of a slightly bored Reverend Billy, for instance—could wish.

So they bade Adams good-by and picked their way down the frozen embankment and across the ice-bridge; down and across and back to the Rosemary, where they found a perturbed chaperon in a flutter of solicitude arising upon their mysterious disappearance and long absence.

"It may be just as well not to tell any of them where we have been," said Virginia in an aside to her cousin. And so the incident of tea-drinking in the enemy's camp was safely put away like a little personal note in its envelope with the flap gummed down.

### VI.

WHILE the Technologian was dispensing commissary tea in ironstone china cups to his two guests in the "dinkey" field office, his chief, taking the Rosemary's night run in reverse in the company of Town-Marshal Biggin, was turning the Rajah's coup into a small Utah profit.

Having come upon the ground late the night before, and from the opposite direction, he had seen nothing of the Extension grade west of Argentine. Hence the enforced journey to Carbonate only anticipated an inspection trip which he had intended to make as soon as he had seated Adams firmly in the track-laying saddle.

Not to miss his opportunity, at the first curve beyond Argentine he passed his cigar-case to Biggin and asked permission to ride on the rear platform of the day-coach for inspection purposes.

"Say, pardner, what do you take me fer, anyhow?" was the reproachful rejoinder.

"For a gentleman in disguise," said Winton promptly.

"Sim'larly, I do you; savvy? You tell me you ain't goin' to stampede, and you ride anywhere you blame please. See? This here C. and G. R. outfit ain't got no surcingle on me."

Winton smiled.

"I haven't any notion of stampeding. As it happens, I'm only a day ahead of time. I should have made this run to-morrow of my own accord to have a look at the Extension grade. You will find me on the rear platform when you want me."

"Good enough," was the reply; and Winton went to his post of

observation.

Greatly to his satisfaction, he found that the trip over the C. and G. R. answered every purpose of a preliminary inspection of the Utah grade beyond Argentine. For seventeen of the twenty miles the two lines were scarcely more than a stone's throw apart, and when Biggin

joined him at the junction above Carbonate he had his note-book well filled with the necessary data.

"Make it, all right?" inquired the friendly Bailiff.

"Yes, thanks. Have another cigar?"

"Don't care if I do. Say, that old fire-eater back yonder in the private car has got a mighty pretty gal, ain't he?"

"The young lady is his niece," said Winton, wishing that Mr.

Biggin would find other food for comment.

"I don't care; she's pretty as a Jersey two-year-old."

"It's a fine day," observed Winton; and then, to background Miss Carteret effectually as a topic, "How do the people of Argentine feel about the opposition to our line?"

"They're red-hot; you can put your money on that. The C. and G. R.'s a sure-enough tail-twister where there ain't no competition. Your road'll get every pound of ore in the camp if it ever gets

through."

Winton made a mental note of this up-cast of public opinion, and set it over against the friendly attitude of the official Mr. Biggin. It was very evident that the Town-Marshal was serving the Rajah's purpose only because he had to.

"I suppose you stand with your townsmen on that, don't you?" he

ventured.

"Now you're shouting: that's me."

"Then if that is the case, we won't take this little holiday of ours any harder than we can help. When the court business is settled—it won't take very long—you are to consider yourself my guest. We stop at the Buckingham."

"Oh, we do, do we? Say, pardner, that's white—mighty white. If I'd 'a' been an inch or so more'n half awake this morning when that old b'iler-buster's hired man routed me out, I'd 'a' told him to go to

blazes with his warrant. Nex' time I will."

Winton shook his head. "There isn't going to be any 'next time,' Peter, my son," he prophesied. "When Mr. Darrah gets fairly down to business he'll throw bigger chunks than the Argentine Town-Marshal at us."

By this time the train was slowing into Carbonate, and a few minutes after the stop at the crowded platform they were making their way up the single bustling street of the town to the Court-House.

"Ever see so many tin-horns and bunco people bunched in all your round-ups?" said Biggin as they elbowed through the uneasy, shifting groups in front of the hotel.

"Not often," Winton admitted. "But it's the luck of the big camps: they are the dumping-grounds of the world while the high pressure is on."

The ex-range-rider turned on the Court-House steps to look the

sidewalk loungers over with narrowing eyes.

"There's Sheeny Mike and Big Otto and half a dozen others right there in front o' the Buckingham that couldn't stay to breathe twice in Argentine. And this town's got a po-lice!" the comment with lipcurling scorn.

"It also has a County Court which is probably waiting for us," said Winton; whereupon they went in to appease the offended majesty of

the law.

As Winton had predicted, his answer to the court summons was a mere formality. On parting with his chief at the Argentine station platform, Adams's first care had been to wire news of the arrest to the Utah headquarters. Hence Winton found the company's attorney waiting for him in Judge Whitcomb's court-room, and his release on an appearance bond was only a matter of moments.

The legal affair dismissed, there ensued a weary interval of timekilling. There was no train back to Argentine until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, and the hours dragged heavily for the two, who had nothing to do but wait. Biggin endured his part of it manfully till the midday dinner had been discussed; then he drifted off with one of Winton's cigars between his teeth, saying that he should "take poison" and shoot up the town if he could not find some more peaceful means of keeping his blood in circulation.

It was a little after three o'clock, and Winton was sitting at the writing-table in the lobby of the hotel elaborating his hasty note-book data of the morning's inspection, when a boy came in with a telegram. The young engineer was not so deeply engrossed in his work as to be

deaf to the colloquy.

"Mr. John Winton? Yes, he is here somewhere," said the clerk in answer to the boy's question; and after an identifying glance,

"There he is-over at the writing-table."

Winton turned in his chair and saw the boy coming towards him; also he saw the ruffian pointed out by Biggin from the Court-House steps and labelled "Sheeny Mike" lounging up to the clerk's desk for a whispered word with the bediamonded gentleman behind it.

What followed was cataclysmal in its way. The lounger took three staggering lurches towards Winton, brushed the messenger boy aside,

and burst out in a storm of maudlin invective.

"Sign yerself 'Winton' now, do ye, ye low-down, turkey-

"One minute," said Winton curtly, taking the telegram from the boy and signing for it.

"I'll give ye more'n ye can carry away in less'n half that timesee?" was the minatory retort; and the threat was made good by an awkward buffet which would have knocked the engineer out of his chair if he had remained in it.

Now Winton's eyes were gray and steadfast, but his hair was of that shade of brown which takes the tint of dull copper in certain lights, and he had a temper which went with the red in his hair rather than with the gray in his eyes. Wherefore his attempt to placate his assailant was something less than diplomatic.

"You drunken scoundrel!" he snapped. "If you don't go about your business and let me alone, I'll turn you over to the police with a broken bone or two!"

The bully's answer was a blow delivered straight from the shoulder—too straight to harmonize with the fiction of drunkenness. Winton saw the sober purpose in it and went battle-mad, as a hasty man will. Being a skilful boxer,—which his antagonist was not,—he did what he had to do neatly and with commendable dispatch. Down, up; down, up; down a third time, and then the bystanders interfered.

- "Hold on!"
- "That'll do!"
- "Don't you see he's drunk?"
- "Enough's as good as a feast-let him go."

Winton's blood was up, but he desisted, breathing threatenings. Whereat Biggin shouldered his way into the circle.

"Pay your bill and let's hike out o' this, pronto!" he said in a low tone. "You ain't got no time to fool with a Carbonate justice shop."

But Winton was not to be brought to his senses so easily.

"Run away from that swine? Not if I know it. Let him take it into court if he wants to. I'll be there too."

The beaten one was up now and apparently looking for an officer.

"I'm takin' ye all to witness," he rasped. "I was on'y askin' him to cash up what he lose to me las' night, and he jumps me. But I'll stick him if there's any law in this camp."

Now all this time Winton had been holding the unopened telegram crumpled in his fist, but when Biggin pushed him out of the circle and thrust him up to the clerk's desk, he bethought him to read the message. It was Virginia's warning, signed by Adams, and a single glance at the closing sentence was enough to cool him suddenly.

"Pay the bill, Biggin, and join me in the billiard-room, quick!" he whispered, pressing money into the Town-Marshal's hand and losing himself in the crowd. And when Biggin had obeyed his instructions: "Now for a back way out of this if there is one. We'll have to take to the hills till train time."

They found a way through the bar and out into a side street leading abruptly up to the fir-clad hills behind the town. Biggin held his

peace until they were safe from immediate danger of pursuit. Then his curiosity got the better of him.

"Didn't take you more'n a week to change your mind about pullin' it off with that tin-horn scrapper in the courts, did it?"

" No," said Winton.

"'Tain't none o' my business, but I'd like to know what stampeded you."

"A telegram"—shortly. "It was a put-up job to have me locked up on a criminal charge, and so hold me out another day."

Biggin grinned. "The old b'iler-buster again. Say, he's a holy terror, ain't he?"

"He doesn't mean to let me build my railroad if he can help it."

The ex-cowboy found his sack of chip tobacco and dexterously rolled a cigarette in a bit of brown wrapping-paper.

"If that's the game, Mr. Sheeny Mike, or his backers, will be most likely to play it to a finish, don't you guess?"

" How?"

"By havin' a po-liceman layin' for you at the train."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, I can think you out of it, I reckon. The branch train is a 'commodation, and it'll stop most anywhere if you throw up your hand at it. We can take out through the woods and across the hills, and mog up the track a piece. How'll that do?"

"It will do for me, but there is no need of you tramping when

you can just as well ride."

But now that side of Mr. Peter Biggin which endears him and his kind to every man who has ever shared his lonely roundups, or broken bread with him in his comfortless shack, came uppermost.

"What do you take me fer?" was the way it vocalized itself; but there was more than a formal oath of loyal allegiance in the curt

question.

"For a man and a brother," said Winton heartily; and they set out together to waylay the outgoing train at some point beyond the danger limit.

It was accomplished without further mishap, and the short winter day was darkening to twilight when the train came in sight and the engineer slowed to their signal. They climbed aboard, and when they had found a seat in the smoker the engineer of construction spoke to the ex-cowboy as to a friend.

"I hope Adams has knocked out a good day's work for us," he said.

"Your pardner with the store hat and the stinkin' cigaroots? he's all right," said Biggin; and it so chanced that at the precise moment of the saying the subject of it was standing with the foreman of track-layers at a gap in the new line just beyond and above the Rosemary's siding at Argentine, his day's work ended, and his men loaded on the flats for the run down to camp over the lately laid rails of the lateral loop.

"Not such a bad day, considering the newness of us and the bridge at the head of the gulch," he said, half to himself. And then more pointedly to the foreman: "Bridge-builders to the front at the first crack of dawn, Mike. Why wasn't this break filled in the grading?"

"Sure, sorr, 'tis a dhrain it is," said the Irishman; "from the placer up beyant," he added, pointing to a washed-out excoriation on the steep upper slope of the mountain. "Major Evarts did be tellin' us we'd have the lawyers afther us hot-fut again if we didn't be lavin' ut open the full width."

"Mmph," said Adams, looking the ground over with a critical eye. "It's a bad bit. It wouldn't take much to bring that whole slide down on us if it wasn't frozen solid. Who owns the placer?"

"Two fellies over in Carbonate. The company did be thryin' to buy the claim, but the sharps wouldn't sell—bein' put up to hold ut by thim C. and G. R. divils. It's more throuble we'll be havin' here, I'm thinking."

While they lingered a shrill whistle echoing among the cliffs of the upper gorge like an eldritch laugh announced the coming of a train from the direction of Carbonate. Adams looked at his watch.

"I'd like to know what that is," he mused. "It's two hours too soon for the accommodation. By Jove!"

The exclamation directed itself at a one-car train which came thundering down the canyon to pull in on the siding beyond the Rosemary. The car was a passenger coach, well lighted, and from his post on the embankment Adams could see armed men filling the windows. Michael Branagan saw them too, and the fighting Celt in him rose to the occasion.

"'Tis Donnybrook Fair we've come to this time, Misther Adams. Shall I call up the b'ys wid their guns?"

"Not yet. Let's wait and see what happens."

What happened was a peaceful sortie. Two men, each with a kit of some kind borne in a sack, dropped from the car, crossed the creek, and struggled up the hill through the unbridged gap. Adams waited until they were fairly on the right of way, then he called down to them.

"Halt, there! you two. This is corporation property."

"Not much it ain't!" retorted one of the trespassers gruffly. "It's the drain-way from our placer up yonder."

"What are you going to do up there at this time of night?"

"None o' your blame business!" was the explosive counter-shot.

"Perhaps it isn't," said Adams mildly. "Just the same, I'm thirsting to know. Call it vulgar curiosity if you like."

"All right, you can know, and be cussed to you. We're goin' to

work our claim. Got anything to say against it?"

"Oh, no," rejoined Adams; and when the twain had disappeared in the upper darkness he went down the grade with Branagan and took his place on the man-loaded flats for the run to the construction camp, thinking more of the lately arrived car with its complement of armed men than of the two miners who had calmly announced their intention of working a placer claim on a high mountain, without water, and in the dead of winter! By which it will be seen that Mr. Morton P. Adams, C. E. Inst. Tech. Boston, had something yet to learn in the matter of practical field work.

By the time Ah Foo had served him his solitary supper in the dinkey he had quite forgotten the incident of the mysterious placer miners. Worse than that, it had never occurred to him to connect their movements with the Rajah's plan of campaign. On the other hand, he was thinking altogether of the carload of armed men, and trying to devise some means of finding out how they were to be employed in furthering the Rajah's designs.

The means suggested themselves after supper, and he went alone ever to Argentine to spend a half-hour in the bar of the dance-hall listening to the gossip of the place. When he had learned what he wanted to know, he forthfared to meet Winton at the incoming train.

"We are in for it now," he said, when they had crossed the creek to the dinkey and the Chinaman was bringing Winton's belated supper. "The Rajah has imported a carload of armed mercenaries, and he is going to clean us all out to-morrow: arrest everybody from the gang foreman up."

Winton's eyebrows lifted. "So? that is a pretty large contract.

Has he men enough to do it?"

"Not so many men. But they are sworn-in deputies with the Sheriff of Ute County in command—a posse, in fact. So he has the law on his side."

"Which is more than he had when he set a thug on me this afternoon at Carbonate," said Winton sourly; and he told Adams about the misunderstanding in the lobby of the Buckingham.

The Technologian whistled under his breath. "By Jove! that's pretty rough. Do you suppose the Rajah dictated any such Lucretia Borgia thing as that?"

Winton took time to think about it and admitted a doubt, as he had not before. Believing Mr. Somerville Darrah fit for treasons,

stratagems, and spoils in his official capacity of Vice-President of a fighting corporation, he was none the less disposed to find excuses for Miss Virginia Carteret's uncle.

"I did think so at first, but I guess it was only the misguided zeal of some understrapper. Of course, word has gone out all along the C. and G. R. line that we are to be delayed by every possible expedient."

But now Adams had also taken time to think, and he shook his head.

"For common humanity's sake I wish I could agree with you, Jack.
But I can't. Mr. Darrah dictated that move in his own proper person."

"How do you know that?"

Adams's answer took the form of a leading question. "You had a message from me this afternoon?"

"I did."

"What did you think of it?"

"I thought you might have left out the first part of it; also that you might have made the latter half a good bit more explicit if you had put your mind to it."

A slow smile spread itself over the Technologian's impassive face, and he lighted another cigarette.

"Every man has his limitations," he said. "I did the best I could under the existing circumstances. But you will understand: the Rajah knew very well what he was about—otherwise there would have been no telegram."

Winton sent the Chinaman out for another cup of tea before he said, "Did Miss Carteret come here alone?"

"Oh, no; Calvert came with her."

"What brought them here?"

Adams spread his hands.

"What makes any woman do precisely the most unexpected thing? You'll have to go back of me—say to Confucius or beyond—to find that out."

Winton was silent for a moment, balancing his spoon on the tip of his finger. Finally he said, "I hope you did what you could to make it pleasant for her—not that there was much to be done in such a God-forsaken chaos as a construction camp."

"I did. And I didn't hear her complain of the chaos. She seemed as interested as a school-girl—particularly in your sketches."

"That was low-down in you, Morty. I wouldn't have shown you up that way."

Adams chuckled reminiscently. "Had to do it to make my daybefore-yesterday lie hold water. And she was immensely taken with the scrawls, especially with one of them." Winton flushed under the bronze.

"I suppose I don't need to ask which one."

Adams's grin was a measure of his complacence. He was coming off easier than he had anticipated.

"Well, hardly."

"She took it away with her?"

"Took it, or tore it up, I forget which."

Winton's look was that of a man distressed.

"Tell me, Morty, was she very angry?"

The Technologian took the last hint of laughter out of his eyes before he said solemnly, "You'll never know how thankful I was that you were twenty miles away."

Winton's cup was full, and he turned the talk abruptly to the industrial doings and accomplishments of the day. Adams made a verbal report which led him by successive steps up to the twilight hour when he had stood with Branagan on the brink of the placer drain, but, strangely enough, there was no stirring of memory to recall the incident of the upward climbing miners.

When Winton rose he said something about mounting a night guard on the engine, which was kept under steam at all hours; and shortly afterwards he left the dinkey ostensibly to do it, declining Adams's offer of company. But once out-of-doors he climbed straight to the operator's tent on the snow-covered slope. Carter had turned in, but he sat up in his bunk at the noise of the intrusion, blinking sleepily at the flare of Winton's match.

"That you, Mr. Winton? Want to send something?" he asked.

"No; go to sleep. I'll write a wire and leave it for you to send in the morning."

He sat down at the packing-case instrument table and wrote out a brief report of the day's progress in track-laying for the General Manager's record. But when Carter's regular breathing told him he was alone he pushed the pad aside, took down the sending-hook, and searched until he had found the original copy of the message which had reached him at the moment of cataclysms in the lobby of the Buckingham.

"Um," he said, and his heart grew warm within him. "It's just about as I expected: Morty didn't have anything whatever to do with it—except to sign and send it as she commanded him to." And the pencilled sheet was folded carefully and filed in permanence in the inner breast pocket of his brown duck shooting-coat.

The moon was rising behind the eastern mountain when he extinguished the candle and went out. Below lay the chaotic construction camp buried in silence and in darkness save for the lighted windows of the dinkey. He was not quite ready to go back to Adams, and after

making a round of the camp and bidding the engine watchman keep a sharp look-out against a possible night surprise, he set out to walk over the newly laid track of the day.

Another half-hour had elapsed, and a waning moon was clearing the topmost crags of Pacific Peak when he came out on the high embankment opposite the Rosemary, having traversed the entire length of the lateral loop and inspected the trestle at the gulch head by the light of a blazing fir-branch.

The station with its two one-car trains, and the shacks of the little mining-camp beyond, lay shimmering ghost-like in the new-born light of the moon. The engine of the Sheriff's car was humming softly with a note like the distant swarming of bees, and from the dance-hall in Argentine the snort of a trombone and the tinkling clang of a cracked piano floated out upon the frosty night air.

Winton turned to go back. The windows of the Rosemary were all dark, and there was nothing to stay for. So he thought, at all events; but if he had not been musing abstractedly upon things widely separated from his present surroundings, he might have remarked two tiny stars of lantern-light high on the placer ground above the embankment; or, failing the sight, he might have heard the dull, measured slumph of a churn-drill burrowing deep in the frozen earth of the slope.

As it was, a pair of brown eyes blinded him, and the tones of a voice sweeter than the songs of Oberon's sea-maid filled his ears. Wherefore he neither saw nor heard; and taking the short cut across the mouth of the lateral gulch back to camp, he boarded the dinkey and went to bed without disturbing Adams.

The morning of the day to come broke clear and still, with the stars paling one by one at the pointing finger of the dawn, and the frost-rime lying thick and white like a snowfall of erect and glittering needles on iron and steel and wood.

Obedient to orders, the bridge-builders were getting out their hand-car at the construction camp, the wheels shrilling merrily on the frosted rails, and the men stamping and swinging their arms to start the sluggish night-blood. Suddenly, like the opening gun of a battle, the dull rumble of a mighty explosion trembled upon the still air, followed instantly by a sound as of a passing avalanche.

Winton was out and running up the track before the camp was fairly aroused. What he saw when he gained the hither side of the lateral gulch was a sight to make a strong man weep. A huge land-slide, starting from the frozen placer ground high up on the western promontory, had swept every vestige of track and embankment into the deep bed of the creek at a point precisely opposite Mr. Somerville Darrah's private car.

# VII.

An early riser by choice, and made an earlier this morning by a vague anxiety which had turned the night into a half-waking vigil for her, Virginia was up and dressed when the sullen shock of the explosion set the windows jarring in the Rosemary.

Wondering what dreadful thing had happened, she hurried out upon the observation platform and so came to look upon the ruin wrought by the landslide, while the dust-like smoke of the dynamite still hung in the air.

"Rather unlucky for our friends the enemy," said a colorless voice behind her; and she had an uncomfortable feeling that Jastrow had been lying in wait for her, seconded instantly by the conviction that he had done the same thing the previous morning.

She turned upon him quickly.

"Was it an accident, Mr. Jastrow?"

"How could it be anything else?" he inquired mildly.

"I don't know. But there was an explosion: I heard it. Surely Uncle Somerville wouldn't——"

The secretary shook his head.

"No; I think you may exonerate Mr. Darrah, personally; in fact, I am quite sure you may."

"But someone planned it. You knew it was going to happen—you were out here watching for it."

"Was I?" The secretary's smile was a mere baring of the teeth. His blood was the sycophantic lymph which flows in the veins of those who do murder at a great man's nod.

"It is horribly unfair," she went on. "I understand the Sheriff is here. Couldn't he have prevented this?"

Jastrow's reply was an evasion.

"Oh, it's all legal enough. That bare place up there is a placer claim. Supposing the owners found it necessary to put in a few sticks of dynamite to loosen the frozen ground. It is Mr. Winton's misfortune if his railroad happens to be in the way, don't you think?"

"But it was planned beforehand, and you knew of it," she insisted. Her eyes were flashing, and the secretary's desire for possession warmed into something like admiration.

" Did I?"

"Yes, you did."

"It would be impolite to contradict you."

"It is more impolite not to answer my question. Couldn't the Sheriff have prevented it?"

"Supposing he didn't want to prevent it? Supposing he brought the men who did it over on his train last night?"

"Then I say again it is horribly unfair."

The secretary's rejoinder was a platitude: "Everything is fair in love or war."

"But this is neither," she retorted.

"Think not?" he said coolly. "Wait, and you'll see. And a word in your ear, Miss Carteret: you are one of us, you know, and you mustn't be disloyal. I know what you did yesterday after you read those telegrams."

Virginia's face became suddenly wooden. Until that moment it had not occurred to her that Jastrow's motive in showing her the two telegrams might have been carefully calculated. Though she would have disavowed it emphatically, Miss Carteret was an aristocrat of the aristocrats; and the conviction that the secretary had deliberately gone about to establish a confidential relation filled her with cold anger.

"I have never given you the right to speak to me that way, Mr. Jastrow," she said, with the faintest possible emphasis on the courtesy prefix; and with that she turned from him to focus her field-glass on the construction camp below.

At the Utah stronghold all was activity of the fiercest. Winton had raced back with his news of the catastrophe, and the camp was alive with men clustering like bees and swarming upon the flat-cars of the material-train to be taken to the front.

While she looked, studiously ignoring the man behind her, Virginia saw the big octopod engine come clamoring up the grade, shoving the flats before it, losing itself quickly in the doubling of the gulch loop to reappear presently on the scene of the disaster. In a twinkling the men were off and at work, and the frosty morning air rang with the battle-shout of labor triumphant—or meaning to be.

Virginia's color rose and the brown eyes filled swiftly. One part of her ideal—her masculine ideal—was courage of the sort that rises the higher for reverses. So the prompt counter-stroke filled her with joy, and at the moment Winton was as near gaining a partisan as the Rajah was to losing one. But at the heart-thrilling instant she remembered the cold-eyed secretary, and, lest he should spy upon her emotion as he had upon her sympathy, she turned quickly and took refuge in the car.

In the open compartment of the Rosemary the waiter was laying the plates for the early breakfast, and Bessie and the Reverend William were at the window, watching the stirring industry battle now in full swing on the opposite slope. Virginia joined them.

"Isn't it a shame!" she said. "Of course, I want our side to win; but it seems such a pity that we can't fight fairly."

The flaxen-haired cousin looked her entire lack of understanding, and Calvert said, "Isn't what a shame?" thereby eliciting a crisp ex-

planation from Virginia in which she set well-founded suspicion in the light of fact touching the cause of the landslide.

The Reverend Billy shook his head. It was his métier to deprecate violence, and he did it.

"Such things may be within the law—of business; but they will surely breed bad blood and lead to reprisals. I hope——"

The interruption was the Rajah in his proper person, bustling out fiercely to a conference with his myrmidons. By tacit consent the three at the window fell silent. There was battle and murder and sudden death in the Rajah's eye.

The event for which they waited did not linger. There was a hasty mustering of armed men under the windows of the Rosemary, and they heard Sheriff Deckert's low-voiced instructions to his posse.

"Take it slow and easy, boys, and don't get rattled. It's the majesty of the law against a mob, and the Micks won't fight when it comes to a show-down. Keep in line with the car as long as you can. There ain't going to be a shot fired from up yonder so long as there's a chance of hitting the car instead of you. Now, then; guns to the front! Steady!"

The Reverend Billy rose, and the veins in his forehead stood out like whip-cords.

"What are you going to do?" said Virginia. She was standing too, and her hand, trembling a little, was on his arm.

The clerical meekness in the athlete's reply was conspicuous by its absence.

"I'm going to give Winton a tip if it's the last thing I ever do. They'll rush him like a rat in a corner!"

She shook her head and pointed eastward to the mouth of the lateral gulch. Under cover of a clump of fir-scrub a man in a wide-flapped hat and leather breeches was climbing swiftly to the level of the new line, cautiously waving a handkerchief as a peace token. "That is the man who arrested Mr. Winton yesterday. This time he is going to fight on the other side. He'll carry the warning."

"Think so?" said Calvert.

"I am sure of it. Open the window, please. I want to see better."

As yet there was no sign of preparation on the embankment. For the moment the arms of the track force were laid aside, and every man was plying pick or shovel as if his life depended on the amount of earth he could add to the re-forming dump in a given number of minutes.

Winton was in the thick of the pick-and-shovel mêlée, urging it on, when Biggin ran up.

"Hi!" he shouted. "Fixin' to take another play-day in Carbonate? Lookee down yonder!"

Winton looked and came alive to the possibilities in the turning of a leaf.

"Guns!" he yelled; and at the word of command the tools were flung aside, and the track force, over two hundred strong, became an army, not with banners, but well-weaponed withal. Winton snapped out his orders like a martinet major of drill squads.

"Mulcahey, take half the men and go up the grade till you can rake those fellows without hitting the car. Branagan, you take the other half and go down along till you can cross-fire with Mulcahey. Aim low, both of you; and the man who fires before he gets the word from me will break his neck at a rope's end. Fall in!"

"By Jove!" said Adams. "Are you going to resist? That spells felony, doesn't it?"

Winton pointed to the waiting octopod.

"I'm going to order the 215 down out of the way: you may go with her if you like."

"I guess not!" quoth the Technologian, calmly lighting a fresh cigarette. And then to the water-boy, who was acting quartermaster, "Give me a rifle and a cartridge-belt, Chunky, and I'll stay here with the boss."

"And where do I come in?" said Biggin reproachfully.

"You'll stay out, if your head's level. You've done enough now to send you to Canyon City, if anybody cares to take it up. Heavens and earth, man! Do you forget that you are a sworn officer of the law?"

"I ain't a-forgettin' nothing," said Peter cheerfully, casting himself flat behind a heap of earth on the dump-edge and sighting one section of his hip battery over the breastwork.

Winton pounced upon him, gasping.

"Here, you fire-eater! you mustn't shoot!" he protested. "It's only a long bluff, and I'm going to raise the limit so those fellows can't come in. There are ladies in that car!"

"You play your bluffin' hand and lemme alone," said the ex-cowboy. "I'm jest goin' to have a little fun with old Bart Deckert while the sun's a-shinin'."

It was at this moment, while the Sheriff's posse was picking its way gingerly over the loose-rock and earth dam formed by the landslide, that the window went up in the Rosemary and Winton saw Virginia. Without meaning to, she gave him his battle-word. While she looked on he would fight to win, and that without violence.

"We are a dozen Winchesters to your one, Mr. Deckert, and we shall resist force with force. Order your men back or there will be trouble."

Winton stood out on the edge of the cutting, a solitary figure where a few minutes before the earth had been flying from a hundred shovels.

The Sheriff's reply was an order, but not for retreat.

"He's one of the men we want; cover him!" he commanded; and Virginia caught her breath. Was she to see him shot down before her eyes?

Happily the tragedy was only potential. Unless the public occasion appeals strongly to the sympathies or the passions, a picked-up sheriff's posse is not likely to have very good metal in it. Winton was covered by three or four of the guns, pointed awkwardly, and Peter Biggin laughed.

"Don't be no ways nervous," he said in an aside to Winton. "Them professional veniry chumps couldn't hit the side o' Pacific Peak."

Winton held his ground, waiting the turn of events and looking on, not without interest, while the Sheriff tried to drive his men up a bare slope commanded by two hundred rifles to right and left. The attempt was a humiliating failure. Being something less than soldiers trained to do or die, the deputies hung back to a man, hugging the backgrounding shelter of the Rosemary as if they were shackled to the private car by invisible chains.

Virginia, standing at the open window and trembling with excitement, could not forbear a smile. It was too much for the Sheriff, the added straw, and his exhortation to his foot-fast posse burst into caustic profanity. Whereupon Mr. Peter Biggin rose up in his place, took careless aim, and sent a bullet to plough a little furrow in the ice and frozen snow within an inch of Deckert's heels.

"Ex-cuse me, Bart," he drawled, "but no cuss words don't go in this here highly moril show. They pains us extreme."

Under ordinary circumstances the Sheriff would have replied to Mr. Biggin's salutation in kind. As it was, he ignored Peter Biggin as a person who could be argued with at leisure and turned his attention to Winton.

"Come down!" he bellowed.

Winton laughed. The tide had turned, and he knew it.

"Let me return the invitation. Come up, and you may read your warrants to us all day."

The crisis was past. Deckert withdrew his men, and at Winton's signal the track-layers came in and the earth began to fly again.

Virginia sighed her relief, and Bessie plucked up courage to go to the window, which she had deserted in the moment of impending battle.

"Oh-h-h! I wish Uncle Somerville would take us away!" she gasped. "Can't you persuade him, Virginia, dear?"

"I'll try," said Virginia gravely, foreseeing future tragic situations too terrifying to be witnessed.

"Breakfast is served," announced the waiter as calmly as if the

morning meal were the only matter of consequence in a world of

happenings.

They gathered about the table, a silent trio made presently a quartette by the advent of Mrs. Carteret, who, from having her state-room on the peaceful side of the Rosemary, had neither seen nor heard anything of the warlike episode with which the day had begun.

Having weighty matters to discuss with Sheriff Deckert, Mr. Darrah was late, so late that when he came in Virginia was the only one of the quartette who remained at table. She stayed to pour his coffee and to be peak peace, knowing full well that the time was unpropitious, but believing that the crisis was its own best excuse.

"Uncle Somerville, can't we win without calling in these horrid men with their guns?" she began, plunging desperately into the midst

of things.

A mere shadow of a grim smile came and went in the Rajah's eyes.

"An unprejudiced outsideh might say that the 'horrid men with their guns' were on top of that embankment, my deah—ten to ouh one," he remarked. "It was the first time I eveh saw Misteh Deckert show the white featheh."

"But I should think we might win in some other way. What is it you want to do?—specifically, I mean. Make me your ally and see if I can't help you."

Mr. Darrah pushed his plate aside and cleared his throat.

"For business reasons which you—ah—wouldn't undehstand we can't let the Utah finish this railroad of theirs into Carbonate this winteh."

"So much I have inferred. But Mr. Winton seems to be very determined."

"Mmph! I wish Mr. Callowell had favehed us with someone else—anyone else. That young fellow is a bawn fighteh, my deah."

"You mean that another man might make it easier for you?"

"I mean that anothen man would probably dally along—with ouh help—till the snows come."

Virginia had a bright idea, and she advanced it without examining too closely into its ethical part.

"Mr. Winton is working for wages, isn't he?" she asked.

"Of cou'se; big money, at that. His sawt come high."

"Well, why can't you hire him away from the other people. Mr. Callowell might not be so fortunate next time. And it wouldn't be dishonorable in Mr. Winton to resign and take a better place, would it?"

The Rajah sat back in his chair and regarded her thoughtfully. Then a slow smile twitched the huge mustaches and worked its way up to the fierce eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing, my deah—nothing at all. I was just wondering how a woman's—ah—sense of propo'tion was put togetheh. But your plan has merit. Do I understand that you will faveh me with your help?"

"Why, ye-yes, certainly, if I can," she assented, not without dubiety. "That is, I'll be nice to Mr. Winton, if that is what you mean."

The saying of it cost her a blush and Mr. Darrah remarked it. But he did not give her time to retract.

"That is precisely what I mean, my deah. We'll begin by having him heah to dinneh this evening, him and the otheh young man-what's his name?—Adams."

"But, uncle," she began, in hesitant protest, "what ever will he think!"

"Neveh mind what he thinks. You faveh me, my deah Virginia, by sending him a right pretty invitation. You know how to do those things, and I,—why, bless my soul,—I've quite forgotten."

Virginia found pen, ink, and paper, something doubting,—doubting a great deal, if the truth were told,—but not knowing how to go about refusing a confederacy which she herself had proposed.

And the upshot of the matter was a dainty note which found its way by the hands of the private car porter to Winton, laboring manfully at his task of repairing the landslide damages: this in the middle of the afternoon, after the Sheriff's train had gone back to Carbonaté and all opposition seemed to have been withdrawn.

"Mr. Somerville Darrah's compliments to Mr. John Winton and Mr. Morton P. Adams, and he will be pleased if they will dine with the party in the car Rosemary at seven o'clock.

" Informal.

"Wednesday, December the Ninth."

## VIII.

Adams said "By Jove!" in his most cynical drawl when Winton gave him the dinner-bidding to read: then he laughed.

Winton recovered the dainty note, folding it carefully and putting it in his pocket. The handwriting was the same as that of the telegram abstracted from Operator Carter's sending-hook.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," he objected, in the tone of one who does not mean to see.

"No? You must be in fathoms deep not to be able to multiply such a very evident twice two. First the Rajah sends the Sheriff's posse packing without striking a blow, and now he invites us to dinner What's the inference?"

"Oh, I don't know as there has to be an inference. Let us say he has seen the error of his way and means to come down gracefully."

"Don't you believe it! Beware of the Greeks bringing gifts. You are going to be hit right where you live this time."

Winton growled his disapproval of any such uncharitable hypothesis.

"You make me exceedingly tired at odd moments, Morty. Why can't you give Mr. Darrah the credit of being what he really is at bottom—a right-hearted Virginia gentleman of the old school?"

"Ye gods and little minnows!—worse and more of it! You don't

mean that you are going to accept!" said Adams, aghast.

"Certainly; and so are you. We shall have quite enough of Mr. Mantalini's 'demnition grind' up here in this God-forsaken wilderness without scamping our one little chance to forget it for a few social minutes."

There was no more to be said, and the Technologian held his peace while Winton scribbled a line of acceptance on a leaf of his notebook and sent it across to the Rosemary by the hand of the water-boy. But in the evening, as they were setting out from the construction camp to walk up the track to Argentine, he made a final effort to call a halt.

"Jack, this is worse than idiotic," he protested. "There is that consignment of steel you were wiring about to-day: one of us ought to go down to the Junction to see if it is ready to be shoved to the front."

"Bother the steel!" was the impatient rejoinder. "Drayton wired it would be there, didn't he? Come on, we shall be late."

"'Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad,'" quoted Adams under his breath; but he made no more difficulties.

Their reception at the steps of the Rosemary was a generous proof of the aptness of that aphorism which sums up the status post bellum in the terse phrase, "After war, peace." Mr. Darrah met them; was evidently waiting for them; and was as heartily hospitable as a master of men can be when he puts his entire mind to it.

"Come in, gentlemen; come in and be at home"—this with a hand for each. "Virginia allowed you wouldn't faveh us, but I assured her she didn't rightly know men of the world: told her that a picayune business affair in which we are all acting as corporation proxies needn't spell out anything like a blood feud between gentlemen. Straight ahead, Misteh Winton; afteh you, Misteh Adams."

Such was the auspicious beginning of an evening which Winton thought worthy to be marked in his calendar with a white stone.

The dinner was a gastronomical marvel, considering its remoteness from the nearest base of supplies; the Rajah laid aside his mask of fierceness and beamed hospitality; Mrs. Carteret was innocuously gracious; Bessie of the flaxen hair and the Reverend William Calvert came in harmoniously on the cheerful refrain; and Virginia—but it was Virginia who filled all horizons for Winton.

Knowing no more than any serious-minded man the latest social niceties of a dinner-party, and caring still less for them, he monopolized her shamelessly from the moment of greeting. In the interval of plate-laying he manœuvred skilfully to obtain possession of the tête-à-tête chair, and with that convenient piece of furniture for an aid he managed to keep Virginia wholly to himself until dinner was announced.

For another man the informal table gathering might have been easily prohibitive of confidences à deux, even with a Virginia Carteret to help, but Winton was far above the trammellings of time and place. All attempts on the part of his host, Mrs. Martha, Adams, or the Reverend Billy to entangle him in the general table-talk failed signally. He had eyes and ears only for the sweet-faced, low-voiced young woman beside him, and some of his replies to the others were irrelevant enough to send a smile around the board.

"How very absent-minded Mr. Winton seems to be this evening," murmured Bessie from her niche between Adams and the Reverend Billy at the farther end of the table. "He isn't quite at his best, is he. Mr. Adams?"

"No, indeed," said the Technologian, matching her undertone, "very far from it. He has been a bit off all day: touch of mountain fever, I'm afraid."

"But he doesn't look at all ill," objected Miss Bessie. "I should

say he is a perfect picture of rude health."

"You can't tell anything about him by his looks," rejoined Adams glibly. "Absolute mask—that face of his. But between us, don't you know, I think he must be going to have the fever. Struck him all at once about three o'clock this afternoon, and I am sure he hasn't been quite right in his head since."

"Why, how dreadful!" said Bessie sympathetically. "And I suppose there isn't a doctor to be had anywhere in these terrible moun-

tains."

But upon this point Adams reassured her promptly.

"Oh, yes, there is; Winton has already had his preliminary consultation and is, as you may say, in the way of being prescribed for. And I'll see to it that he takes his medicine before he turns in tonight. You may trust me for that."

Thus Mr. Morton P. Adams, in irony far too subtle for the flaxenhaired Bessie. But Winton's replies were not specially irrelevant when Virginia evoked them. On the contrary, he was finding her sallies keenly provocative of what wit and readiness there was in him. "I believe your chief delight in life is to catch a man napping," he laughed, when she had succeeded in demonstrating, for the third time in as many minutes, how inadequate a man's wit is to cope with a woman's.

"I do enjoy it," she confessed, with the brown eyes confirming the admission. "What woman does not? Isn't your man's attitude towards us one of thinly veiled contempt at the very best? For instance: you said just now that while no woman could do without a man, the reverse was true of the man."

"I didn't know I said anything like that. If I did, it was heresy."

"No; it was one of those little lapses into sincerity which a man permits himself on rare occasions, when he isn't flattering. You really believe it, you know you do."

"Do I? It wouldn't be polite to contradict you. But what I said, or tried to say, was that a man could exist, as Adams and I are ex-

isting at present, without feminine oversight."

"But what you meant was the other," she insisted—"that we are not necessary to you, while you are necessary to us." Then, reverting to the matter of mere existence, "Could you keep it up indefinitely, Mr. Winton?"

"Isn't our being here this evening proof positive to the contrary?"

She smiled approval. "You are doing better—much better. With a little practice—you are sadly out of practice, aren't you?—I do believe you could pay one a pretty compliment."

Winton rose manfully to his opportunity.

"No one could pay you compliments, Miss Virginia. It would be utterly impossible."

"Why? because my chief delight in life is to catch a man

napping?"

"Oh, no. Because the prettiest things that could be said of you would be only an awkward mirroring of the truth."

"Dear me—how fine!" she applauded. "I am afraid you have been reading 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son'—very recently. Confess, now; haven't you?"

Winton laughed.

"You do Lord Chesterfield a very great injustice: I cribbed that from 'The Indiscretions of a Marchioness,'" he retorted.

Here was another new experience for Miss Virginia Carteret: to have the trodden worm turn; to be paid back in her own coin. She liked him rather better for it; and, liking him, proceeded to punish him, woman-wise. The coffee was served, and Mrs. Carteret was rising. Whereupon Miss Virginia handed her cup to the Technologian, and so had him for her companion in the tête-à-tête chair, leaving Winton to shift for himself.

The shifting process carried him over to the Rajah and the Reverend Billy, to a small table in a corner of the compartment, and the enjoyment of a mild cigar and such desultory racketing of the ball of conversation as three men, each more or less intent upon his own concerns, may keep up.

Later, when Calvert had been eliminated by Miss Bessie, Winton looked to see the true inwardness of the dinner-bidding made manifest by his host. That Mr. Somerville Darrah had an axe to grind in the right-of-way matter he did not doubt; this notwithstanding his word

to Adams defensive of the Rajah's probable motive.

But Mr. Darrah chatted on, affably non-committal, and after a time Winton began to upbraid himself for suspecting the ulterior motive. By no word or hint did the Vice-President refer to the struggle pendent between the two companies or to the warlike incident of the morning. And when he finally rose to excuse himself on a letter-writing plea, his leave-taking was that of the genial host reluctant to part company with his guest.

"I've enjoyed your conve'sation, seh; enjoyed it right much. Most happy to have had the pleasure of your company, Misteh Winton. May I hope you will faveh us often while we are neighbors?"

Winton rose, made the proper acknowledgments, and would have crossed the compartment to make his adieux to Mrs. Carteret. But at that moment Virginia, taking advantage of Adams's handshaking with the Rajah, came between.

"You are not going yet, are you, Mr. Winton? Don't hurry. If you are dying to smoke a pipe, as Mr. Adams says you are, we can go out on the platform. Is isn't too cold, is it?"

Not the words themselves, but her manner of saying them, warmed him so suddenly that an Arctic winter's night would not have been prohibitory.

"It is clear and frosty, a beautiful night," he hastened to say.

"May I help you with your coat?"

She suffered him, but in the height of the heart-warming glow gave him a cold douche in a word to Bessie.

"Won't you come too, Bessie, dear?" she asked; and Winton set the whole battery of his will at work to fend off the threatened calamity.

Happily, it averted itself. Miss Bessie was quite comfortable as she was and begged to be excused. Mrs. Carteret in her capacity of chaperon looked askance at Virginia, was met by a glance of the resolute brown eyes which she had come to obey without fully understanding, and contented herself with a monitory: "Don't stay out too long, Virginia. It is dreadfully cold."

So presently Winton had his heart's desire, which was to be alone with Virginia: alone, we say, though the privacy of the square railed

platform was that of the ear only. For the gathering-room of the Rosemary, with its lights and eyes, gave directly upon the rear platform through the two full-length windows and the glass door.

Now in whatsoever aspect the mountain skyland presents itself,—and its aspects are numberless,—that of a starlit winter night, when the heaven-lights burn clear in a black dome for which the mighty peaks themselves are the visible supports, is not the least impressive. So, for a little time, awe challenging awe in these two who had much in common, tongue and lip were silent, and when they spoke it was of the immensities.

"Does your profession often open such wide doors to you, Mr. Winton?"

It gave him an exquisite thrill to know that her mood marched so evenly with his own.

"Outside of the office work, which I have always evaded when I could, the doors are all pretty wide. One year I was on the Mexican Boundary Survey: you can picture those silent nights in the desert. Another time I was with the Geodetic on the coast: since that winter the booming of the surf has been the constant undertone for me in all music."

"Ah, yes, in music. You must love music if you can associate it with this."

"I do, indeed. I would build it the grandest of the temples, though I should be only a mute lay-worshipper in it myself."

She smiled. "That temple must always have two high priests, one who prophesies and one who interprets. I can't play without a sympathetic listener."

"I wish you might play for me sometime. You would have to be very exacting if you could find fault with my appreciation."

"Would I? But we are riding away on my hobby after we had fairly mounted yours."

He laughed. "Mine is only a heavy cart-horse, not fit for riding," he said.

"You shouldn't say that. It is a man's work—yours." And he made sure there was a note of regret in her voice when she added, "No woman can ever share it with you, or help you in it."

"I should be sorry to believe that," he rejoined quickly. "The best part of any man's work may be shared by the woman who wills—and dares."

She gave him a flitting glance of intelligence.

"How strangely chance whips us about from post to pillar. Two evenings ago I was foolish enough to—well, you know what I did. And now we have changed places and you are telling me what a woman may do—if she dare."

But he would not admit the premises. "If the one were foolish, so is the other. But I can't allow that to stand. I shall always be the better for what you said to me the other evening."

"I don't know why you should: you didn't need it in the least," she protested. "If I had known then what I know now, I should have said something quite different."

"Say it now, if you wish."

"May I? But I have no right. Besides, it would sound like the basest of recantations."

"Would it? Nevertheless, I should like to hear it."

She nerved herself for the plunge,—her uncle's plunge,—doubting more than ever.

"Your part in the building of this other railroad is purely a business affair, is it not?"

"My personal interest? Quite so; a mere matter of dollars and cents, you may say."

She went on, entirely missing the irony in his reply.

"You did not know the difficulties before you came here?"

"Only in a general way. I knew there was opposition, and—well, I'm not just a novice in this sort of thing, and if I may be allowed to boast a little, I knew my appointment was owing to Mr. Callowell's belief in my ability to carry it through."

"You are not smoking," she said. "Haven't you your pipe?" She

was finding it desperately hard to go on.

"If you don't mind," he returned; but when he had pipe and

tobacco in hand she plunged again.

"You say your interest in this other railroad—your personal interest—is only that of—of an employé. If you should have another offer, from some other company——"

He smiled. "Put yourself in my place, Miss Virginia. What

would you do?"

She tried to think it out, and in the process the doubt grew and overwhelmed her.

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "If, as you say, it is only a question of so much money to be earned——"

He started as if she had struck him with a whip.

"That is not your argument; it is Mr. Darrah's." Then his voice took a deeper tone that thrilled her till she wanted to cry out. "Don't say you want me to give up; please don't say that. I think I have been putting you on a pedestal these last two days, Miss Carteret. You know well enough what is involved: honor, integrity, good faith, everything a man values, or should value. I was only jesting when I spoke of the day-pay; that is nothing. I can't believe you would ask such a sacrifice of me—of any man."

The brown eyes met his fairly, and it was not Mr. Somerville Darrah's confederate who said: "Indeed, I do not ask it, Mr. Winton. I see now how impossible it would be for you to——" she stopped short, and leaving the sentence in the air, began again. "But it is only fair that you should have your warning, and I'm going to give it to you. My uncle will leave no stone unturned to defeat you."

He was still looking into her eyes, and so had courage to say what

came uppermost.

"I don't care: I shall fight him as hard as I can, but I shall always be his debtor for this evening. Do you understand?"

She broke the eye-hold and turned away quickly.

"You must not come again," she said.

"But I shall—as often as I may. And as to the railway tussle, Mr. Darrah may take it out of me as he pleases from sunrise to sunset, if he will only invite me here to dinner now and then."

In a flash her mood changed and she laughed lightly.

"Who would think it of you, Mr. Winton! Of all men I should have said you were the last to care so much for the social diversions. Shall we go in?"

"If we must; but not until I have thanked you for your timely hint of yesterday morning. It saved me no end of trouble."

"The telegram? Mr. Adams sent that. And besides, it was meant to be a scolding."

He ignored the reproof and spoke to the pertinent fact.

"I've no doubt Adams sent the wire, but he didn't write it. Or, if he did, he also wrote our invitation to dinner. They are in the same hand, you know."

She laughed again. "I think it is quite time we were going in," she averred, and he opened the door for her.

### IX.

IF Mr. John Winton, C.E., stood in need of a moral tonic, as Adams had so delicately intimated to Miss Bessie Carteret, it was administered in quantity sufficient before he slept on the night of dinner-givings.

For a clear-eyed Technologian, free from all heart-trammellings and able to grasp the unsentimental fact, the enemy's new plan of campaign wrote itself quite legibly. With his pick and choice among the time-killing expedients the Rajah could scarcely have found one more to his purpose than the private car Rosemary, including in its passenger list a Miss Virginia Carteret. There would be more dinners and social diversions; other procrastinations like this of neglecting to look after the consignment of steel—which, by the bye, was not yet to be seen or even definitely heard from; and in the end, defeat.

All of which Adams, substituting friendly frankness for the disciplinary traditions of the service, set forth in good Bostonian English for the benefit and behoof of his chief, and was answered according to his deserts with scoffings and deridings.

"I wasn't born yesterday, Morty, and I'm not so desperately asinine as you seem to think," was the besotted one's summing up. "I know the Rajah doesn't split hairs in a business fight, but he is hardly

unscrupulous enough to use Miss Carteret as a cat's-paw."

But Adams would not be scoffed aside.

"You're off in your estimate of Mr. Darrah, Jack, 'way off. I know the tradition: that a Southern gentleman is all chivalry when it comes to a matter touching his womankind, and I don't controvert it as a general proposition. But the Rajah has been a fighting Western railroad magnate so long that his accent is about the only Southern asset he has retained. If I'm any good at guessing, he will stick at nothing to gain his end."

Winton admitted the impeachment without prejudice to his own

point of view.

"Perhaps you are right. But forewarned is forearmed. And Miss Virginia is not going to lend herself to any such nefarious scheme."

"Not consciously, perhaps; but you don't know her yet. If she saw a good chance to take the conceit out of you, she'd improve it—without thinking overmuch of the possible consequences to the Utah company."

"Pshaw!" said Winton. "That is another of your literary inferences. I've met her only twice, yet I venture to say I know her better than you do. If she cared anything for me—which she

doesn't---"

"Oh, go to sleep!" said Adams, who was not minded to argue further with a man besotted; and so the matter went by default for the time.

But in the days that followed, days in which the sun rose and set in cloudless winter splendor and the heavy snows still held aloof, Adams's prediction wrought itself out into sober fact. After the single appeal to force, Mr. Darrah seemed to have given up the fight. None the less, the departure of the Rosemary was delayed, and its hospitable door was always open to the Utah Chief of Construction and his assistant.

It was very deftly done, and even Adams, the clear-eyed, could not help admiring the Rajah's skilful finesse. Of formal dinner-givings there might easily have been an end, since the construction camp had nothing to offer in return. But the formalities were studiously ignored, and the two young men were put upon a footing of intimacy and encouraged to come and go as they pleased.

Winton took his welcome broadly, as what lover would not; and within a week was spending most of his evenings in the Rosemary—this at a time when every waking moment of the day and night was deeply mortgaged to the chance of success. For now that the Rajah had withdrawn his opposition, Nature and the perversity of inanimate things had taken a hand, and for a fortnight the work of track-laying paused fairly within sight of the station at Argentine.

First it was a carload of steel accidentally derailed and dumped into Quartz Creek at precisely the worst possible point in the lower canyon, a jagged, rock-ribbed, cliff-bound gorge where each separate piece of metal had to be hoisted out singly by a derrick erected for the purpose—a process which effectually blocked the track for three entire days. Next it was another landslide (unhelped by dynamite, this) just above the station, a crawling cataract of loose, sliding shale which, painstakingly dug out and dammed with plank bulkhead during the day, would pour down and bury bulkhead, buttresses, and the very right of way in the night.

In his right mind—the mind of an ambitious young captain of industry who sees defeat with dishonor staring him in the face—Winton would have fought all the more desperately for these hinderances. But, unfortunately, he was no longer an industry captain with an eye single to success. He was become that anomaly despised of the working world—a man in love.

"It's no use shutting our eyes to the fact, Jack," said Adams one evening when his chief was making ready for his regular descent upon the Rosemary. "We shall have to put night shifts at work on that shale-slide if we hope ever to get past it with the rails."

"Hang the shale!" was the impatient rejoinder. "I'm no galley slave."

Adams's slow smile came and went in cynical ripplings.

"It is pretty difficult to say precisely what you are just now. But I can prophesy what you are going to be if you don't wake up and come alive."

Having no reply to this, Adams went back to the matter of night shifts.

"If you will authorize it, I'll put a night gang on and boss it myself. What do you say?"

"I say you are no end of a good fellow, Morty. And that's the plain fact. I'll do as much for you sometime."

"I'll be smashed if you will—you'll never get the chance. When I let a pretty girl make a fool of me——"

But the door of the dinkey slammed behind the outgoing one, and the prophet of evil was left to organize his night assault on the shale-slide, and to command it as best he could.

So, as we say, the days, days of stubborn toil with the enthusiasm taken out, slipped away unfruitful. Of the entire Utah force Adams alone held himself up to the mark, and being only second in command, he was unable to keep the bad example of the chief from working like a leaven of inertness among the men. Branagan voiced the situation in rich brogue one evening when Adams had exhausted his limited vocabulary of abuse on the force for its apathy. "'Tis no use, ava, Misther Adams. If you was the boss himself 'twould be you as would put the comether on thim too quick. But it's 'like masther, like mon.' The b'ys all know that Misther Winton don't care a damn; and they'll not be hurtin' thimselves wid the wurrk."

And the Rajah? Between his times of smoking high-priced cigars with Winton in the lounging-room of the Rosemary, he was swearing Jubilates in the privacy of his working-den state-room, having tri-daily weather reports wired to him by way of Carbonate and Argentine station, and busying himself in the intervals with sending and receiving sundry mysterious telegrams in cipher.

Thus Mr. Somerville Darrah, all going well for him until one fateful morning when he made the mistake of congratulating his ally. Then—but we picture the scene: Mr. Darrah late to his breakfast, being just in from an early-morning reconnaissance of the enemy's advancings; Virginia sitting opposite to pour his coffee. All the others vanished to some limbo of their own.

The Rajah rubbed his hands delightedly.

"We are coming on famously, famously, my deah Virginia. Two weeks gone, heavy snows predicted for the mountain region, and nothing, practically nothing at all, accomplished on the otheh side of the canyon. When you marry, my deah, you shall have a block of C. and G. R. preferred stock to keep you in pin-money."

"I?" she queried. "But, Uncle Somerville, I don't under-

stand-"

The Rajah laughed.

"That was a very pretty blush, my deah. Bless your innocent soul, if I were young Misteh Winton, I'm not sure but I should consideh the game well lost."

She was gazing at him wide-eyed now, and the blush had left a pallor behind it.

"You mean that I—that I—"

"I mean that you are a helpeh worth having, Miss Carteret. Anotheh time Misteh Winton won't pay cou't to a cha'ming young girl and try to build a railroad at one and the same moment, I fancy. Hah!"

The startled eyes veiled themselves swiftly, and Virginia's voice sank to its softest cadence.

"Have I been an accomplice in this—this despicable thing, Uncle Somerville?"

Mr. Darrah began a little to see his mistake.

"Ah—an accomplice? Oh, no, my deah Virginia, not quite that. The word smacks too much of the po-lice cou'ts. Let us say that Misteh Winton has found your company mo' attractive than that of his laborehs, and commend his good taste in the matteh."

So much he said by way of damping down the fire he had so rashly lighted. Then Jastrow came in with one of the interminable cipher telegrams and Virginia was left alone.

For a time she sat at the deserted breakfast-table, dry-eyed, hothearted, thinking such thoughts as would come crowding thickly upon the heels of such a revelation. Winton would fail: a man with honor, good repute, his entire career at stake, as he himself had admitted, would go down to miserable oblivion and defeat lacking some friendly hand to smite him alive to a sense of his danger. And, in her uncle's estimation, at least, she, Virginia Carteret, would figure as the Delilah triumphant.

She rose, tingling to her finger-tips with the shame of it, went to her state-room, and found her writing materials. In such a crisis her methods could be as direct as a man's. Winton was coming again that evening. He must be stopped and sent about his business.

So she wrote him a note, telling him he must not come—a note man-like in its conciseness, and yet most womanly in its failure to give even the remotest hint of the new and binding reason why he must not come. And just before luncheon an obliging Cousin Billy was prevailed upon to undertake its delivery.

When he had found Winton at the shale-slide, and had given him Miss Carteret's mandate, the Reverend Billy did not return directly to the Rosemary. On the contrary, he extended his tramp westward, stumbling on aimlessly up the canyon over the unsurfaced embankment of the new line.

Truth to tell, Virginia's messenger was not unwilling to spend a little time alone with the immensities. To put it baldly, he was beginning to be desperately cloyed with the sweets of a day-long Miss Bessie, ennuyé on the one hand and despondent on the other.

Why could not the Cousin Bessies see, without being told in so many words, that the heart of a man may have been given in times long past to another woman?—to a Cousin Virginia, let us say. And why must the Cousin Virginias, passing by the life-long devotion of a kinsman lover, throw themselves—if one must put it thus brutally—fairly at the head of an acquaintance of a day?

So questioning the immensities, the Reverend Billy came out after some little time in a small upland valley where the two lines, old and new, ran parallel at the same level, with low embankments less than a

hundred yards apart.

Midway of the valley the hundred-yard interspace was bridged by a hastily constructed spur track starting from a switch on the Colorado and Grand River main line, and crossing the Utah right of way at a broad angle. On this spur, at its point of intersection with the new line, stood a heavy locomotive, steam up, and manned in every inch of its standing-room by armed guards.

The situation explained itself, even to a Reverend Billy. The Rajah had not been idle during the interval of dinner-givings and social divagations. He had acquired the right of way across the Utah's line for his blockading spur; had taken advantage of Winton's inalertness to construct the track; and was now prepared to hold the crossing with

a live engine and such a show of force as might be needful.

Calvert turned back from the entrance of the valley, and was minded, in a spirit of fairness, to pass the word concerning the new obstruction on to the man who was most vitally concerned. But alas! even a Reverend Billy may not always rise superior to his hamperings as a man and a lover. Here was defeat possible—nay, say rather defeat probable, for a rival, with the probability increasing with each hour of delay. Calvert fought it out by length and by breadth a dozen times before he came in sight of the track force toiling at the shale-slide. Should he tell Winton, and so, indirectly, help to frustrate Mr. Darrah's well-laid plan? Or should he hold his peace and thus, indirectly again, help to defeat the Utah company?

He put it that way in decent self-respect. Also he assured himself that the personal equation as between two lovers of one and the same woman was entirely eliminated. But who can tell which motive it was that prompted him to turn aside before he came to the army of toilers at the slide: to turn and cross the stream and make as wide a detour as the nature of the ground would permit, passing well beyond call

from the other side of the canyon?

The detour took him past the slide in silent safety, but it did not take him immediately back to the Rosemary. Instead of keeping on down the canyon on the C. and G. R. side, he turned up the gulch at the back of Argentine and spent the better half of the afternoon tramping beneath the solemn firs on the mountain. What the hours of solitude brought him in the way of decision let him declare as he sets his face finally towards the station and the private car.

"I can't do it: I can't turn traitor to the kinsman whose bread I eat. And that is what it would come to in plain English. Beyond that I have no right to go: it is not for me to pass upon the justice of this petty war between rival corporations."

Ah, William Calvert! is there no word then of that other and far subtler temptation? When you have reached your goal, if reach it you may, will there be no remorseful looking back to this mile-stone where a word from you might have taken the fly from your pot of precious ointment?

The short winter day was darkening to its close when he returned to the Rosemary. By dint of judicious manœuvring, with a love-weary Bessie for an unconscious confederate, he managed to keep Virginia from questioning him, this up to a certain moment of cataclysms in the evening.

But Virginia read momentous things in his face and eyes, and when the time was fully ripe she cornered him. It was the old story over again, of a woman's determination to know pitted against a truthful man's blundering efforts to conceal; and before he knew what he was about Calvert had betrayed the Rajah's secret—which was also the secret of the cipher telegrams.

Miss Carteret said little—said nothing, indeed, that an anxious kinsman lover could lay hold of. But when the secret was hers she donned coat and headgear and went out on the square railed platform, whither the Reverend Billy dared not follow her.

But another member of the Rosemary group had more courage—or fewer scruples. When Miss Carteret let herself out of the rear door, Jastrow disappeared in the opposite direction, passing through the forward vestibule and dropping cat-like from the step to inch his way silently over the treacherous snow-crust to a convenient spying place at the other end of the car.

Unfortunately for the spying purpose, the shades were drawn behind the two great windows and the glass door, but the starlight sufficed to show the watcher a shadowy Miss Virginia standing motionless on the side which gave her an outlook down the canyon, leaning out, it might be, to anticipate the upcoming of someone from the construction camp below.

The secretary, shivering in the knife-like wind slipping down from the bald peaks, had not long to wait. By the time his eyes were fitted to the darkness he heard a man coming up the track, the snow crunching frostily under his steady stride. Jastrow ducked under the platform and gained a viewpoint on the other side of the car. The crunching foot-falls had ceased, and a man was swinging himself up to the forward step of the Rosemary. At the instant a voice just above the spy's head called softly, "Mr. Winton!" and the newcomer dropped back into the snow and came tramping to the rear.

It was an awkward moment for Jastrow; but he made shift to dodge again, and so to be out of the way when the engineer drew himself up and climbed the hand-rail to stand beside his summoner.

The secretary saw him take her hand and heard her exclamation, half indignant, wholly reproachful:

"You had my note: I told you not to come!"

"So you did, and yet you were expecting me," he asserted. He was still holding her hand, and she could not—or did not—with-draw it.

"Was I, indeed!" There was a touch of the old-time raillery in the words, but it was gone when she added, "Oh, why will you keep on coming and coming when you know so well what it means to you

and your work?"

"I think you know the answer to that better than anyone," he rejoined, his voice matching hers for earnestness. "It is because I love you; because I could not stay away if I should try. Forgive me, dear; I did not mean to speak so soon. But you said in your note that you would be leaving Argentine immediately—that I should not see you again: so I had to come. Won't you give me a word, Virginia?—a waiting word, if it must be that?"

Jastrow held his breath, hope dying within him and sullen ferocity crouching for the spring if her answer should sic it on. But when

she spoke the secretary's anger cooled and he breathed again.

"No: a thousand times, No!" she burst out passionately; and Winton staggered as if the suddenly freed hand had dealt him a blow.

### X.

For a little time after Virginia's passionate rejection of him Winton stood abashed and confounded. Weighed in the balances of the after-thought, his sudden and unpremeditated declaration could plead little excuse in encouragement. And yet she had been exceedingly kind to him.

"I have no right to expect a better answer," he said finally, when he could trust himself to speak. "But I am like other men: I should like to know why."

"You can ask that?" she retorted. "You say you have no right: what have you done to expect a better answer?"

He shrugged. "Nothing, I suppose. But you knew that before."

"I only know what you have shown me during the past three weeks, and it has proved that you are what Mr. Adams said you were—though he was only jesting."

"And that is?"

"A fainéant, a dilettante; a man with all the God-given ability to do as he will and to succeed, and yet who will not take the trouble to persevere."

Winton smiled, a grim little smile.

"You are not quite like any other woman I have ever known-not

like any other in the world, I believe. Your sisters, most of them, would take it as the sincerest homage that a man should neglect his work for his love. Do you care so much for success, then?"

"For the thing itself—nothing, less than nothing. But—but one may care a little for the man who wins or loses."

He tried to take her hand again, tried and failed.

"Virginia!—is that my word of hope?"

"No. Will you never see the commonplace effrontery of it, Mr. Winton? Day after day you have come here, idling away the precious hours that meant everything to you, and now you come once again to offer me a share in what you have lost. Is that your idea of chivalry, of true manhood?"

Again the grim smile came and went.

"An unprejudiced onlooker might say that you have made me very welcome."

"Mr. Winton! Is that generous?"

"No; perhaps it is hardly just. Because I counted the cost and have paid the price open-eyed. You may remember that I told you that first evening I should come as often as I dared. I knew then, what I have known all along: that it was a part of your uncle's plan to delay my work."

"His and mine, you mean; only you are too kind—or not quite brave enough—to say so."

"Yours?—never! If I could believe you capable of such a thing——"

"You may believe it," she broke in. "It was I who suggested it."

He drew a deep breath, and she heard his teeth come together with a click. It was enough to try the faith of the loyalest lover: it tried his sorely. Yet he scarcely needed her low-voiced, "Don't you despise me as I deserve, now?" to make him love her the more.

"Indeed, I don't. Resentment and love can hardly find room in the same heart at the same time, and I have said that I love you," he rejoined quickly.

She went silent at that, and when she spoke again the listening Jastrow tuned his ear afresh to lose no word.

"As I have confessed, I suggested it: it was just after I had seen your men and the Sheriff's ready to fly at each other's throats. I was miserably afraid, and I asked Uncle Somerville if he could not make terms with you in some other way. I didn't mean——"

He made haste to help her.

"Please don't try to defend your motive to me; it is wholly unnecessary. It is more than enough for me to know that you were anxious about my safety."

But she would not let him have the crumb of comfort undisputed.

"There were other lives involved besides yours. I didn't say I was

specially afraid for you, did I?"

"No, but you meant it. And I thought afterwards that I should have given you a hint in some way, though the way didn't offer at the time. There was no danger of bloodshed. I knew—we all knew—that Deckert wouldn't go to extremities with the small force he had."

"Then it was only a-a-"

"A bluff," he said, supplying the word. "If I had believed there was the slightest possibility of a fight, I should have made my men take to the woods rather than let you witness it."

"You shouldn't have let me waste my sympathy," she protested

reproachfully.

"I'm sorry; truly, I am. And you have been wasting it in another direction as well. To-night will see the shale-slide conquered definitely, I hope, and three other days of good weather will send us into Carbonate yards."

She broke in upon him with a little cry of impatient despair.

"That shows how unwary you have been! Tell me: is there not a little valley just above here—an open place where your railroad and Uncle Somerville's run side by side?"

"Yes, it is a mile this side of the canyon head. What about it?"

"How long is it since you have been up there?" she queried. Winton stopped to think. "I don't know—a week, possibly."

"Yet if you had not been coming here every evening, you or Mr. Adams would have found time to go?—to watch every possible chance of interference, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps. That was one of the risks I took, a part of the price-paying I spoke of. If anything had happened, I should still be unre-

pentant."

"Something has happened. While you have been taking things for granted, Uncle Somerville has been at work day and night. He has built a track right across yours in that little valley, and there is a train of cars or something, filled with armed men, kept standing there all the time!"

Winton gave a low whistle. Then he laughed mirthlessly.

"You are quite sure of this? There is no possibility of your being mistaken?"

"None at all. And I can only defend myself by saying that I didn't know about it until a few minutes ago. What is to be done?—but stop; you needn't tell me. I am not worthy of your confidence."

"You are; you have just proved it. But there isn't anything to be done. The next thing in order is the exit of one John Winton in disgrace. That spur track and engine means a crossing fight which can be prolonged indefinitely with due vigilance on the part of Mr. Darrah's mercenaries. I'm smashed, Miss Carteret, carefully and permanently. Ah, well, it's only one more fool for love. Hadn't we better go in? You'll take cold standing out here."

She drew herself up and put her hands behind her.

"Is that the way you take it, Mr. Winton?"

The acid laugh came again.

"Would you have me tear a passion to tatters? My ancestors were not French."

Trying as the moment was, she could not miss her opportunity.

"How can you tell when you don't know your grandfather's middle name?" she said, half crying.

His laugh at this was less acrid. "Adams again? My grandfather had no middle name. But I mustn't keep you out here in the cold talking genealogies."

His hand was on the door to open it for her. Like a flash she came between, and her fingers closed over his on the door-knob.

"Wait," she said. "Have I done all this—humbled myself into the very dust—to no purpose?"

"Not if you will give me the one priceless word I am thirsting for."

"Oh, how shameless you are!" she cried. "Will nothing serve to arouse the better part of you?"

"There is no better part of any man than his love for a woman. You have aroused that."

"Then prove it by going and building your railroad, Mr. Winton. When you have done that——"

He caught at the word as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"When I have won the fight—Virginia, let me see your eyes—when I have won, I may come back to you?"

"I didn't say anything of the kind! But I will say what I said to Mr. Adams. I like men who do things. Good-night." And before he could reply she had made him open the door for her, and he was left alone on the square railed platform.

In the gathering-room of the private car Virginia found an atmosphere surcharged with electrical possibilities, felt it and inhaled it, though there was nothing visible to indicate it. The Rajah was buried in the depths of his particular easy-chair, puffing his cigar; Bessie had the Reverend Billy in the tête-à-tête contrivance; and Mrs. Carteret was reading under the Pintsch drop-light at the table.

It was the chaperon who applied the firing spark to the electrical possibilities.

"Didn't I hear you talking to someone out on the platform, Virginia?" she asked.

"Yes, it was Mr. Winton. He came to make his excuses."

Mr. Somerville Darrah awoke out of his tobacco reverie with a start. vol. LXXV.-15

"Hah!" he said fiercely. Then, in his most courteous phrase, "Did I undehstand you to say that Misteh Winton would not faveh us

to-night, my deah Virginia?"

"He could not He has come upon—upon some other difficulty, I believe," she stammered, steering a perilous course among the rocks of equivocation.

"Mmph!" said the Rajah, rising. "Ah-where is Jastrow?"

The obsequious one appeared, imp-like, at the mention of his name, and received a curt order.

"Go and find Engineer McGrath and his fireman. Tell him I want

the engine instantly. Move, seh!"

Virginia retreated to her state-room. In a few minutes she heard her uncle go out; and shortly afterwards the Rosemary's engine shook itself free of the car and rumbled away westward. At that, Virginia went back to the others and found a book. But if waiting inactive were difficult, reading was blankly impossible.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "How hot you people keep it in here! Cousin Billy, won't you take a turn with me on the station platform?

I can't breathe!"

Calvert acquiesced eagerly, scenting possibilities. But when they were out under the frosty stars he had the good sense to walk her up and down in the healing silence and darkness for five full minutes before he ventured to say what was in his mind.

When he spoke it was earnestly and to the purpose, not without eloquence. He loved her; had always loved her, he thought. Could she not, with time and the will to try, learn to love him?—not as a cousin?

She turned quickly and put both hands on his shoulders.

"Oh Cousin Billy—don't!" she faltered brokenly; and he, seeing at once that he had played the housebreaker where he would fain have been the welcome guest, took his punishment manfully, drawing her arm in his and walking her yet other turns up and down the long platform until his patience and the silence had wrought their perfect work.

"Does it hurt much?" she asked softly, after a long time.

"You would have to change places with me to know just how much it hurts," he answered. "And yet you haven't left me quite desolate, Virginia. I still have something left—all I've ever had, I fancy."

" And that is-"

"My love for you, you know. It isn't at all contingent upon your yes or no; or upon possession—it never has been, I think. It has never asked much except the right to be."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said: "Cousin Billy, I do believe that you are the best man that ever lived. And I am ashamed—

ashamed!"

"What for?"

"If I have spoiled you, ever so little, for some truer, worthier woman."

"You haven't; you mustn't take that view of it. I am decently in love with my work—a work that not a few wise men have agreed could best be done alone. I don't think there will be any other woman. You see, there is only one Virginia. Shall we go in now?"

She nodded, but when they reached the Rosemary the returning engine was rattling down upon the open siding. Virginia drew back.

"I don't want to meet Uncle Somerville just now," she confessed.

"Can't we climb up to the observation platform at the other end of the car?"

He said yes, and made the affirmative good by lifting her in his arms over the high railing. Once safely on the car, she bade him leave her.

"Slip in quietly and they won't notice," she said. "I'll come presently."

Calvert obeyed, and Virginia stood alone in the darkness. Down in the Utah construction camp lights were darting to and fro; and before long she heard the hoarse puffs of the big octopod, betokening activities.

She was shivering a little in the chill wind sliding down from the snow-peaks, yet she would not go in until she had made sure. In a little time her patience was rewarded. The huge engine came storming up the grade on the new line, pushing its three flat-cars, which were black with clinging men. On the car nearest the locomotive, where the dazzling beam of the headlight pricked him out for her, stood Winton, braced against the lurchings of the train over the uneven track.

"God speed you, my—love!" she murmured softly; and when the gloom of the upper canyon cleft had engulfed man and men and storming engine she turned to go in.

She was groping for the door-knob in the darkness made thicker by the glare of the passing headlight when a voice, disembodied for the moment, said: "Wait a minute, Miss Carteret; I'd like to have a word with you."

She drew back quickly.

"Is it you, Mr. Jastrow? Let me go in, please."

"In one moment. I have something to say to you—something you ought to hear."

"Can't it be said on the other side of the door? I am cold—very cold, Mr. Jastrow."

It was his saving hint, but he would not take it.

"No, it must be said to you alone. We have at least one thing in

common, Miss Carteret—you and I: that is a proper appreciation of the successful realities. I——"

She stopped him with a quick little gesture of impatience.

"Will you be good enough to stand aside and let me go in?"

The keen breath of the snow-caps was summer-warm in comparison with the chilling iciness of her manner; but the secretary went on unmoved:

"Success is the only thing worth while in this world. Winton will fail, but I sha'n't. And when I do succeed, I shall marry a woman who can wear the purple becomingly."

"I hope you may, I'm sure," she answered wearily. "Yet you will excuse me if I say that I don't understand how it concerns me, or why you should keep me out here in the cold to tell me about it."

"Don't you? It concerns you very nearly. You are the woman, Miss Carteret."

"Indeed? And if I decline the honor?"

The contingency was one for which the suitor seemed not entirely prepared. Yet he evinced a willingness to meet the hypothesis in a spirit of perfect candor.

"You wouldn't do that, definitely, I fancy. It would be tantamount to driving me to extremities."

"If you will tell me how I can do it 'definitely,' I shall be most happy to drive you to extremities, or anywhere else out of my way," she said frigidly.

"Oh, I think not," he rejoined. "You wouldn't want me to go and tell Mr. Darrah how you have betrayed him to Winton. I had the singular good fortune to overhear your conversation—yours and Winton's, you know; and if Mr. Darrah knew, he would cut you out of his will with very little compunction, don't you think? And, really, you mustn't throw yourself away on that Sentimental Tommy of an engineer, Miss Virginia. He'll never be able to give you the position you're fitted for."

Since French was a dead language to Mr. Arthur Jastrow, he never knew what it was that Miss Carteret named him. But she left him in no doubt as to her immediate purpose.

"If that be the case, we would better go and find my uncle at once," she said in her softest tone; and before he could object she had led the way to the Rajah's working-den state-room.

Mr. Darrah was deep in one of the cipher telegrams when they entered, and he looked up to glare fiercely at one and then the other of the intruders. Virginia gave her persecutor no time to lodge his accusation.

"Uncle Somerville, Mr. Winton was here an hour ago, as you know, and I told him what you had done—what I had helped you do. Also,

I sent him about his business; which is, to win his railroad fight if he can. Mr. Jastrow overheard the conversation, purposely, and as he threatens to turn informer, I am saving him the trouble. Perhaps I ought to add that he offered to hold his peace if I would promise to marry him."

What the unlucky Jastrow might have said in his own behalf is not to be here set down in peaceful black and white. With the final word of Virginia's explanation the fierce old master of men was up and clutching for the secretary's throat, and the working complement of the Rosemary suffered instant loss.

"You'll spy upon a membeh of my family, will you, seh!" he stormed. "Out with you, bag and baggage, befo' I lose my tempeh and forget what is due to this young lady you have insulted, seh, with your infamous proposals! Faveh me instantly, while you have a leg to run with! Go!"

Jastrow disappeared; and when the door closed behind him Virginia faced her irate clan-chief bravely.

"He was a spy, and he would have been a traitor—for a consideration, Uncle Somerville. But I am little better. What will you do to me?"

The Rajah's wrath evaporated quickly, and a shrewd smile, not unkindly, wrinkled the ruddy old face.

"So it was a case of the trappeh trapped, was it, my deah? I'm sorry—right sorry. I might have known how it would be; a youngeh man would have known. But you have done no unpahdonable mischief: Misteh Winton would have found out for himself in a few hours at furthest, and we are ready for him now."

"Oh, dear!" she said. "Then he will be beaten?"

"Unquestionably. Faveh me by going to bed, my deah. Your roses will suffeh sadly for all this excitement, I feah. Good-night."

### XI.

It seemed to Virginia that she had but just fallen asleep when she was rudely awakened by the jar and grind of the Rosemary's wheels on snow-covered rails. Drawing the curtain, she found that a new day was come, gray and misty white in the gusty swirl of a mountain snow-squall.

Without disturbing the sleeping Bessie, she dressed quickly and slipped out to see what the early-morning change of base portended. The common room was empty when she entered it, but before she could cross to the door the Reverend Billy came in, stamping the snow from his feet.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly. "Are we off for California?"

"No, it's some more of the war. Winton has outgeneralled us.

During the night he pushed his track up to the disputed crossing, 'rushed' the guarded engine, and ditched it."

Virginia felt that she ought to be decorously sorry for relationship's sake, but the effort ended in a little pæan of joy.

"But Uncle Somerville-what will he do?"

"He is with McGrath on the engine, getting himself—and us—to the front in a hurry, as you perceive."

"Isn't it too late to stop Mr. Winton now?"

"I don't know. From what I could overhear I gathered that the ditched engine is still in the way, that they are trying to roll it over into the creek. Bless me! McGrath is getting terribly reckless!" this as a spiteful lurch of the car flung them both across the compartment.

"Say Uncle Somerville," she amended. "Don't charge it to Mr.

McGrath. Can't we go out on the platform?"

"It's as much as your life is worth," he asserted, but he opened the door for her.

The car was backing swiftly up the grade with the engine behind serving as a "pusher." At first the fiercely driven snow-whirl made Virginia gasp. Then the speed slackened and she could breathe and see.

The shrilling wheels were tracking around a curve into a scanty widening of the canyon. To the left, on the rails of the new line, the big decapod was heaving and grunting in the midst of an army of workmen swarming thick upon the overturned guard engine.

"Goodness! it's like a battle!" she shuddered. As she spoke the Rosemary stopped with a jerk and McGrath's fireman darted past to

set the spur-track switch.

The points were snow-clogged, and the fireman wrestled with the lever, saying words. The delay was measurable in heart-beats, but it sufficed. The big decapod coughed thrice like a mighty giant in a consumption; the clustering workmen scattered like chaff to a ringing shout of "Stand clear!" and the obstructing mass of iron and steel rolled, wallowing and hissing, into the stream.

"Rails to the front! Hammermen!" yelled Winton; and the scattered force rallied instantly.

But now the wrestling fireman had thrown the switch, and at the Rajah's command the Rosemary shot out on the spur to be thrust with locked brakes fairly into the breach left defenceless by the ditched engine. With a mob-roar of wrath the infuriated track-layers made a rush for the new obstruction. But Winton was before them.

"Hold on!" he shouted, bearing them back with outflung arms. "Hold on, men, for God's sake! There are women in that car!"

The wrathful wave broke and eddied murmurous while a squareshouldered old man with fierce eyes and huge white mustaches, and with an extinct cigar between his teeth, clambered down from the Rosemary's engine to say:

"Hah! a ratheh close connection, eh, Misteh Winton? Faveh me with a match, if you please, seh. May I assume that you won't tumble my private car into the ditch?"

Winton was white-hot, but he found a light for the Rajah's cigar,

easing his mind only as he might with Virginia looking on.

"I shall be more considerate of the safety of the ladies than you seem to be, Mr. Darrah," he retorted. "You are taking long chances in this game, sir."

The Rajah's laugh rumbled deep in his throat. "Not so vehy much longer than you have been taking during the past fo'tnight, my deah seh. But neveh mind; all's fair in love or war, and we appeah to be having a little of both up heah in Qua'tz Creek, hah?"

Winton flushed angrily. It was no light thing to be mocked before his men, to say nothing of Miss Carteret standing within arm's reach

on the railed platform of the Rosemary.

"Perhaps I shall give you back that word before we are through, Mr. Darrah," he snapped. Then to the eddying mob-wave: "Tools up, boys. We camp here for breakfast. Branagan, send the 215 down for the cook's outfit."

The Rajah dropped his cigar butt in the snow and trod upon it.

"Possibly you will faveh us with your company to breakfast in the Rosemary, Misteh Winton—you and Misteh Adams. No? Then I bid you a vehy good-morning, gentlemen, and hope to see you lateh." And he swung up to the steps of the private car.

Half an hour afterwards, the snow still whirling dismally, Winton and Adams were cowering over a handful of hissing embers, drinking their commissary coffee and munching the camp cook's poor excuse for

a breakfast.

"Jig's up pretty definitely, don't you think?" said the Technologian, with a glance around at the idle track force huddling for shelter under the lee of the flats and the decapod.

Winton shook his head and groaned. "I'm a ruined man, Morty."

Adams found his cigarette case.

"I guess that's so," he said, quite heartlessly. Then: "Hello! what is our friend the enemy up to now?"

McGrath's fireman was uncoupling the engine from the Rosemary, and Mr. Darrah, complacently lighting his after-breakfast cigar, came across to the hissing ember fire.

"A word with you, gentlemen, if you will faveh me," he began.
"I am about to run down to Argentine on my engine, and I propose leaving the ladies in your cha'ge, Misteh Winton. Will you give me your word of honeh, seh, that they will not be annoyed in my absence?"

Winton sprang up, losing his temper again.

"It's—well, it's blessed lucky that you know your man, Mr. Darrah!" he exploded. "Go on about your business—which is to bring another army of deputy-sheriffs down on us, I take it. You know well enough that no man of mine will lay a hand on your car so long as the ladies are in it."

The Rajah thanked him, dismissed the matter with a Chesterfieldian wave of his hand, climbed to his place in the cab, and the engine shrilled away around the curve and disappeared in the snow-wreaths.

Adams rose and stretched himself.

"By Jove! when it comes to cheek, pure and unadulterated, commend me to a Virginia gentleman who has acquired the proper modicum of Western bluff," he laughed. Then, with a cavernous yawn dating back to the sleepless night: "Since there is nothing immediately pressing, I believe I'll go and call on the ladies. Won't you come along?"

"No!" said Winton savagely; and the Technologian lounged off by

himself.

Some little time afterwards Winton, glooming over his handful of spitting embers, saw Adams and Virginia come out to stand together on the observation platform of the Rosemary. They talked long and earnestly, and when Winton was beginning to add the dull pang of unreasoning jealousy to his other hurtings Adams beckoned him. He went, not unwillingly, or altogether willingly.

"I should think you might come and say 'Good-morning' to me,

Mr. Winton. I'm not Uncle Somerville," said Miss Carteret.

Winton said "Good-morning," not too graciously, and Adams mocked him.

"Besides being a bear with a sore head, Miss Carteret thinks you're not much of a hustler, Jack," he said coolly. "She knows the situation; knows that you were stupid enough to promise not to lay hands on the car when we could have pushed it out of the way without annoying anybody. None the less, she thinks that you might find a way to go on building your railroad without breaking your word to Mr. Darrah."

Winton put his sore-heartedness far enough behind him to smile and say, "Perhaps Miss Virginia will be good enough to tell me how."

"I don't know how," she rejoined quickly. "And you'd only laugh at me if I should tell you what I thought of."

"You might try it and see," he ventured. "I'm desperate enough to take suggestions from anyone."

"Tell me something first: is your railroad obliged to run straight along in the middle of this nice little ridge you've been making for it?"

"Why—no; temporarily, it can run anywhere. But the problem is to get the track laid beyond this crossing before your uncle gets back with a trainload of armed guards."

"Any kind of a track would do, wouldn't it?—just to secure the

crossing?"

"Certainly; anything that would hold the weight of the decapod. We shall have to rebuild most of the line, anyway, as soon as the frost comes out of the ground in spring."

The brown eyes became far-seeing.

"I was thinking," she said musingly. "There is no time to make another nice little ridge. But you have piles and piles of logs over there,"—she meant the cross-ties,—"couldn't you build a sort of cobhouse ridge with those between your track and Uncle's, and cross behind the car? Don't laugh, please."

But Winton was far enough from laughing at her. Why so simple an expedient had not suggested itself instantly he did not stop to inquire. It was enough that the Heaven-born idea had been given.

"Down out of that, Morty!" he cried. "It's one chance in a thousand. Pass the word to the men; I'll be with you in a second." And when Adams was rousing the track force with the bawling shout of "Ev-erybody!" Winton looked up into the brown eyes.

"My debt to you was already very great: I owe you more now," he said.

But she gave him his quittance in a whip-like retort.

"And you will stand here talking about it when every moment is precious? Go!" she commanded; and he went.

So now we are to conceive the maddest activity leaping into being in full view of the watchers at the windows of the private car. Winton chilled and sodden army, welcoming any battle-cry of action, flew to the work with a will. In a twinkling the corded piles of cross-ties had melted to reappear in cob-house balks bridging an angle from the Utah embankment to that of the spur track in rear of the blockading Rosemary. In briefest time the hammermen were spiking the rails on the rough-and-ready trestle, and the Italians were bringing up the crossing-frogs.

But the Rajah, astute colonel of industry, had not left himself defenceless. On the contrary, he had provided for this precise contingency by leaving McGrath's fireman in mechanical command on the Rosemary. If Winton should attempt to build around the private car, the fireman was to wait till the critical moment: then he was to lessen the pressure on the automatic air-brakes and let the car drop back down the grade just far enough to block the new crossing.

So it came about that this mechanical lieutenant waited, laughing in his sleeve, until he saw the Italians coming with the crossing-frogs.

Then, judging the time to be fully ripe, he ducked under the Rosemary to "bleed" the air-tank.

Winton heard the hiss of the escaping air above all the industry clamor; heard, and saw the car start backward. Then he had a flitting glimpse of a man in grimy overclothes scrambling terror-frenzied from beneath the Rosemary. The thing done had been overdone. The fireman had "bled" the air-tank too freely, and the liberated car, gathering momentum with every wheel-turn, surged around the circling spur track and shot out masterless on the steeper gradient of the main line.

Now, for the occupants of a runaway car on a Rocky Mountain canyon line there is death and naught else. Winton saw, in a phantas-magoric flash of second sight, the meteor flight of the heavy car; saw the Reverend Billy's ineffectual efforts to apply the hand-brakes, if by good hap he should even guess that there were any hand-brakes; saw the car, bounding and lurching, keeping to the rails, mayhap, for some few miles below Argentine, where it would crash headling into the upward climbing Carbonate train, and all would end.

In unreasoning misery, he did the only thing that offered: ran blindly down his own embankment, hoping nothing but that he might have one last glimpse of Virginia clinging to the hand-rail before she should be lost to him forever.

But as he ran a thought white-hot from the furnace of despair fell into his brain to set it ablaze with purpose. Beyond the litter of activities the decapod was standing, empty of its crew. Bounding up into the cab, he released the brake and sent the great engine flying down the track of the new line.

In the measuring of the first mile the despair-born thought took shape and form. If he could outpace the runaway on the parallel line, stop the decapod and dash across to the C. and G. R. track ahead of the Rosemary, there was one chance in a million that he might fling himself upon the car in mid flight and alight with life enough left to help Calvert with the hand-brakes.

Now, in the most unhopeful struggle it is often the thing least hoped for that comes to pass. At Argentine, Winton's speed was a mile a minute over a track rougher than a corduroy wagon-road; yet the decapod held the rail and was neck and neck with the runaway. Whisking past the station, Winton had a glimpse of a white-mustached old man standing bareheaded on the platform and gazing horror-stricken at the tableau; then man and station and lurching car were left behind, and the fierce strife to gain the needed mile of lead went on.

Three miles more of the surging, racking, nerve-killing race and Winton had his hand's-breadth of lead and had picked his place for the million-chanced wrestle with death. It was at the C. and G. R.

station of Tierra Blanca, just below a series of sharp curves which he hoped might check a little the arrow-like flight of the runaway.

Twenty seconds later the telegraph operator at the lonely little way station of Tierra Blanca saw a heroic bit of man-play. The upward-bound Carbonate train was whistling in the gorge below when out of the snow-wreaths shrouding the new line a big engine shot down to stop with fire grinding from the wheels, and a man dropped from the high cab to dash across to the station platform.

At the same instant a runaway passenger car thundered out of the canyon above. The man crouched, flung himself at it in passing, missed the forward hand-rail, caught the rear, was snatched from his feet and trailed through the air like the thong of a whip-lash, yet made good his hold and clambered on.

This was all the operator saw, but when he had snapped his key and run out, he heard the shrill squeal of the brakes on the car and knew that John Winton had not risked his life for nothing.

And on board the Rosemary? Winton, spent to the last breath, was lying prone on the railed platform, where he had fallen when the last twist had been given to the shrieking brakes, his head in Miss Carteret's lap.

"Run, Calvert! Run ahead and—stop—the—up-train!" he gasped; then the light went out of the gray eyes and Virginia wept unaffectedly and fell to dabbling his forehead with handfuls of snow.

"Help me get him in to the divan, Cousin Billy," said Virginia, when all was over and the Rosemary was safely coupled in ahead of the upcoming train to be slowly pushed back to Argentine.

But Winton opened his eyes and struggled to his feet unaided.

"Not yet," he said. "I've left my automobile on the other side of the creek; and, besides, I have a railroad to build. My respects to Mr. Darrah, and you may tell him I'm not beaten yet." And he swung over the railing and dropped off to mount the octopod and to race it back to the front.

Three days afterwards, to a screaming of smelter whistles and other noisy demonstrations of mining-camp joy, the Utah Short Line laid the final rail of its new Extension in the Carbonate yards.

The driving of the silver spike accomplished, Winton slipped out of the congratulatory throng and made his way across the C. and G. R. tracks to a private car standing alone on its siding. Its railed platform, commanding a view of the civic celebration, had its quota of onlookers—a fierce-eyed old man with huge white mustaches, an athletic young clergyman, two Bisques, and a goddess.

"Climb up, Misteh Winton, climb up and join us," said the fierce-eyed one heartily. "Virginia, heah, thinks we ought to call each otheh out, but I tell her——"

What the Rajah had told his niece is of small account to us. But what Winton whispered in her ear when he had taken his place beside her is more to the purpose of this history.

"I have built my railroad, as you told me to, and now I have

come for my-"

"Hush!" she said softly. "Can't you wait?"

" No."

"Shameless one!" she murmured.

But when the Rajah proposed an adjournment to the gatheringroom of the car, and to luncheon therein, he surprised them standing hand-in-hand and laughed.

"Hah, you little rebel," he said. "Do you think you dese've that block of stock I promised you when you should marry? Anseh me,

my deah."

She blushed and shook her head, but the brown eyes were dancing. The Rajah opened the car door with his courtliest bow.

"Nevertheless, you shall have it, my deah Virginia, if only to remind an old man of the time when he was simple enough to make a business confederate of a cha'ming young woman. Straight on, Misteh Adams; afteh you, Misteh Winton."

### APRIL IN PARIS

#### BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

THE scent of spring is in the air
To-night—to-night;
The moon high over Montparnasse
Gleams like a disk of yellow glass;
The roofs are white.
I lean from this high window, where
Two leaned together once, and there
Wait for your tread upon the stair
To-night.

So much the same! For still I see,
To-night—to-night,
The narrow, winding street below
Down which you used to come and go
With footstep light,
And all the points that memory
These ten long years kept fresh for me
Stand out, just as they used to be,
To-night.

Here to the little room I came
To-night—to-night.

Where, having lived, we said good-by;
Whence, having loved, went dry of eye,
Untroubled quite.

How youth can hope! How hope can cheat!
"A year," we said, "and we shall meet."—
Ten years! And where are you, petite,
To-night?

# THE GREATEST OF WOMEN PAINTERS

## ROSA BONHEUR'S FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

By Theodore Stanton



FTER the success obtained by her great picture, "The Horse Fair," Rosa Bonheur, young and ambitious, left France in August, 1856, on a visit to England and Scotland. She was away about five weeks, returning home in the middle of September. Certain details of this journey have been preserved in the letters written by her life-long friend and confidante, Mademoiselle Micas, who always accompanied her in her travels. These letters were addressed to Madame Micas, and occasional post-scriptums were, as was her custom, added by Rosa Bonheur, whose deep affection for her "second mother," as she was wont to call Madame Micas, grew with the years. Mademoiselle Micas's letters are well written. Here and there are passages which show her endowed with a certain artistic vision, probably innate to some extent, further developed by her own use of the brush, for Mademoiselle Micas was herself no mean painter, and doubtless intensified by her long intimacy with her more gifted friend. This correspondence, brown with age, was recently placed in my hands by Miss Anna E. Klumpke, the American artist, who became the universal legatee of Rosa Bonheur, after taking the place in her affections left vacant by the death of Mademoiselle Micas.

As neither of the travellers spoke English, they were fain to be under the guidance of the then London art publisher and picture dealer, Monsieur Gambart, who had purchased "The Horse Fair" and who died two years ago at Nice, where he was Spanish Consul and where he left a handsome villa full of beautiful art treasures. He received the young artists at his country-house, near London, and afterwards piloted them throughout their various excursions in England and Scotland.

Reaching Dover just as the troops, returning from the Crimean War, were camped on the Southern Downs, and continuing their journey, they soon found themselves in the midst of a society of artists and literary men who frequented Monsieur Gambart's house. Both Rosa and Nathalie easily accustomed themselves to the numerous re-

pasts which kept them eating "from morning till evening," and were rather astonished to discover that the English were by no means the melancholy people they were represented to be.

One of their first visits was to Windsor, where some herds of deer, several hundred in number and different from anything they had seen in France, delighted Rosa's eyes and at once set her to work on a study

of a small female destined to figure in a future painting.

Rosa was all impatience to begin the journey northward. "My kind, big mother," she writes to Madame Micas, "just a line or two to say that I am longing for Gambart to have finished his preparations and to be off on our way to Scotland. We are going to London to-day, for I want to see what they are doing with the engraving of my 'Horse Fair.' We start for Scotland to-morrow, but we shall take three days to get there, since we are to stop and visit three towns on the way. Gambart says that we must not tire ourselves too much. For my part, however, I should have preferred travelling more quickly."

Nathalie's letter of August 13 informs her mother of their arrival at Birmingham, "the capital of the midlands." She adds: "Reaching here at midday, we had only just time to dress in order to go and lunch with a celebrated picture amateur who had come to meet us. At this gentleman's house a most agreeable reception awaited us. All the most eminent artists and men of letters in Birmingham had assembled to pay their respects to Rosa and to offer her in the name of the inhabitants the expression of their sincere admiration. Her picture is on view here and has obtained a great success."

Nathalie again alludes to the abundance of good cheer in England. "In this country people are always eating." After the first lunch they went to another house where a sort of "Balthazar's banquet" had been prepared for them, and where the ladies of the house had arranged over the entrance door a French flag encircling the initials "R. B." At the end of this letter Rosa adds a few words, announcing their departure on the morrow for Glasgow and giving a pen-and-ink sketch, rather a common thing in her letters, of how they drove to pay these visits.

Glasgow was reached on August 14, after a journey through scenery which excited the admiration of the two travellers. "Whoever does not know England, cannot speak of it," writes Nathalie; "it is an admirably fine country." In the great Scotch industrial town they made the acquaintance of the English painter Maclise and went to visit what Nathalie affirms to be the oldest iron foundry in the world. "Only to see it was worth the journey. Just fancy blast furnaces that have burned for two hundred years, day and night, without ever being blown out. In this foundry is metal worth twenty-five millions of francs. Everything was explained to us with the greatest care and a pot was cast for us in which we are to have our soup made this evening."

Their arrival in Edinburgh brought with it a new and not altogether pleasant experience, that of a Scotch Sunday. If they had stayed at home, they would have been obliged to "look into the whites of each other's eyes all day without talking or stirring." Rosa joined with her friend in bewailing Scotland's two drawbacks, its Sabbath and its rain. "We are spending a nice sort of Sunday," she adds in a postscriptum; "it is pouring with rain, and in this country the Lord's Day is sanctified to such good purpose that there is not even a cat in the streets, and you can't visit the castle either. We are in the big drawing-room engaged in dozing or studying the tips of each other's nose."

While in Edinburgh a little adventure marked their first excursion. They had set out to visit the island of Bass Rock, at the entrance of the Firth of Forth, in company with Mr. Maclise and several other gentlemen. A monster lunch had been packed up; but, alas! the sea was in a bad temper and sea-sickness put in its appearance, so that the pleasure party was somewhat interfered with. On their return visit to Edinburgh, a little later, they again made the excursion to Bass Rock under more favorable conditions, and before she left Scotland Rosa could write, "Nathalie and I are becoming perfect sailors, feminine jacktars."

From Edinburgh the two travellers went to the Trosachs, which Scott has made famous, and whose scenery carried their enthusiasm to its highest point. Nathalie pronounces the beauties of Scotland "a veritable gold-mine for artists," and Rosa was laying up in her memory mental pictures of the charms which English people at the time but little understood. In the Trosachs they were comfortably lodged in a hotel where the foreground was the sea and the background the soaring hills. They enjoyed to the full the lovely effects produced by the sun in its rising and setting. Frequent short trips were made on the sea, and Rosa did a fair amount of sketching. They had difficulty in getting anyone to carry their painting materials, and now and again Monsieur Gambart had to load himself like "a veritable beast of burden."

They finally retraced their steps to Glasgow, where they embarked for Arran in the Firth of Clyde, and, paying only a short visit to the island, went by sea to Liverpool, a nineteen hours' voyage. Thence they proceeded to Monsieur Gambart's country-house, where they were glad to get a little rest after their journeying over hill and dale and on the tossing sea for five weeks. The animals Rosa had bought at the Falkirk fair, a bull, two cows, and a calf being among the number, had been forwarded to Monsieur Gambart's residence, and the great artist was soon at work on some new pictures in which these latest acquisitions to her stock were to be represented.

Both Rosa and Nathalie seem to have brought back from Scotland

the happiest souvenirs, and their friendship was, if possible, rendered closer by their common enjoyment and appreciation of Scotch scenery. Nathalie found even the drawing-room of their Highland hotel "poetic," though the names of places sorely tried their organs of speech, Ballahulish, on Loch Leven, where Nathalie dated some of her letters. being in their opinion quite unpronounceable. She remarked "the melancholy voice of the wind, the pert little birds that came and tapped at the casement window, and above all the sea." She noted that even in the wilds of Scotland Rosa's celebrity procured her the honors of being followed about by admiring crowds. In fact, at the Falkirk fair the artist complained a little of the way her movements were watched. We are not told whether the travellers wore male attire during their Scottish tour. But such was probably the case, at least in the Highlands and on the occasion when Rosa and Monsieur Gambart went out shooting. This would doubtless largely account for the popular curiosity which Nathalie records.

Nathalie also dwells with great satisfaction on the material advantages resulting from their journey. The enthusiasm of the English for Rosa Bonheur's work had grown to such a point, that even if the French "should quarrel with her and refuse to buy her pictures, she could spend the rest of her life in executing the overwhelming orders of these British customers." And Mademoiselle Micas was not wrong in this judgment. From this date on, during nearly half a century, the British public, and later the American public, continued to be the warmest admirers of Rosa Bonheur's talents and the largest buyers of her productions, which proves that Monsieur Gambart was well inspired when he proposed this visit. Rosa Bonheur never forgot his early interest in her, and his affection for her did not cease when the end came. A year or two after her death, and not many months before he followed her to the tomb, Monsieur Gambart raised to the memory of Rosa Bonheur a handsome monument in one of the public squares of Fontainebleau, whose beautiful forest was the continual inspiration of her artistic life.

## CONSCIENCE

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

PLAY the man when thou hast played the clod;
Wisdom am I when thou art but a fool;
In the first Paradise I voiced thy God,
Walking His garden in the evening's cool!

# THE MAN WHO ADOPTED ASIA

# By Will Levington Comfort

PIDMAN had been in the Far East five years or more—long enough to spoil a weak man or alter an angel. He had called the States his native land once, but was beyond the point of feeling a pang at the sight of a liner clearing for the fresher hemisphere; beyond the point of staring seaward dry of throat and wet of

eye from soul-hunger. Pidman had accepted Asia.

He came up from Manila to Tokyo when the present war was new. Birch and Gribble, of the *Star-World*, and several other war-reporters, English and American, more or less celebrated, were waiting to take the field with the first Japanese army.

Gribble and Bill the Drill of Riders's News Agency were dining at the Imperial when Pidman happened to be shown to a seat at their

table. Conversation became general.

"Five years is pretty long to spend over here, isn't it?" Gribble asked respectfully. "I was down yonder in the Philippines for a year and later in China with the Allies. The poison of it is still in my organism."

"Yes, pretty long," said Pidman.

"Are you here for some paper?" Bill the Drill asked.

"Yes, I've got a paper down in Manila. I'm out for free lance work, though."

Pidman was still a young person—thin, pale, below medium height, and carefully clothed. His complacence proved irritating.

"Have you done much newspaper work?" inquired Gribble politely.

"This is the first time I've tackled war-correspondence. Guess I can handle what turns up, though."

The junior Star-World man glanced at Bill the Drill.

"Join us at coffee outside, Mr. Pidman, when you finish dinner," Gribble said, rising.

Pidman nodded.

"Behold a child," said Bill the Drill, as the two sat down at a cane coffee-table in the corridor.

"Let's devote an evening to him," said Gribble. "He doesn't please me. Hasn't even covered a South American revolution. Why,

he isn't a cub yet, but has the confidence of a Torp. Let's tell him all we have yet to learn about the horrors of war—make his hair curl!

Let's whipsaw him!"

"It's a new thought," said Bill the Drill. "It will spare my people from another Tokyo street scene. As I understand it, we're to converse upon trenches packed with bales of dead, knifings in the dark, the fever that wasteth by noonday—sort of shake him up some with slow music and garish images. Am I right?"

"Right," said Gribble.

The three sat down in the latter's room two hours later.

"I've been thinking a lot to-night about poor old Evans, of the Clipper," Gribble began, pensively reminiscent. "He died in my arms on the Tientsin wall—you remember, Bill?"

Bill the Drill sighed. Pidman was rolling a cigarette.

"Did I ever tell you about his last words?" Gribble resumed. "He said, 'I've got mine, Grib, old man, and it's all correct, mark you. Don't think I'm taking exception to this layout. Only, I want to be set down as saying the last thing—the very last—that if I had a son who was in doubt whether to choose the career of war-correspondent or of pawnbroker, I'd rope him down under three golden balls and call it the best day's work of my life."

The two glanced at Pidman to see how he bore treatment. Pidman vawned.

"And that trouble was only waffles and hot coffee compared to this war," Bill the Drill offered in a low voice. "Say, Gribble, how many of the choice spirits gathered at Tokyo now—I mean the newspaper gang—will live to see the precious Farallones again?"

"The best I hope is half, Bill," the other answered gloomily.

"And if Gribble is one of the upper half, I'll do police or politics

with a light heart ever afterwards."

By a sinking grate fire they invented bits of violent service in which the dead were many and the shadows deep. Pidman arose at last. "I've got a bunk somewhere down the hall," he said sleepily. "I'm for it. Good-night, fellows."

The other two stared at the fire in silence for a moment. Then Gribble said:

"I wonder if he'll dream to-night? I wonder if we got to him?" Bill the Drill arose slowly and touched a button for the bar-boy.

"If we did, he kept the secret well," he muttered.

Things turned out in a way truly marvellous. The Star-World had determined to spread upon the Russo-Japanese War and had spared no expense. Birch and Gribble, its representatives in Tokyo, were among the best men in the business. Birch being senior, at the suggestion of Gribble, was given charge of funds and arrangements.

The former was assigned to the first Japanese column, and Gribble to the second. Meanwhile the waiting days were long, and Togo, unwatched by a single member of the foreign press, was storming the human interest of the world. Birch, in despair for a big story of the sea-doings, chartered a small steamer and looked about for a man to run it. He could not leave Tokyo himself for fear of losing his place with the first column, which would cost the paper a whole land campaign. Gribble was similarly situated with the second column, and the Japanese had not yet given out positive dates of departure. The other reputable correspondents in Tokyo could not, in the general interests of their papers, launch upon any side-issue, however promising.

"I think I'll send out this chap, Pidman," Birch informed Gribble one night. "He is the best I can do. He knows this part of the world and speaks Japanese. Besides, he's friends with a number of high military officials here—far closer to them than you or I."

Gribble found that he could summon no objections save those of a personal nature. Such he did not consider valid.

Pidman went away to take charge of the Sademar at Kobe, and was not heard from for a fortnight. Birch had ordered him to make frequent excursions into the waters patrolled and policed by Togo, using Chefu for a base. Pidman's first communication proclaimed him to be a newspaper novice, more weird even than Gribble had supposed. About this time the Japanese authorities informed the correspondents and attachés assigned to the first army that they would be allowed to take the field in three weeks. Birch exultantly carried the news to Gribble.

"If we of the first column have three weeks more here, you of the second have five. I want you to disappear. Join Pidman at Chefu and take charge of the Sademar. Stick to Togo. There's big letter stuff, even if you don't turn up a great telegraph story. And say, Grib, take Pidman in hand, manhandle him, tell him if he wants to be a journalist he'd better take on with an English paper—that we want reporters on our side. If he had known his business, he might have beaten the world already. Maybe you can do it yet. Leave for Kobe to-night."

Ten days later Gribble stood with Gaston, the Combined Press man, in front of Mrs. Ottoway's boarding-house at Chefu and looked out upon the harbor where the Sademar lay. She was a chubby little craft of two hundred tons. The charter of the Star-World did not lift her nationality, for she flung a British flag.

"Built sort of like a pollywog—all head and shoulders, isn't she?" Gribble remarked.

"Somehow I've always thought of a snow-plough in connection

with her, but I can see the pollywog now that you mention it," Gaston replied. "They tell me she can eat up fuel standing cold in the harbor."

"Poor old Birch. He knows horses and infantry and all that, but he's loose more or less on the sea-end—never could tell a tug from a diving-suit," Gribble said. "Do you happen to know where the dis-

tinguished Mr. Pidman is?"

"I saw him in town this morning," answered Gaston. "He was shopping. Say, Grib, it must be awful to be in charge of a great big tug like that! I've seen Messiahs with less on their minds than Pidman had this morning. By the way, doesn't it look as if somebody on the Sademar were getting ready to put to sea?"

"Why, it can't be," Gribble exclaimed. "I sent word out this

morning that I was in town!"

"But they are, though," Gaston declared.

Gribble ran down to the beach and hailed a junk. While two Chinese boys propelled him out, an awful thought came to the junior Star-World man. He overhauled the Sademar as she was swinging about anchor-free.

"Say, Pidman," he panted, clambering overside, "you might let me in on your plans. I'm here——"

"Make haste," the young man commanded. "I can't hang around

port waiting for passengers."

"Pass—passengers," stammered Gribble, and then the awful thought returned and a dumbness overtook him. Birch had told him to go and take charge of the Sademar, but had not thought to give him a scrap of writing to this effect. It quickly developed that the other had to be shown papers. Through Pidman's attitude the Sademar's captain and crew regarded Gribble as an intruder. The latter would not humiliate himself by arguing the question. He determined to efface himself from proceedings until he could get to a cable that had Tokyo and Birch at the other end.

They were nearing Port Arthur. The night was tar-black and the weather heavy enough to make the Sademar grovel and play circus, although she would have created a tempest for herself in an oil-vat. Gribble was suffered to share the six-by-six cabin which Pidman occupied. The latter was braced in the upper bunk, reading a tale of blood and brine. The self-satisfied look upon his face as seen in the light of the swinging oil-lamp was peerless of its kind. Pidman's two Japanese servants, an interpreter and another, entered frequently and ostentatiously. They addressed Pidman in Japanese, and the white man answered in the same language.

"May I ask," said Gribble in fine humility when the two were

alone, "why you need an interpreter?"

"I'm entitled to one, I believe," Pidman replied without lifting his eyes from the page.

"And am I presuming too much to ask what we are out for this trip?"

Pidman laid his book face-down upon his chest with an expression of weariness. "We're going to run by Port Arthur presently, then up to Langcheng."

"But Lancheng is a closed port."

"So is Port Arthur, slightly. Now, I say, Gribble, I want to read."
In the moments of silence which followed Gribble assimilated. He remembered that Birch had told him to manhandle this young person, strip him of all that he thought he knew, and hammer home rudiments. That night in Tokyo at the Imperial returned to his mind, the night that Bill the Drill and himself had conspired to drown the aspirations of this child in dark and dreadful tales of war. Gribble chuckled aloud. A storm of guns rushed him to the deck. Pidman followed leisurely.

In the flashes two miles away they saw Togo at work. A searchlight, lifted from the attack, shot upward like a ladder into heaven, then dropped down upon the Sademar. Her every timber, rope, and plate shone diamond-clear as she leaped like a jumping bean from wave to wave.

"And you've seen this sort of thing before, Pidman, and not made a story about it?" Gribble inquired in an awed tone as they rounded the headlands.

"When I have a product I put it on the market," the journalist observed calmly.

When they were in the dark again Gribble went below. He had seen Togo's pack at work and heard it howl, and he felt he might do something in a letter way.

Next mid-forenoon the Sademar clawed her way up to the outer buoy of the harbor of Lancheng, beyond which the shipping of all nations was forbidden. Pidman gave an order to enter the harbor, and the captain obeyed without question. The business of the latter was that of navigation, nothing more. Gribble chewed several matches into pulp. He did not want to speak, but the wrong that Pidman was doing to the Star-World was more than he could bear.

"Look here, Pidman," he burst out, "the harbor is threaded with mines. If they don't get us, the forts yonder will blow us out of the water, and very properly, for breaking the harbor law. It isn't right to cost the paper forty thousand dollars for a fool notion when there isn't even a chance for a story."

Pidman turned to stare at the other. "This war-corresponding is thankless business, isn't it?" he questioned without a trace of a smile.

The outer buoy was fifty yards behind. Pidman's two servants were in the prow of the steamer and talking in low tones.

"By the way, Pidman," Gribble said coldly, "do you realize that we are taking two Japanese subjects in to a Russian garrison?"

"Perfectly," said Pidman with a queer smile.

The other's eyeballs stung. He controlled himself and made a last effort. "Be sane, Pidman, and put about. Think of it—a steamer flying a British flag, covering an American enterprise, carrying Japanese, butting into a closed Russian port in time of war——" •

"You will recall the fact that I am in command here, Mr. Gribble," Pidman announced coolly. "I am busy and do not want to argue with you. I should hate to have to put you in irons——"

A clot of white smoke suddenly blurred the face of the low mud fort a mile away. The funnel of the Sademar was smashed into junk; then the roar of the shell whipped its way leisurely across the yellow water. For an instant Gribble was glad.

"We'll anchor here," Pidman called to the captain. The two Japanese were still in the front of the craft. The Sademar, spewing her black smoke in every direction, was jerked up short and hitched to the bottom. A Russian torpedo-destroyer slid out of the harbor and boarded the intruder. The two Japanese were seized first, then Pidman, Gribble, and the captain. The Chinese crew were left on board in charge of a Russian officer and three seamen.

On account of the Sademar's nationality, the case fell within the jurisdiction of the British Consul. Pidman and Gribble, locked in one of the cells of the Russian barracks at Langcheng, sent for this personage at noon. The shadows were lengthening into twilight before the Consul arrived.

"I believe you summoned me," he began abruptly, standing outside. "I have glanced into the matter which concerns you, and really I can do nothing for you—nothing for you. Your boat will be confiscated and the Japanese servants—most extraordinary that you should have brought them—have been sent on to Mukden, where they will likely be shot. The responsibility of your—I may say unbalanced—proceeding is far removed from my province as Consul——"

"On no consideration allow us to detain you further, sir," Gribble said earnestly. Pidman sat in the corner of the cell unmoved—a

reform-school expression upon his face.

Later that night a full and flawless laugh echoed down the corridor. Somehow Gribble felt better for it. It was one of those fine and friendly sounds that Asia had been powerless to assail. Presently a huge individual in dripping oil-skins stood before the bars and blinked at the candle within. This was Marvin, the American Consul at Langcheng.

"Are you the pair that has been shedding all this enterprise lately?" Marvin asked, studying them whimsically.

Gribble saluted. It was not the time for him to attempt to dis-

tinguish between his part and Pidman's.

"Well, I've got it fixed so that you can come over to the Consulate and stop," Marvin remarked. "I don't want American flesh and blood dawdlin' around here. I think maybe that I can free that boat of yours too. The Russians thought they wanted it at first, but when they looked it over they concluded that as they already had an ice-crusher they'd pass up confiscation."

Meanwhile the guard unlocked the cell-door and the three passed out through the corridor. Gribble restrained himself. If-he hadn't, the American Consul at Langcheng would have been fallen upon—a

recipient of violent affection.

"About these Japanese boys," Marvin resumed. "They've gone up to Mukden. The authorities here won't take anybody's word about Japanese. I'll do what I can, but the Russians are apt to try if they're bullet-proof and collect evidence against them afterwards."

Through primal darkness and a drenching downpour of rain the three paddled across the square to the Consulate. In the cosey office Gribble evolved telegrams to Birch, and a China boy, without apparent

directions, entered with stimulants.

"Now I'll take your message to the office; it won't get off to-night if I don't," the Consul offered. "Meanwhile you fellows warm up, so to speak, until I come back. Eighty-three Russian sentries are waiting outside to take a shot at you, and numerous Chinese will stop business to loot your bodies if you step outside the door."

The two were left alone. Neither had addressed the other since the boarding of the Sademar. Gribble stared at the floor. Pidman moved lazily about the office scrutinizing maps and consular documents.

"This is a hard life—this war-corresponding," the latter murmured sadly. "I'd rather see my son a pawnbroker than some newspaper's camp-follower."

Gribble could not answer. He sighed for Bill the Drill.

"Big story in this," Pidman pursued blandly.

"Yes, for the other papers," Gribble answered as steadily as he could. "How the idiot which the Star-World accidentally employed brought about the death of two innocent Japanese boys—a big enough story to breed scathing comment from all the papers of the world."

"That's queer, do you know," Pidman said cheerfully. "Over here in the Orient, you see, we don't consider a pair of lives so awfully

important."

"Well, that much is done," said Marvin as he reëntered. "Tomorrow I'll see the General here, a mighty good chap too, on the matter of those boys, and I'll also get Washington and St. Petersburg kowtowing at close range. You see a hundred thousand or more moujiks have crossed Asia to shoot Japanese, and the feeling for preliminaries will be strong in Mukden. Look here, sometime when you fellows get squared away, all rested and normal, when you'd feel easier for speaking, I want you to pass to me in small sections, so I can handle it, how this all came about."

"Pidman was in command. Maybe he can explain why he brought the Japanese boys here, or even the Sademar. I can't, Consul," Gribble said gloomily.

Pidman did not offer to speak.

"Really," said Marvin, "I would not care to hear anything tonight."

Later, when the two had been shown to their rooms, Pidman broke his silence unexpectedly.

"I've been thinking," he said, thrusting his head into Gribble's quarters, "that there is a romance about this thing that ought to be dispelled."

"About what thing?" Gribble questioned curtly.

"This following troops for newspapers. I believe that it is the duty of you and Bill the Drill to collaborate on an ambitious work designed to warn the youths of America."

It was long before Gribble fell asleep. If Pidman's imperturbable irony were turned in some other direction, he felt that there were certain phases of this extraordinary character not unlikable.

Gribble slept late and was breakfasting alone when Marvin came in with a telegram from Birch, which read:

"Accept abject apology. Pay Pidman and let him go. Am working for release of boys."

One of the servants reported at this moment that he was able to obtain no answer to his rapping upon the door of the room occupied by Mr. Pidman. Marvin hurried upstairs, Gribble following.

"This is unfortunate," said Marvin in the hall. "You see, I got him out by giving my word that he should stay at the Consulate."

"Consul Marvin," Gribble declared in a tone of discouragement, "I can neither do anything nor say a word except that I am sorry. I have known Pidman less than a month, and he has made me do the sharpest thinking of my career. I have a bit of a reputation, hard-earned through five wars, that is on the verge of breaking as a result of Pidman's part. If the English papers get the story of the Japanese boys seized and shot, the Star-World and I must suffer."

"Tell me all about it," Marvin said softly, and Gribble related the whole story.

"You stay here. I'm going to be busy out-doors to-day," the Consul said, rising.

To Gribble the passing hours were slow and miserable. Consul Marvin returned in the mid-afternoon.

"I have poked up Mukden until she is sore," he said wearily. "The result—I do not know. Those boys may be dead already, but I'm not through yet. I dropped in to tell you that there is a stack of funny picture-books upstairs in my room. Some of them aren't more than six months old."

"Did you find Pidman?" Gribble asked.

"No, and the Russians are looking for him. He got away somehow. He's half Asiatic, I guess."

Marvin was gone five hours more. The two repaired to the diningroom shortly after he returned.

"Outside of Lancheng here who knows this story?" Marvin asked abruptly.

"Birch and the Star-World."

"It's fairly safe then. There are two correspondents here—both emperors in the flesh. They don't know enough about the yarn to be coherent and I've told them not to touch it at all."

"Did you hear of Pidman?" Gribble questioned finally.

"No. The Russians need him worse than we do. I want to tell you that a strong reputation for honesty was needed to see me through to-day. I'm glad you told me the story. I have made the Russian General believe it—made him see that it is true. In four or five days or a week you will be allowed to take your little ship and go. Pidman has likely passed the Great Wall. It is well for him. He knew the psychological moment."

"And those boys?" ventured the other.

"My poor, abused Gribble," Marvin answered with compassion, "I mentioned those boys to the Russian General here for the last time an hour ago. He held a telegram in his hand. I begged for the release of the innocents. He looked up from the paper in his hand and laughed. That laugh was too loud to be genial. He suggested that the first and most important thing for me to do was to administer a case of wine to himself and staff. Gribble, my dear friend, don't mention those Japanese boys to me again. Another incident like the present one and I hire a junk to take me back to Oregon farmlands——"

"What do you mean, Consul?" Gribble asked slowly.

"Those boys were spies of the nerviest kind—Togo's officers, the Russians say. Their business was to learn the secret channel through

the mines in Lancheng harbor for the future reference of the Japanese Admiral."

"And Pidman," Gribble whispered, remembering how the two Japanese boys had stood in the prow of the Sademar as she entered

Langcheng.

"Pidman," said the Consul, "Pidman was in the pay of Tokyo and used you and Birch and the Star-World to land the boys here. It is to be presumed that he drew his cheque in advance. Let me pour you a little claret."

### TWO VOICES

#### BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

UT of my work and from the open air
There come two urgent voices, be the day
Never so glad of heart or sombre gray—
They call, and do not spare.

My pledge is given to Toil insatiate,

That chasteneth and may not let me by

Till I am callous grown of heart and eye,

And am content to wait.

But all the while that other brings me news, In secret ways, of a delightful round Of old, dear miracles of sight and sound Under the storms and dews.

And near a little window where I sit,

A courier sunbeam tells me how it goes
In the wood-stillness and the garden-close,
Till in my heart 'tis writ.

And 'mid the shrill and drone of toil I hear The utterance of glade and glen, and see The seasonable signs in bower and tree Through all the changing year.

Two call and call—but one may never know

How artfully that other breaks these chains

And lures me out to find wide country lanes,

Free, where I will, to go.

#### A PRAIRIE NIGHT

#### BY CHARLES CURTZ HAHN

IGHT closes down. The dusk grows fast and hides
Familiar landscapes from the sight. The air
Is balmy, though the night has come, for dark
On western prairie lands is full of grace.
My horse is feeding 'round his lariat stake
While I, in blanket wrapped, lie in the grass,
Which grows knee deep and, gracious, gently bends
Beneath the fragrant southland breeze that blows
Across the flower-gemmed prairie's wide expanse;
And all the way it travels, neither tree,
Nor house, nor fence its steady course doth bar.

In perfect solitude I rest while depths
Of soft, southwestern skies arch over me.
And one by one the stars come out and march
In stately silence 'cross the cloudless fields.
I watch Orion passing overhead;
I doze, and later, waking, note the time
By progress he has made through boundless space
With suite of beaming, peaceful stars en traine.
Naught can one see but stars and grass until
They blend in one horizon, circling, great.

The hours pass on. I sleep and wake again. No change except the stately, silent march Of glorious constellations overhead, No human being within sound of voice.

Away to southward comes a well-known sound—
The long-drawn "M-o-o" of distant engine on
The steel rails twenty miles away. At that
A coyote snarls. Another coyote yelps
In answer to his mate, and then I sink
To dreamless sleep again. The morning dawns.
Through heavy mists, light-tinged by daybreak gleams,
I see weird, moving forms loom up around;
The horizon has again drawn near to me.
Whereas a few hours since it stretched to where
The sky and prairies met, it now is drawn
A few rods from my resting, tethered horse.

A circle of a thousand cattle wild Whose shadowy outlines scarcely can be seen, Are, silent, feeding 'round my grass-hid bed, And circling 'round me in the prairie mist.

# FROM THE PEDESTAL

## By Elizabeth McCracken

Author of "The Women of America"

\*

ILDA sat at her desk, finishing an essay; the essay dealt with an economic problem; it was minutely statistical and technical, and the desk was piled with books and littered with pages of reference notes. Hilda worked quietly, but intently, supporting her head with one hand, and with the other writing in firm, black characters, or turning over the books and pages in search of a row of figures or a quotation.

Hilda's hands were peculiarly white and slender, and as delicately strong as the fine linen bands which, slipping from their places on her sleeves, curled softly over her wrists like white rose-petals. The bands should have been pinned, but Hilda had forgotten to pin them. She had forgotten several other minor details in the one large fact that David Wynne and Genevieve had come home, after three years of married life, three years of idling in Europe. In less than two hours she expected to see them; they were coming, they and their baby girl, to lunch with her in her quaint little apartment-home. To lunch! How ordinary, how prosaic! Hilda had smiled at the usualness of it as she wrote the letter of invitation. "Bring the small girl," she had urged, "be sure to bring her!" The small girl! She did not even know her name—and yet, the small girl was David's! It was all very strange. Small wonder that Hilda forgot to attend to such trivial things as the pinning of her cuffs. It was deeply characteristic of her that she did not forget to attend to the more important matter of finishing her essay.

It really was all very strange; it made her heart flutter; but she wrote steadily at the statistical, technical treatise on economics until it was completed. Then she signed her name, and with a quick sigh dropped her pen. She stared at her signature with a sudden new and impersonal interest. "'Hilda Gray,'" she murmured with a half-amused, half-vexed smile, "'Hilda Gray'! How supremely unadorned and commonplace it sounds! How different from 'Genevieve Holworthy-Wynne'!"

Her smile faded into a wistful gravity. She folded the pages of her essay and put her desk to rights, still repeating softly, "'Genevieve Holworthy-Wynne.'" The unconscious pause before the last name would have been pathetic from lips less firmly molded than Hilda's. Hilda had not the slightest suggestion of the pathetic about her. She was sufficiently introspective to be aware that she had not, and possessed of quite enough whimsical humor to be somewhat amused at her difference in this particular from the majority of women.

For it had been the old story. David Wynne had followed her about persistently for so long a time; he had gazed at her with such unfeigned awe and admiration in his great, serious, brown eyes. Hilda had smiled a little—David's eyes were so boyish; but she had been amazingly, bewilderingly touched. She had been a trifle blinded too; and the blindness had made her forget that very often people followed her about and looked at her and admired her, and were awed and even abashed by her. Hilda was rather unusual; she had a most virile mental power and an almost cynically keen wit—and yet, she was curiously humble and gentle. She thought and wrote like a man, and she felt and dreamed like a child. The only thing she did like a woman was to love David Wynne, and she did that unlike some women.

David had put her up on a pedestal and worshipped before her shrine; he had spent much time gazing at her and doing unnecessary services for her; he had talked to her a great deal too, telling her frequently that she was beautiful and gifted and good, and a thousand other things. Hilda was bored when other people said these things, as often happened, but she had not been bored when David said them. He told her much, very much, but he never told her he loved her.

Hilda had paled ever so slightly when he came to tell her that he loved Genevieve Holworthy—not from disappointment, for Hilda was rather unusual and had not yet discovered that she loved David, but because she knew Genevieve.

"Genevieve!" she had exclaimed.

"Yes," David had eagerly returned,—"Genevieve; I love Genevieve."

"And—does she love you?" Hilda had asked, for it was this question, put to herself, that had caused her to turn pale. David was famous and rich; and Genevieve—Genevieve loved fame and riches; Hilda knew that. But did she love David?

"I don't know," David had replied, "but I love her, and I want her; I want nothing else in the world. I must have her, and I will!"

And he did. He was exuberantly happy; but Hilda still wondered whether Genevieve loved him. She had repeated the question over and over at the wedding. David's brown eyes had been so lighted with joy. At the reception afterwards he had come many times to Hilda to tell her that he was happy or to whisper to her sweet things about Genevieve. That he loved Genevieve had been clear.

Hilda had looked again and again at Genevieve, lily-like in her

bridal array. Genevieve was exquisitely pretty, with masses of blond hair, and starry gray eyes, and all manner of little airs and graces. She smiled upon the people assembled at her marriage, smiled more in pride than in joy. "She doesn't love him," Hilda, watching her, had suddenly said to herself; "she is merely flattered because he loves her!"

And now they had come home after three years of married life, three years of idling in Europe! Hilda sat in her tiny study, waiting for them, and repeating to herself, "Genevieve Holworthy-Wynne'!" It was thus that Genevieve had signed the acceptance to the invitation to luncheon. She had added in a postscript that she would bring the small girl.

Hilda had never been very intimate with Genevieve. She had been beautifully kind to her from the day David had declared that he must and would have her until the night on which they were married, when David's eyes had been so happy, and Genevieve had smiled more in pride than in joy. Hilda had been very tenderly kind; but during the three years Genevieve had sent her few letters; and David -David had written congratulations upon the success of her book, which he confessed himself too ignorant to read intelligently. Hilda had smiled at the letter. Six months before she sat and waited to welcome him and Genevieve and the small girl, he had written to tell her of the small girl's birth. In the letter David said things about Hilda's beauty and her talents and her goodness, more things than he said about the birth of his daughter; but after the wedding Hilda had suddenly remembered that almost everyone she met did say these things to her. She wondered sometimes what David said to Genevieve. "Probably nothing except that he loves her," she had replied to herself, "probably nothing else-but-but that's enough." Hilda thought like a man and felt like a child, but none the less she was a woman.

Her love was so largely selfless; perhaps for this very reason it neither warped nor hardened her. She devoted herself to her work, and her work was exceedingly good. Nothing about her indicated any quarrel with life, and Hilda had none. She was as sweet as she was strong; it was fitting that her mouth should be firm and her eyes like blue wild-flowers—only her eyes shone, which blue flowers seldom do. Sometimes she thought of David, always the same thought: "If only Genevieve loved him! I shouldn't mind—anything, a bit, if only she loved him." She had seen so clearly on the wedding night that Genevieve did not love him.

Hilda meditated upon it all as she waited for them to come to luncheon. She rested her elbows on her knees and held her chin in both her hands. "If only she had loved him!" she repeated half aloud. She could not believe that they really were coming, and when they did come she greeted them with an unaccustomed tremor in her voice. Genevieve kissed her twice; Genevieve always had been inclined towards meaningless kissing. David took both her hands and looked straight into her eyes; the joyous light was still in his own eyes, and Hilda wondered afresh. She glanced quickly at Genevieve, but Genevieve's face was hidden by the baby girl, whose fluffy wraps she was removing.

The baby girl! "Give her to me," Hilda exclaimed, and David took her from Genevieve and put her into Hilda's eager arms. She was an adorable baby girl; she had her mother's blond hair and her father's great, serious, brown eyes; she stared at Hilda for a solemn moment and then cuddled softly against her. Hilda was charmed; she knew very few baby girls, and none of them were like this one.

"She is a dear," she said enthusiastically, "a perfect dear!"

"Isn't she?" David agreed, patting the baby's hand.

"Isn't she?" Genevieve echoed, smoothing the small girl's white muslin frills.

Hilda could see Genevieve's face now. It was the same face, but yet not quite the same; and Hilda wondered. Genevieve looked at David, then at the baby, and then she looked at Hilda; she smiled, and the pride was still in her smile, yet her face was not quite as it had been at her marriage.

"What is her name? You've never written to tell me," Hilda said, touching the baby's soft little curls.

"What!" cried David in consternation. "We haven't written? You don't know—"

David broke off and turned to Genevieve. "My dear," he said, "have you actually never told Hilda?"

"I believe I actually never have, Hilda! I must unconsciously have expected you to know; you always do know things." Genevieve looked at Hilda with an affection which was as new as the expression of her face; she had never cared for Hilda; Hilda's gentleness had always tired her. "I certainly expected you to know without being told," she repeated; "you always did know things without being told."

Hilda laughed, but she wondered what things Genevieve meant. "Did I?" she said merrily; "but not babies' names, Genevieve, dear. What is her name?"

David opened his lips to speak, but Genevieve forestalled him. "Guess." she said.

Hilda held the baby girl before her on her knee and gravely contemplated the pretty little face, with its incongruously solemn brown eyes, the dimpled hands, and the dainty, beruffled clothes. "I—don't just know. Clytie would be appropriate; but—why, of course,

it is Genevieve Holworthy, for you, dear." Hilda turned her wild-flower-like eyes to the baby's mother. Genevieve knew that she was absolutely sincere, and again her face became gentle.

"No," she said, "it is not; it is Hilda Gray-"

Hilda's face turned quite pink. She clasped the baby close. "Really?" she whispered.

"I'm glad you are pleased," Genevieve said in a gratified tone.

"Pleased!" Hilda echoed, "pleased! But how came you to? How could you give such a dear, beautiful baby my ordinary, plain name?"

"It is a famous name," Genevieve began.

"Ah," Hilda said under her breath. Genevieve always had loved fame! Hilda remembered again—fame and riches; she had married David because she loved these things. Hilda's face lost some of its happy color, but Genevieve went on—" and besides, we wanted her to have it."

Hilda glanced at her intently, and then she looked at David. "You were lovely to name her for me," she said to both of them. "Nothing so—sweet ever happened to me before." She kissed the baby and rubbed her cheek against its silky hair.

Hilda insisted upon holding the baby on her lap at the luncheon table. She found the small girl rather an inconvenience when the salad needed to be made, but she would not allow David to take her, and assured Genevieve that she always did serve salad with one hand. That day she certainly did. The small girl played with the other hand; she crumpled the little linen cuff until it resembled a white chrysanthemum petal, and she quite dampened it with baby kisses. Hilda's eyes shone even more brightly than usual.

After luncheon Genevieve put the baby to sleep, while David sat beside Hilda and talked to her and looked at her exactly as he always had—and as most people did.

"It was beautiful of you and Genevieve to name the baby for me," she said again.

"We wanted to," David replied simply. "I hope she will be like you when she grows up," he added.

Hilda smiled slowly. "You ought to say you hope she will be like Genevieve," she said reprovingly.

David turned his boyish eyes to her. "But she couldn't," he said with single-minded seriousness; "no one could be like Genevieve."

"He loves her, there is no doubt about that," Hilda said to herself; "and he doesn't know she doesn't love him! He loves her. Well, I shouldn't mind; no, I really shouldn't, not very much, if only she loved him."

David presently rose to go, but Genevieve lingered. "You go

now, dear," she said, "if you must; but I'll stay a little longer; I'll let the baby have her nap out."

When the two women were left alone together a sudden silence fell upon them. They had never been intimate, and such a gulf was fixed between them. Hilda was undisturbed, but Genevieve wished the baby would wake and form a medium of communication.

"It was absurd of me to forget to tell you we had named the baby for you," she said, breaking the silence; "but you always knew things without being told."

"What things?" Hilda found herself saying.

"Well," said Genevieve slowly, "about me, for instance."

"You?" said Hilda, almost breathlessly.

"Yes," Genevieve acquiesced, "you did; you knew I didn't love David when I married him."

Hilda started, and the other woman continued: "David didn't know; he never knew, but I could see that you did. You knew that I was only flattered because he loved me; you even knew he loved me, and that he only worshipped you."

Hilda smiled at the speaker with a sudden feeling of kinship; "only"—the adverb was so subtly eloquent. She had not supposed that Genevieve understood these things. "My dear," she said, "how do you happen to be so wise?"

"Well, I'm a woman," Genevieve replied. She looked at Hilda with a sort of indulgence. "You—you are an angel," she added. "You understand by instinct; I understand by experience."

Hilda laughed. "You are metaphysical," she said with an effort at lightness.

"No," said Genevieve gravely, "I'm not; I am human. I understand by experience, but I haven't had much experience, and I don't understand very much; I don't understand you, for example."

"I?" gasped Hilda.

"Yes, you. I don't see how you happened not to love David." She looked straight at Hilda, but Hilda's eyes neither wavered nor flinched.

"I'm afraid I can't explain, Genevieve, dear," she said gently.

An expression of relief which Hilda did not fail to see crept into Genevieve's face. "I suppose you can't explain how you knew I didn't love him," she said.

"No," Hilda replied, "I hardly think I can, dear."

"Well," said Genevieve hesitatingly, "I ought not to expect you to. I can't imagine how in the world I ever could have not loved him;" her face flushed; "I love him now," she added softly.

"I am glad," said Hilda.

There was a certain fulness of meaning in the simple words as she vol. LXXV.-16

spoke them. Genevieve frankly stared at her; she was convinced, yet puzzled. "I know you are," she said after a pause, "and I knew you would be; I knew it from the moment—I did love him."

"So you too know things without being told!" Hilda exclaimed,

again with an attempt at playfulness.

But Genevieve for once was tremendously in earnest; she refused to be deterred. For once she laid aside her pretty airs and graces and rose to a fine, large simplicity. She left her chair and came and sat at Hilda's feet; she looked up into Hilda's face with a single-mindedness as great as Hilda's own. "I knew that much," she said. "I knew you knew I didn't love him at first; I knew you would be glad I loved him at last."

Hilda took Genevieve's hand, a soft little hand with sweet lines of dimples across it from finger to finger. "I am glad," she repeated.

"I know," Genevieve returned, "and that is what I don't understand. Why should you care whether I love him or not?"

She held Hilda with the question, but Hilda's self-command did not fail her. "My dear," she said gently, "what does it matter?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Genevieve replied, "only—I wondered. I often have thought about it."

"You have?"

"Yes," confided David's wife. "I never forgot how you looked at me the night I was married. But after I began to love David I understood why you had; I hadn't before. You see, I didn't know I hadn't loved David until I did love him. One has to love in order to understand anything about it."

"Yes," Hilda asserted unguardedly.

Genevieve seized her advantage. "Then how do you understand?" she demanded.

Hilda could not forbear a smile at the naïve, unspoken inference behind the question. But Hilda was rather unusual. "My dear child," she said, "why so much diplomacy; why don't you just ask me point-blank whether I ever loved your husband, whether I love him now?" Her voice was perfectly steady and her face kept all its wonted gentleness and calm; her hand, clasping Genevieve's, neither relaxed nor tightened its hold, nor so much as turned cold and tremulous.

Genevieve was still perplexed and exceedingly surprised, but she was thoroughly reassured and a little ashamed. She hid her face against Hilda's arm. "Please forgive me," she whispered.

Hilda kissed the soft, fair head caressingly. "My precious child, there is nothing to forgive," she said with a tenderness which made Genevieve involuntarily nestle the more closely. "I understand just how you feel."

Genevieve raised her rosy face and looked into Hilda's quiet eyes. "I know you do—that's what I can't understand."

Hilda kissed her softly. "I wouldn't trouble about it if I were you, dear." she said.

"I shall not, any more," Genevieve said slowly, "not any more. But I always wondered so! It seemed to me that you couldn't have known that I didn't love him unless you loved him yourself; and on the other hand," she continued, growing bold under the influence of Hilda's utter calm, "if you did love him, I couldn't see how you could possibly want me to, and I knew you did. And furthermore," she concluded less seriously, "if you didn't love him, I couldn't see why you should care about it at all."

"My dear," Hilda began, but Genevieve interrupted.

"I see it all now," she said.

"You do?" Hilda exclaimed in a low tone.

"I do; it's just what David always has said about you."

" David?"

"Yes; you are an angel; he is continually saying that you are an angel—and you are."

Hilda's face softened and she laughed. "My dear child," she protested.

"You are," Genevieve insisted; "that's why I named the baby for you. It all happened because of you; it was the wondering and wondering why you looked at me as you did when I was married that wakened me into loving David, instead of just being proud because he, of all men, loved me. And loving David is the best thing that ever happened to me, better than having him love me."

Hilda's arms held her more tenderly than ever.

"You have grown," she said simply.

"Yes," said Genevieve as simply, "I have."

She kissed Hilda a great many times when they parted, and this time her kisses were not meaningless. She looked at Hilda in perfect contentment; she did not understand, but she was satisfied. "Hilda is an angel," she said to herself, "and that explains it all. She can't love, and she can't hate; she just wants the world to go rightly for people."

And this latter was true—especially when certain people were concerned. But Hilda was not an angel, she was much more. She stood at the window, watching Genevieve as she walked down the street with the baby. For the first time in her life her smile was pathetic. "She loves him," she thought half aloud. "I always grieved because she didn't, and I'm glad she does. He has everything he needs now, everything he wants." She stopped abruptly, and then she continued: "Genevieve is satisfied too; she doesn't understand how I happened

never to love him, but she is sure I never did. It is all just as I wanted it to be, and I—I am satisfied too."

Nevertheless, she moved away from the window with a strange ache in her throat. Something on the floor, small and blue, caught her eyes. She lifted it with fingers that now asserted their right to tremble; it was one of the baby's shoes. Hilda's eyes filled with sudden tears, a pale radiance brightened her face: "And they named her for me! 'Hilda Gray-Wynne.'" Hilda's face suffused as she whispered the name.

The tiny blue shoe lay in her hands; she regarded it almost happily. "I am satisfied," she said, "I truly am. She loves him; he never will know that at first she didn't. I made her love him, and before he found out that she didn't. He would have found out eventually, and—and it would have hurt him; I know it would! He can never be hurt now—really; there is nothing in the world that can hurt him, now. I am satisfied!"

She smiled again with lips again pathetic. "And everything is all right for me, now," she said; "they have named the baby girl for me too. And besides, I have my work. Everything is all right for me," she repeated bravely. "David always loved her, and she loves him now; everything is—all right—only—I feel a little lonelier than I did yesterday."

## TO NANCY

BY THOMAS MCKEAN

N tripping measures move your tiny feet
Caressed by slippers of a crimson hue;
Curved lips are parted when you start anew
Your dainty dance of fascinating beat.
So blithesome now, in innocence complete
You flit away beneath the vault of blue,
Where angel faces e'er will smile on you
And kiss your cheek with happiness, my Sweet.

No fairer painting would I ask to see, Which to some jewelled palace of the earth Has passed, in barter from a worldly mart, Than you, my little child of destiny, Who, first the princess at the hour of birth, Are now the gaoler of my captive heart.

## SYLVIA'S BRIDEGROOMS

# By Arabella Kenealy

I.

HE Bride sat embowered amid wedding presents. She glanced at her reflection in a tall mirror.

"I look like a person keeping a shop," she said peevishly, seeing her reflected form with its glittering background of jewels and silver.

She tapped the toe of an irritable foot upon the carpet. She frowned. She pouted.

"Don't I? Don't I?" she demanded in a passionate crescendo of the only person in the room.

The only person in the room was her Bridegroom-elect. With a pleased air he was reviewing the array of presents. The wedding was to take place on the morrow. To-day the second of two wedding receptions had been held. The Bride's mother, almost too fatigued to respond to the "Good-byes" of the last guest, had retired to another room.

The Bride and Bridegroom were alone amid their host of gifts. The Bride was tired and decidedly cross. The Bridegroom happy and serene.

To her sharp crescendo of "Don't I's?" he responded drily,-

"Your customers would be very few if you were to frown at them as you are doing."

"Frown!" she repeated. "Who wouldn't frown? I'm absolutely sore from being stared at. I feel like a two-headed person in a sixpenny booth."

He smiled across at her—a smile not one woman in fifty could have withstood. A man who had not known her equally well would have crossed the room to kiss her. But this one knew her.

"It was rather a bore," he agreed. "I'm awfully sorry, little girl. I suppose indirectly it's my fault, although if I had the managing of weddings I would cut all such fuss and paraphernalia. However, it is all over now."

"All over," she protested. "Are you forgetting to-morrow?"

"No," he returned gravely. "I am not likely to forget to-morrow."

"It will be a million times worse to-morrow," she insisted. "There will be a church full and streets full of starers."

"There will be compensations," he said.

Now he crossed the room to stand beside her. He remained looking down at her from his fine height, looking down with masterful fondness. "To-morrow," he continued, "they can stare as they please." His voice dropped. "For to-morrow I shall take you right away from them, away from everything and everybody. For a divine fortnight, Sylvia, you and I will be alone together."

She was in a wicked humor. A great heiress and a beautiful girl, she had been spoiled from her cradle. She was surfeited with life's good things. She was like a child grown sick from living upon sweetmeats.

"We shall bore each other to death," she cried. "Before three days are out we shall have exhausted all our wit and cleverness. We shall be hating each other."

He kept his patience. He knew that she was fond of him. He had already faced the circumstance that his wife-elect suffered from the serious drawback of a very bad temper. But few men of spirit are intimidated by the temper of a sweetheart, although the boldest of them shrink before the temper of a wife.

"The best of being in love," he said, "is that wit and cleverness are superfluous. I sha'n't ask you to be smart, Sylvia. Let us be just a couple of exquisite fools, dear, as foolish and as happy as the days will be long."

She was not appeased.

"The days will be long enough in all conscience," she retorted, "and as to playing fool, I, for one, have not the slightest inclination for the rôle."

"Don't be cross," he appealed with admirable control. "I know you've had a lot to stand of late with frocks and bonnets and dolmans and things to try on. But it is all over now. You have only the pleasure of wearing them before you. Cheer up, old girl. By this time to-morrow it will all be over, and you and I will be en route for Paris."

"I would rather be going on an Arctic expedition," she insisted, flashing her angry dark eyes.

He smiled whimsically. "I have known bridal trips that were as frigid," he returned, "but I don't promise you anything in the line."

She turned upon him.

"Oh! I wonder if you really care for me?"

"Don't!" he said. "It is superfluous."

"Shall I tell you what I overheard Maud Lindsay say this afternoon?" His eyes met hers. He saw by her face that Maud Lindsay's remark and not merely fatigue was at the source of her temper.

"No," he said. "I'll answer for it that it isn't worth repeating."

"It might be true," she insisted in a voice that seemed wrung out of her, a voice compounded of rage and pain.

"It might, of course," he said. "But, on the other hand, it might not, seeing that Maud Lindsay said it."

"You're afraid to hear it," she accused him. "Perhaps you know it is true."

He laughed. "How can I know it is true when I haven't a notion what it is? It's about me, I suppose, then," he added. "Oh, well, fire away. I can bear it. If you really think it worth repeating, shoot."

He drew himself up with a laugh. He opened his soldier-chest like a man braving a death-volley.

She shot. "I heard her tell Colonel Newborough that she knew for certain—from things that you had said—that you were marrying me for my horrible money. There now, you have it."

He had jestingly assumed the attitude of a man about to meet a death-volley. If you had seen his face, you might have supposed a real bullet had found him. For a moment he stood rigid, his skin like white paper. Then he said,—

"And you believe it?"

"Oh, I do and I don't. How can I judge? She told him she knew for certain—for certain—from things you had said."

"From things I had said," he repeated. "Does a man go about representing himself as a blackguard?" At last she had succeeded in ruffling him. Now he was angrier than she,—far angrier,—with a white-hot rage of which she was incapable.

"Oh, it isn't regarded so seriously," she said with a curt laugh.

"People consider it natural enough. I have such a horrid lot of money, I suppose it is a temptation." Her voice faltered. She ended on a sob. Her anger was exhausted. Now she was ready to be kissed and comforted.

But she had gone too far. He was in no mood for kisses.

"We must have this out," he said in tense and quiet tones. "Tell me, do you honestly believe your money tempted me? Do you believe that if you had been penniless I should not have asked you to marry me?"

Frequently, when his temper had succumbed to her attacks, she had coaxed him back to amiability by extravagant nonsense. Now she tilted her chin in raillery.

"Of course not," she cried. "If I had been penniless, I should have gone in rags. And with men dress is half the battle."

"Don't trifle," he insisted. "Seriously, Sylvia, do you think your money weighed with me?"

She glanced at him between her lashes, as though seeking to learn how much farther she might go. His face was calm, though ashen. It did not sufficiently warn her.

"Why, of course, I know it did," she retorted. "One must have money, although I call it horrid. And, of course, you could never have married on your pay," she added practically.

married on your pay, she added practically.

She clothed the practicality in a smile. But strychnia administered in honey is none the less deadly. Without a word he turned and walked from the room.

She sprang to her feet. She followed him into the hall. She was not quick enough. The door slammed before she could reach it.

· She stood in an attitude of indignation. "Did one ever see such a shocking temper!" she protested.

Then she returned to the drawing-room and wept.

"My wicked tongue deserves to be removed with red-hot pincers," she confided to a silver rose-bowl. "Still, of course," she added, drying her eyes, "of course, he really couldn't have married on his pay. At all events, he couldn't have married Me!"

#### II.

THE trouble was more serious than she had supposed.

While she and her mother were dining that evening a note and a small packet addressed in his hand were brought to her. She opened the note with ostentatious carelessness, having let it lie some minutes beside her plate, albeit her fingers ached to disclose its message. As she read, she gave a sharp little cry.

"Heavens!" her mother cried. "What is the matter?"

She recovered herself. Her quick eyes flashed out of her ghastly pallor to find excuse.

"James looks so absurdly solemn," she said with a queer little laugh, her eyes on the old butler. "One might think there was going to be a funeral."

"Why do you look so absurd, James?" his mistress protested irri-

tably. "There is nothing to be solemn about."

"Certainly not, Ma'am," James returned, with an offended dignity which was rather a disclaimer of absurdity in his appearance than of seriousness in the impending function.

"You are as white as a ghost," Mrs. Decies accused her daughter.

"If I am," her daughter insisted petulantly, "it is only the reflection from the tablecloth."

"It may be that," her mother agreed. She did not seem to realize that Sylvia's countenance had been subject to the influence of the

tablecloth for the previous half hour, while her pallor was a thing of moments.

Soon it was replaced by a burning flush. Her mouth set wickedly. Her eyes flamed. She talked fast and loud.

"What spirits you have," her elder told her, missing the hardness and pain of her eyes.

During the evening there was a continuous scribbling and reading of notes, which her maid with an air of profound secrecy carried and brought.

At breakfast next morning she observed,-

"Prepare yourself for a little shock, mother."

"Oh, I am prepared," her mother retorted. "For the last two years—since you've been out—I have prepared myself for nothing else. I'm very fond of you, Sylvia, but you're too much of a responsibility. When you have a husband to be responsible for you I shall like you all the better. One can never depend on you two hours together. Now, this morning, when I had looked forward to you being the prettiest bride of the season, you are a perfect fright. I don't believe you closed your eyes all night. They're as red as—a prize-fighter's. You can't blame that on the tablecloth.

"Well, now, what is the shock?" she resumed. "I suppose you are not going to be married, after all."

"Oh, but I am," Sylvia snapped. "I have only changed my bridegroom. Cyril and I had a quarrel yesterday. I got a note from him last night at dinner saying the wedding was 'off' so far as he was concerned. He couldn't think of marrying me under the circumstances."

Mrs. Decies threw up her handsome ringed hands.

"Gracious goodness, what a scandal! That you should live to be a deserted bride! I declare he ought to be whipped. And he always pretended to be so nice."

"Oh, well," Sylvia defended him, "I suppose I ought not to have told him he was marrying me for my money. But how was one to know he would take it so huffily?"

"If you told him so, it is you who should be whipped," her mother cried, turning upon her distracted. "The lawyers couldn't get him to accept a penny. He was as obstinate as a mule. He would live on his pay, he kept repeating, as though he were one of those phonograph things that could say nothing else. Well, I tell you I shall not face it. You must manage and explain things for yourself. I shall retire to my room. To have everybody condoling with me because my daughter stands at the altar deserted—a bride without a bridegroom! I would rather be cremated."

"But there will be a bridegroom. Your daughter will not stand deserted," Sylvia protested. She emptied half a jar of marmalade upon her plate and began to spread it upon chicken sandwiches with as much care as though she harbored the intention of eating them.

"Are you going to marry the sexton or the pew-opener?" Mrs.

Decies demanded sarcastically.

"I am going to marry Bertie Lathom. You always wished it, so that I might have a title. Now it will come off. I arranged it last

night. I was not going to be a public laughing-stock."

"Oh, well," her mother said, when she had recovered from the shock, "so long as you are going to marry somebody I can manage to bear it. Still, it's a shocking scandal. And I'm sorry for Cyril. He is so nice and cared so much for you. But as it has happened, I suppose I ought to congratulate myself that you are marrying a man of rank. With you one could never tell. It might have been the postman."

By half-past two there were no traces of tears. Everybody agreed that they had never known a more amazing situation or a calmer bride.

A special license was procured by a friendly motorist, who arrived only just in time for the ceremony to begin. He and his car were so begrimed with dust that the crowd about the church agreed that nothing less than an extreme of drunkenness could explain his coming to a wedding in such trim. The impression was strengthened by the fact of a policeman hanging on behind, although the latter alleged no worse offence than that of driving ninety-nine miles an hour by the stop-watch in his pocket.

TIT.

WHEN Carter, Sylvia's maid, on the eve of the wedding, delivered her mistress's note at Sir Bertram's bachelor chambers, "I've just taken him one already," his man informed her. "If this is a staggerer like that, I'll carry him a whiskey and soda on the same tray."

"I never pry into other people's letters," Carter answered loftily.

"Please to give it to Sir Bertram and say the lady is waiting for an

answer."

"You the lady?" the man inquired, with a facetious grin.

"Of course I am," the maid retorted.

But Sir Bertram, sitting with a grave expression above his previous note, broke into loud laughter on perusing this.

"Just my infernal luck," he said. He took up a pen. Before he had written half a dozen words he set it down, however. His face changed.

"I'll ring when the answer is ready," he told his man. The man went out.

He read the notes again: "'Can't live till morning!" 'Marry me to-morrow!"—Jove! I've a mind to risk it. Nobody has a suspicion of the truth."

His mind worked rapidly. On the one hand was a very slough of debts. On the other, a quarter of a million and a charming wife. He had always been fond of his Cousin Sylvia, and she knew it. She had credited him with a sensitive pride that forbade him to propose to her, for the reason that he was poor. The truth was he had a wife already. Only a few men (out of novelettes) are secretly married. He was one of the few. At twenty he had married a music-hall singer. At twenty-one she had left him for a lion-tamer—who, however, like many another valiant person, had signally failed to tame the feminine of his kind. For twelve years her husband had lost sight of her, albeit an occasional demand for money had prevented him from too far congratulating himself upon his release.

A week before the date arranged for Sylvia Decies's wedding a message scribbled on a doctor's card summoned him to a bedside. His wife lay dying of consumption in squalor and starvation, her lion-tamer having long previously deserted her. She was in high fever and did not know him. She had not betrayed her relation to him. She was passing under her professional name of Signora Birdie Montmorency.

He had had her placed in comfort, but had kept out of the way. She had given his name to the Doctor as that of an old acquaintance likely to befriend her.

Then, on the eve of Sylvia's wedding, a note from the Doctor had arrived, informing him that if he wished to see her again alive he must come at once. It was impossible that she could live till morning.

He had no wish to see her again alive. He merely cursed the fate that had made Sylvia Decies's marriage three months too early—or his wife's death three months too late.

While so engaged Sylvia's note—a bolt from the blue—was brought to him. She and Captain Manson had quarrelled on the eve of their wedding and had separated forever, it told him. He (Sir Bertram) and she had been chums all their lives. He had always led her to believe he was fond of her. He positively must now come to the rescue and save her from the unspeakable humiliation of facing her world in the rôle of a deserted bride. She would be eternally grateful to him and would try to be an affectionate wife. She wound up with an agonized "P. S.—Do, Bertie. There's a darling. I couldn't face it, and I know my money will be useful to you. You have such extravagant tastes."

Above the notes his thoughts were long. A spendthrift and man of the world, he had always acted strictly up to the code of his club,

the sole creed of men of his type. And the code of his club forbade the thing he was contemplating. Yet, little as his creed exacted, it failed him now. He shrugged his shoulders, set his teeth, read aloud that sentence of the Doctor's, "impossible that she can live till morning," and sat down to write to Sylvia that her note had made him the happiest man in the world. He had always loved her. She might rely on him to take that unspeakable fool Manson's place at half-past two the following day.

"After all, I have more than fulfilled my obligations to poor Birdie," he observed as he sealed up his note, "and I sha'n't be

injuring her or anyone."

Nevertheless, his sins were soon to discover him. For, first of all, upon finding himself alone with Sylvia in driving from the church, she transformed herself into a fiend when he attempted to take her hand. Why, she accused him vehemently, had he consented to this horrible exchange? Had she not been mad she could never have proposed so abominable a plan. She loved Cyril with all her heart and soul—and she had married him. Of course, she had never meant to live with him. When the people had gone she would write him a cheque for half her fortune and would never, never again see him.

I will not say it was fruitless for him to expostulate. It was impossible. The most attenuated word of protest could not have inserted itself edgewise between the press of hysterical adjectives she hurled at him. He bore it quietly. He knew something of the ways of women. He did not doubt but that when the hour for their departure should arrive his bride would be ready to accompany him, clad in her right mind and her travelling-dress.

But before this time a trouble still more serious was to meet him. It lay in the eyes of the Doctor who had attended his dying wife, and who, it turned out, was one of the invited wedding guests. He arrived late. He had missed the ceremony. Lathom saw him come. He watched him as he learned of the amazing shuffle of bridegrooms. Then their glances met. The Doctor's bespoke consternation, indignation, proper anger. It told him as eloquently as could speech that the brain behind it knew his secret. Birdie then had betrayed him at the last. Well! Had she not always betrayed him?

Presently the Doctor came up to him and demanded to speak with him alone. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Isn't it useless?" he demurred cynically.

"It is imperative," the Doctor insisted in thunderous tones.

Then, "Come into the garden," Lathom said.

When they were alone Doctor Begbie faced him sternly. "I have just come from the deathbed of your wife, sir," he said.

"She told you the truth, then," Lathom answered. "I confess it

seems rather indecent haste on my part. But really she had forfeited every claim to my consideration. And, of course, you must know that my marriage to-day was not premeditated."

The Doctor seemed laboring to speak. Lathom had a horrible suspicion.

"Good God," he cried, "she is dead? Your letter-

"Yes," the Doctor said, "she is dead."

Lathom mopped his brows. "Thank God for that!"

"But," the Doctor continued with a shocked face, "she did not die till half-past three to-day—more than half an hour after the ceremony."

Sir Bertram broke into a vehement exclamation. "You wrote me---" he began.

"She rallied," the Doctor said. "It is never safe to prognosticate the exact duration of expiring life."

"Good Lord!" groaned Lathom. "Did anything ever happen so unfortunately?"

He was a person of resource, however. After a minute he pulled himself together.

"Well," he said, "when all is said and done it will resolve itself into a second ceremony."

"I am an old friend of the family," the Doctor said in a determined voice. "The bride must not leave her mother's house until she is legally your wife."

Lathom laughed curtly. "She expresses her intention of not leaving it at all," he said.

With the inconsistency of woman, she was none the less piqued, however, that he assented so readily to her proposal.

"Now I have indeed been married for my money," she reflected bitterly when he presently took his departure with the other guests.

"I shall come to see you early to-morrow," he told her with a grave face. "I have something serious to say."

"It will be utterly useless," she protested, supposing that his something serious would be a demand for the customary rendering of the matrimonial ménage.

The guests were not surprised that the reversion to barbarism which expresses itself in hurling shoes and confetti was for this occasion denied them.

"Sylvia never did do things like other people," they observed.

"Her conduct wouldn't be tolerated if she were poorer. And, of course, it is more decent for her to take time for a few breaths between such a lightning change of husbands."

They smiled sweetly as they kissed her (those of her own sex, that is) and hoped she would be very happy. After all, they reflected

privately, she had not acted so irrationally as at first appeared. For though Manson was nice and very handsome, Lathom was a baronet!

#### IV.

WHEN they had all gone she sat down to write a letter. She wrote:

"DEAR CYRIL (of course, I may no longer call you dearest, although you always, always will be): I know I have behaved like a beast. But, of course, I couldn't face standing up at the altar without a bridegroom, so there was nothing left to me to do but what I did. Oh, how could you behave so? You must have known I never meant it. You know I believed you all that was noble. Only my silly pride and horrid temper wouldn't let me acknowledge it. Oh, you should have made allowance for my horrid temper. I can no more help it than I can prevent my nose from turning up. If you really, really loved me (of course, I know you loved me too much to marry me for my money), if you had really and truly loved me, you would have loved my temper just as you always said you loved my turn-up nose. Both are the defects of my qualities. And, really, I have some rather nice qualities when I am not cross. Now I shall never be anything but cross. Still, I mean to be true to you, because although we can never now be anything to each other I take this last miserable opportunity of telling you I never did and never shall love anybody else. And I shall never be really Bertie's wife. I shall stop at home with mother and spend my time and my abominable money in detestable good works. And then perhaps in the next world you will forgive your heartbroken, repentant

" SYLVIA."

Lathom, calling next morning to explain the situation, braced himself for a scene. But Sylvia made no scene. He scarcely knew her. She had neither smiles nor dimples. Even her charming tilted nose had taken on the austere expression of a Roman one. Her hair was plastered smoothly on her cheeks. She wore a gown which he believed she must have borrowed from a housemaid. Her curves and charm and buoyancy, her rippling laughter, and her dancing gait had vanished.

"Good Lord, Sylvie!" he cried in a shocked voice, "are you ill?"

"No," she said, "I am only unhappy. Bertie," she appealed, "I have made the most horrible bungle a woman ever made of her life. In a fit of temper I sent away the best and dearest man, the only man I shall ever care for. In another fit of temper, rather than honestly face the consequences of my act, I asked you to take his place. I have behaved abominably to both of you. Now I can never be the wife of the man I love. And I will never be your wife—except in name."

She would not let him speak. In the same dejected, miserable voice she assured him her mind was made up. As some sort of reparation for the wrong she had done him, she proposed to give him half her fortune—this only on condition that he allowed her to go her way.

"It will be the way of slumming, Bertie," she said, "and not at all to your taste. It is my selfish life of ease and pleasure that has spoilt me. As for you," she added with the faint resuscitation of a smile, "you had always a taste to be a bachelor or you would long since have proposed to me."

He told her the facts. He called himself a blackguard.

When she realized the facts she caught at a table to steady herself. After a minute a miraculous change appeared in her. The color rushed to her cheeks, the curves returned. Her eyes blazed with joy. For answer and sentence on his crime she lifted her face and for the first time kissed the blackguard.

"Heaven arranged it, Bert," she gasped. "Heaven has delivered me from the penalties of my wickedness that I might marry the man I love, for I will never marry you, dear."

"Then it's a deuce of a business for me," he said gloomily. "I've always been fond of you, and should have asked you long ago had I been free."

She insisted upon paying his debts and on further presenting him with a substantial cheque.

For a while he demurred. To accept would be to transgress the code of clubs. Finally, however, he consented. His affairs were, as he expressed it, in a deuce of a muddle. And, after all, the clubs would never hear of it!

When he had gone Sylvia instructed Carter to fluff up the plastered slabs of hair. Her eyes were dancing.

"After all, I don't think the style suits me," she observed demurely.

"Why, that was the reason you gave me for plastering it," Carter retorted. It had made her sea-sick, she had said, to perpetrate such a coiffure. Her deft hands revelled now in the silken ripples of her mistress's beautiful hair. She achieved a masterpiece.

"There, now you look like a picture," she cried when she had finished. "The other way made you look as though you was going into a decline."

"Put me into my prettiest frock and hat," Sylvia bade her, "I am going out."

"Your travelling-gown, Ma'am?"

Sylvia blushed.

"No," she said, dimpling demurely, "I may want that—for a more important occasion."

"So she is going away with Sir Bertram after all," Carter reflected, well pleased. She liked the notion of being maid to "my Lady." Moreover, she liked my gentleman's gentleman.

When the parlormaid at Mrs. Manson's house announced "Miss Decies" to her mistress's son she did so with a mystified face. For had not "Miss Decies" the previous day been transformed into Lady Lathom?

He was reading Sylvia's letter for the fiftieth time.

"Oh, what an ass I have made of myself and what a muddle she has made of everything," he was reflecting for the hundredth time. He rose and stood quietly facing her, waiting until the maid should quit the room and she should explain herself. The maid closed the door.

"I wish she'd have given me time to warn him so that he might have smoothed out his hair," she reflected, with the spirit of a partisan. But Sylvia had given her no time, lest he might deny himself to her.

He smothered a groan, seeing her stand so fresh and beautiful before him. She could have kissed him for his disordered hair and for the fact that he was minus a necktie.

"I supposed you were far away," he said stiffly—" perhaps in Paris," he added bitterly.

"You mistake me for Lady Lathom," she returned. "Cyril, I am still Sylvia Decies—your Sylvia."

He eyed her for symptoms of insanity. "What in the name of Heaven do you mean?"

She flew to him, laughing and crying. "Not until you've kissed me," she protested.

He drew away. "Are you mad? You are another man's wife. Sylvia, have you left him?"

With sobs and tears, with laughter and dimples, the explanation came.

"Cyril, dear," she sobbed, "Heaven interfered to save me for you. Heaven knew it was only my temper and not my heart that was bad."

When at last he was convinced,-

"Oh Sylvia, Sylvia," he reproached her, "if you had behaved rationally, you and I would now be honeymooning."

She laid her blushing cheek to his.

"We might be next week," she said, "and this is Saturday. We can just slip into a church with only mother for a witness and leave mother to explain things afterwards."

He held her from him to look into her eyes.

"It shall not be a day later than Monday," he insisted.

"Monday would do," she assented demurely. "To wait longer would give time for my frocks and hats to go out of fashion."

He kissed her and set her away. "I'll go this minute for the license." He made for the door.

She drifted there before him. She turned on the threshold. She kissed her hand to him. Her face was beautiful to see.

"First go and brush your untidy hair, my dear," she cried gayly.



## IN APRIL

#### BY MARIE VAN VORST

Henceforth let time take from us what it may If but that dear and heavenly radiance light The torches of our way!

Held fast the city's mighty heart in thrall,
And down the streets in shadow, silence, streamed
A tender tide, that thus enveloped all
Who, like us, loved and dreamed.

Night's mystery enwrapped the fleeting hours:
The spectre of a young moon dim and far
Shone over the cathedral's lily-towers,
Each pointed by a star.

The city's lights, like phantoms, pale and wan,—
As swift we passed close to the other pressed,—
Were ghosts to mock. We, heedless, hurried on,
So living—and so blessed!

Was it for us the very world was stilled

That each the other's heart's swift beating heard?

Twin-leaves, together blown, we shook and thrilled

At passion's wind and word.

For me it never can be far away;
One night you were beside me, and the glow
Brings me again the heart of yesterday.
There is no long ago

For me! And, dearest, in the time's despite,
When cold the wraiths around your hearth-stone fall,
The living beauty of one April night,
Tell me—do you recall?

## A DREAMER

## By James Drexel Turner

Author of "The Strange Passing of Alicia"

2

"I WANT her. Why doesn't she come? What is keeping her? If she knew how much I wanted her she would come." With the strength of a man in delirium he pulled away from the nurse who tried to soothe him. Two doctors stood by the window and looked down into the hospital's green yard. The elder of them shut his watch-case with professional deliberation and went to the foot of the bed and looked at the man lying there, ugly and red with fever, long and emaciated.

"He has kept this up for twenty hours now," the nurse said. "He thinks she is here sometimes and begins to talk to her, whoever she is, and then he asks where she is, and says they are trying to keep her away from him."

"Have you any idea who 'she' is?"

"No, sir. I should say she was his wife if he had ever had one, but everybody knows that he is a bachelor."

"Um," said the Doctor.

Everybody knew that Henry Lord was a bachelor. He had been a conspicuous bachelor for a number of years. It was always the third thing that was told about him: the first being that he was the greatest writer of plays in America, the second that his income was said to be three hundred thousand dollars a year. He had had an undisputed field for ten years. He was forty-five now and seemingly about to die of typhoid fever. They had brought him from the hotel where he lived when the disease developed itself and he was in the hands of experts. His physicians were being advertised in Paris and London as well as all the American cities by the bulletins they signed.

Lord looked into the Doctor's face, with eyes pathetic in their appeal. "Ask her to come, won't you? She wouldn't refuse if she knew how my head ached. I want her so much. I can't stop thinking until she comes."

"Who is it you want, Lord?"

"Louise," in a tone of pettish impatience.

"Where is she?"

A bewildered look crossed his poor face. It wasn't a happy face

nor a handsome face. For years the skin had been stretching tighter over the bones, the hair growing thinner and grayer. People said Henry Lord worked too hard, and cared for nothing but his work.

"I want her," was all he could say. He put out his arm in a gesture which made the nurse turn away her eyes and the Doctor narrow his.

"I will bring her," he told the sick man, and after some directions to the nurse he followed his young colleague out of the room. Dr. Lincoln wondered if a course in psychology in the schools taught a man much. This seemed a good opportunity to discover.

"Where do you suppose we are going to find 'Louise'?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "It would be like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay. And it would be very dangerous to bring any stray Louises here. In his normal senses Lord would hardly care to have the realization of a delirium forced upon him."

"It is my belief that if he does not have his Louise he is going to die." the older man remarked.

"It is my humble opinion that she would not change results."

"I should like to see. Ah!" Coming up the terrace that led to the front door of the hospital was a spruce, carefully dressed man with the look of arrested youth which seems to be a characteristic of men who have been actors. He stopped the Doctors and respectfully asked for news of Mr. Lord.

"You are Mr. Lord's secretary, are you not?" Doctor Lincoln asked.

"I am," and he presented his card, "Mr. Jarvis Owen." The elder Doctor had a vague remembrance of having seen the name sometime, somewhere, and he held the card in his hand, thinking that undoubtedly this man went back to Lord's early days before he was quite so conspicuous a bachelor. "Do you know any friend of Mr. Lord's named Louise?"

Owen evidently started on a negative and then changed his mind. "Miss Louise Roslyn used to be a friend of his some years ago, or he used to know her. She acted in his first play."

"Miss Louise Roslyn, the actress? I haven't heard anything of her for years. I had forgotten there was such a woman. Were she and Lord particular friends?"

"N-o, not very, but they knew each other very well. She made his first piece and created a part in the second, and then they quarrelled over something and she dropped out. She is the only Louise he has known—to my knowledge—for ten years, anyway."

"Where is she now? and what sort of a person is she?"

Again the man hesitated. "She is very much of a lady," he said finally. "Miss Roslyn always was a lady, both off and on the stage. She lives in New York, in this part of town, not far from here."

"Mr. Lord wants to see her. Do you think she would come? At least we suppose it is Miss Roslyn he wants to see."

Owen put his stick to his teeth and let his gaze wander around the lawn. The Doctors had heard Lord give him his directions that first day of his illness. They knew that he was in the confidence of his employer. Indeed, he was known everywhere as Lord's confidential man.

"That can hardly be," he said. "Miss Roslyn has not spoken to

Mr. Lord for seven years. I doubt if she has seen his face."

"You cannot account for delirium," the young Doctor said.

"May I see Mr. Lord?" Owen asked finally.

"That would be impossible. He is delirious and in a very precarious condition indeed. It would be fatal if his mind were directed towards his affairs by the sight of you."

"Is he going to die?"

"While there is life there is hope," the young Doctor said with his most professional air.

"I understand," Owen said with a sigh. "He doesn't care much for life. I have heard him say that he had never had anything out of life but daydreams."

"Can you get Miss Roslyn to come?"

"I can try."

The tall woman with the plain black skirt and white shirt-waist appeared very little like an actress as she stood on the outside of Lord's door in the sunny hospital corridor. Out of the corner of her eyes, the nurse at the table by the corridor window took in every detail of her dress and manner. All the nurses were interested in the case. This one had gold buttons in her apron and her cap and cuffs were coquettish accessories to her costume. She thought Miss Roslyn old and homely, and she felt sure that she "wasn't the one." A man who could write plays like Henry Lord and was a millionaire besides wasn't likely to waste his time over a frump like this. All the romance died out of it.

Doctor Lincoln had come up with Miss Roslyn and was giving her the final anxious directions.

"Let him see you. If he knows you, try and humor him. He is mad with delirium, and it will be like humoring a child."

"I am willing to try," Miss Roslyn said,—she had a peculiar deep, contralto voice that carried to the nurse at the window,—"but it is almost impossible that he should know me. He hasn't seen me for half a dozen years. I am older now. And—he—I am nothing to him. You are mistaken if you think that. I never was anything to him, but I am willing to help him if I can." She spoke calmly, but her cheeks were flushed.

The door to Lord's room opened and they went in. The nurse in the hall heard something like a man's hoarse sob.

Inside the nurse and the Doctor walked towards the window. The woman knelt on the floor by the bed and took the ugly, emaciated head of the sick man against her bosom. "Louise," he gasped, "oh Louise! I wanted you so! Sometimes I thought that I only dreamed you." He tried to laugh, and the sound was a husky rattle in his throat, a travesty of happiness. His eyes closed with exhaustion. The Doctor came forward quickly and the nurse followed, catching up a stimulant. Lord opened his eyes and looked at them.

"My wife is here," he said, "she can take care of me now. You may go away."

Miss Roslyn's face flushed again, but she spoke calmly: "But they know so much more than I do. Take it—dear." The last word seemed to come easily, although she hesitated a heartbeat before saying it.

"I wish you would send them away, Louise; you can take care of me. I want only you. Never anybody but you—just you." The words trailed away and the long limbs settled themselves under the cover and he slept. It was an hour before she dared to take her arm away and leave him.

"The fever will probably break," the Doctor told her. "I think your coming will have saved his life."

"I am very glad."

The Doctor looked at her with a curiosity he could not repress. How came Henry Lord to call her his wife? Could it be possible—— A man who has had a long practice as fashionable physician comes at last to a period when he no longer knows the emotion of astonishment. She seemed to answer his unspoken question.

"I once knew Mr. Lord very well, and a—relative of mine is under great obligations to him. In his delirium he probably went back to the time when I created his characters and he identified me with one of them. It is simply a trick of his delirium; when he awakes he will have forgotten all about me. I am surprised that he recognizes me."

But when Lord came out of his sleep it was to a deadly weakness, so deadly that they feared that the breath would leave his body, and his first whispered word was, "My wife, where is she? surely my wife was here?" He refused the nourishment they offered him, and there was an agony of doubt in the poor, sunken eyes.

The nurse was a woman of resource. "Your wife is sleeping. She is very tired. Let me give you this."

His face cleared and for a moment was almost childish. "She was here, then? You saw her?"

" Oh, yes."

"She's in there?"

" Yes."

Every word was an effort, and tears of weakness rolled down the furrowed cheeks. "Let me just go to the door. I can walk that far. I want to see her asleep." The nurse trembled. She was sure that if he tried to rise or made a movement his heart would give way.

"She is sleeping. I will tell her the moment she wakes. She will

be so unhappy if you move and, poor thing, she is worn out."

"But you saw her?"

"Certainly." The nurse went to the door. "Tell Mrs. Lord," she said quietly, "to come as soon as she awakens, Mr. Lord wants her." The nurse in the corridor sent the message, amended, over the telephone, but it was the end of an anxious hour before Miss Roslyn came in. She sat beside him, and at the pathetic appeal in his eyes bent her cool cheek to his. All day long she fed him and held him and cooed over him like a mother with her child. For days he would not let her out of his sight. He slept fitfully and would have talked if she had allowed it. When she forbade him, he lay back with peace in his face, sometimes almost fainting with weakness.

"I have had such strange, terrible dreams," he said one day. "I dreamed that I lived for years without you. That I wasn't married to you at all, and I was so lonely—oh, so lonely!" He rested a long time after that and a shudder shook his weak frame. "That was a terrible

thing to dream."

"Yes," she said faintly.

"But it is all over now. I must have been very ill."

It was the next day after this that he looked at her with a weak, puzzled smile on the wasted lips, from which the strong teeth protruded. "Louise," he whispered, "I forgot when and where we were married. I have heard that when people have been very ill they will sometimes forget—even things like that."

"Do not think of it," she said. "You will remember when you are better."

"It is enough for me to know that we are."

" Yes."

"Oh God, yes," he breathed, and then again: "I must be very sick. I forget so much. But I have heard of people who even forgot how to read, and their own names. Louise—how many children have we?"

A slow, painful flush went over the woman's face, a face which was growing more tired every day, and she choked over the answer. The nurse choked too, but it was with laughter. She looked at Miss Roslyn for an answering smile, and the fierce look she met frightened her. There was no answer, and he went on, "I seem to remember our having a little boy, and sometimes a little girl—a little girl who looked like you."

"You are the only child I can think of now," she said playfully.

"Dear Louise! It was terrible when I dreamed that I did not have you."

Every time she went into his room (she lived at the hospital now) she waited until he had asked for his wife. He was getting stronger. They knew that sometime he would awaken normally. And one day it came. He opened his eyes and looked at his nurse sitting by his bed. She arose. "Do you want anything?" she asked. Involuntarily his eyes sought the door through which Louise was wont to come, and then his face settled into the heavy, ugly lines of the Henry Lord the world knew.

"I suppose," he said, "I have been amusing you with all sorts of nonsense—old plays, and that sort of thing." He did not listen to the polite remarks of the nurse, but turned his face to the wall.

That afternoon he asked to see his secretary for a moment. As Owen was going out Dr. Lincoln met him.

"Miss Roslyn?" the Doctor said. "It seems to me that she needn't have disappeared in such a hurry."

Owen laughed. "Well, she did all she could for Mr. Lord, and she was needed at home. The baby has the measles."

The Doctor stared at him. "Is she his wife?" he gasped. "Oh. no," Owen said, "she has been mine for six years."

## MY PSYCHE

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL

Y Psyche need not seek some glade
Where nature's mirror vies with art,
For she can always see displayed
Her fair reflection in my heart.

My Psyche does not need her wings
To seek afar some shining god;
Contented as a bird, she sings
In our own nest, nor flies abroad.

That Love with Psyche should be paired—
That each from each could never part—
I wonder not, for I have shared
With Love and Psyche all my heart.

# MISS SOPHY'S MATRIMONIAL STEP

## . By Luellen Cass Teters

"COD-MORNIN', Sophy," a woman's voice rang out from the street. Miss Dawson was bent into a not ungraceful angle over a bed of balsam. She had stumbled on some grubworms and was vindictively slaying them as she dug into the rich, aromatic earth.

"Neat day, now, ain't it, Mis' Lane?" She arose, straightening her cramped back.

"I was jest goin' over to the ridge to see if them walnuts was ripe yet," Mrs. Lane continued, responding to her salutation. "It's sech a beautiful day I'd ought to bake some pies. How them weeds crowds your garden things, now, don't they? You do need a man powerfully bad around here, Sophy Dawson. Them onions is seedin' too soon; an' look at your tomatoes—rottin' on the plants. It jest seems wicked when poor folks have to go without sour things to eat." Her eyes condemned her neighbor's wastefulness.

Miss Sophy silently surveyed the unkempt space around her neat little white cottage. She heaved a doleful sigh; it was all too true; she was sadly in want of a man's assistance, for her weak back could not endure the slightest strain of performing the unnumbered tiresome tasks about the place.

"I jest can't afford a hired man, Mis' Lane," she complained, "an' I can't do it myself."

Mrs. Lane looked at her measuringly for several minutes.

"Sophy Dawson," she said bluntly with the liberty of maturity, "why don't you take a matermonial step—like Widow White did after her Willy died, leavin' her on the heartless world an' her not knowin' how to make piecrust even; an' like Susan Marlow, who never had an offer of marriage on earth in her life until one day she wakes up, tired of bein' called an' old maid; an' she jest ups an' cooks the finest vittles you ever heard of an' sends them to old Mr. Williams, whose wife died when Mitty was born; an' the rest she sent to Sam Foster, the old bachelor. She jest cooked their favorite dishes, bein' real smart; then she hitched up her wagon and drove them around herself, leavin' them in style; an' after she had given them the vittles she was that deter-

mined on matermony that she jest up an' asked first old Mr. Williams if he had any darnin' or mendin' he wished done; an' it pleased him real smart knowin' she took an' interest in him. Susan had put on her purtiest dress and looked grand, an' you know she was real plump. Well, she got Sam Foster's darnin' too, an' she jest slaved for them two men tryin' to please them for two weeks until they both got to dependin' on her. That's the way to get a husband—jest make it so's he can't get along without your help. Well, the cards was out three weeks after them vittles was cooked."

"I guess I don't remember her," Miss Sophy remarked, feeling the pertinency of the narrative; "but which one did she get, Mis' Lane?"

"Both," her neighbor answered promptly. "Seein' how old Mr. Williams asked her first, not knowin' whether Sam was goin' to or not, she ups an' took him; so when Sam come along, a day late, she tells him he'd have to take his turn. Susan was always lucky, an' so her first mandied of gastronomy fever less than a year after she married him, an' after observin' his memory for six months she took Sam. That's jest the way to do it—make it a business. I don't see that Susan was any better than you, either. An' it's certainly cheaper than hirin' a man."

Miss Sophy was silent; matrimony under such conditions held no allurements. She had had the same dreams of future happiness, wedded to her heart's choice, that other women had; to tear them from her now was an utter impossibility; deep within her something clamored for love, and its voice was all the stronger in that she had endeavored to stifle it for years, feigning a content she was far from feeling.

"Ain't Captain Stedman keepin' company with you still?" Mrs. Lane asked pointedly. "An' I seen Sergeant Collins watchin' you at meetin' the other night. When you was a girl you used to like him, Sophy."

Miss Sophy's face disappeared over the grub-worms again for a few seconds, during which she regained possession of herself.

"Captain Stedman he's been comin' to see me for five years, an' I have fed him on the best I had; but he ain't said one word of love to me, if that's what you want to know, Mis' Lane. An' the pies an' cakes that man has ate here would founder an orphant asylum. Still, I jest know that man worships the ground I walk on. Says he to me only Sunday night, 'Sophy Dawson, there ain't no one can beat your pies;' an' I know he meant it, but it don't make me vain one bit. That's the way to his heart, I know, runnin' through his stummick; but sometimes I jest wonder, Mis' Lane, if it ain't a longer road than I care to travel, seein' how I ain't reached the end yet an' started out five years ago."

"Men is sech flirts with wimmenfolks," Mrs. Lane put in wisely;

"but he don't look like the kind of a rascal that would take advantage of a poor lone woman on the world. Of course, them soldiers has led a gay life an' it's hard for them to settle down after the war is over; but he looks real steddy, an' I should think his wooden leg would keep him from dissipatin' much."

"Oh, I guess he don't dissipate much, 'cept playin' casino, Mis' Lane." Miss Sophy took up the cudgels in his defence. Her eyes drifted down the white, ribbon-like road and fastened themselves on a bulky object that limped up the path at the side. "La me! if there he ain't now, movin' up the road on his cane," she cried excitedly. "Now do come in, Mis' Lane; I feel real flustered."

"You jest ask him what his intentions mean," Mrs. Lane advised as she opened the gate and entered the yard. "He'd ought to know it, comin' here eatin' your food for five years."

"Oh, I jest can't." Miss Sophy weakened visibly. "It do seem like takin' the advantage of an unprotected man, us two wimmen here."

Her protestations were cut short by the advent of a stout, red-faced individual, who shoved the gate open with his cane.

"Good-mornin', Captain Stedman." She beamed on him. The Captain's florid face grew a shade more apoplectic; he was always chewing at something; a bit of thorn was between his teeth now and he munched it reflectively.

"I'm not myself this mornin', Miss Dawson," he announced gloomily; "but I thought I'd better come up an' tell you so's you wouldn't worry if I didn't come. How do, Mis' Lane? your man well? an' how's Sissy?"

"Sissy's teachin' school at Thronely's," Mrs. Lane said with pride.
"Her Pa's well, thank you."

The Captain rolled the thorn over in his mouth.

"Sissy must be nigh onto twenty year by this time, ain't she, Mis' Lane?" he asked abruptly.

"She's in her twentieth year, Captain Stedman. Her Pa an' I was married young. It run in the family. His grandfather run off an' got married when he was sixty to a girl of seventeen. It's the blood."

Miss Dawson politely cleared her throat.

"Now come in, both of you," she urged cordially, "an' set on the piazza while I get you some nice cold buttermilk. Is it agreeable to you, Captain Stedman?"

"I ain't in the mood for buttermilk this mornin', Miss Dawson," he replied gravely. "My stummick's weak—I contracted it in the war. I ain't complainin' for doin' my duty to my country, but I do miss my appetite powerfully. Now you ain't got a little piece of pie or a doughnut, have you?"

Miss Sophy looked squarely at him with an unflinching eye, urged on by a significant raising of Mrs. Lane's eyebrows.

"Captain Stedman," she asked nervously, "is it me or my cookin' you like?" Mrs. Lane winked her approval over one shoulder. "Of course, I like to have you drop in an' take a bite with me, but I have no right to take up your time dependin' on it. It ain't fair to you; you may be wantin' to settle down, an' I wouldn't stand in your way for anything. I—I am thinkin' of gettin' married myself—that is, I—I'm lookin' for a good man who would let me make him happy. I'm old enough to know what I want, an' you know what my cookin' is—my gravies are grand, if I do say it myself. I admire you, Captain Stedman; every time I look at your missing member what is now supplied with wood, I jest feel like fallin' right down on my knees an' thankin' the Lord for lettin' heroes be born. It's better than a golden crown, Captain Stedman."

"Tut! tut! Miss Dawson," he protested pompously; "I'm a modest man, happy alone in servin' my country for freedom's honored cause. I don't see why, though, you ain't comfortable as you are without gettin' married."

Mrs. Lane frowned again at Miss Sophy.

Miss Sophy blushed like a girl.

"I think it's about time I stopped bein' frivolous an' settled down," she admitted timidly. "I do need a manly hand around to help me with the plantin' an' my fruit-trees. An' it's much cheaper gettin' married than hirin' a man; that's jest the way I feel about it, Captain Stedman. I don't mind if he's not whole accordin' to nature so long as he's good an' kind. A wooden leg ain't half as bad as a wooden heart, Captain Stedman."

"That's so, Sophy." Mrs. Lane acquiesced heartily, as if recalled to certain shortcomings of her own liege lord.

"I ain't much of a hand for lovemakin', Miss Dawson," the Captain put in, seeing that it was expected of him to make a reply, "an' I have left the rosy dreams of youth far behind me, wrapped in the—wrapped in the—now ain't it funny I jest can't remember my poetry? I made a stern vow when I was left with one leg; I said then if I got out of the war alive I would jest be content to live an' nothin' more. An' that's about all I have done, seein' I applied for a pension an' didn't get any back pay, as Sergeant Collins did. Now, Miss Dawson, did you say you had some pie? You do make sech fine crust."

Miss Dawson disappeared in the house, satisfied with the effort she had made for herself, and went down into the cellar. The green-latticed windows which were even with the ground outside let in a sickly, pallid light. Directly above them the porch extended; the creak of the rocking-chairs sounded noisily.

She heard the rockers scraped across as if the two chairs moved nearer, so she stole to the open window to listen.

The Captain was talking in an undertone. "I have plenty of money for two, but it's jest as well not to let everybody know it. I guess there's many a woman in McConnelsville what would be proud of the chance to marry a real hero. Seein' we're all discussin' the important question of matermony, I'll jest say this much to you: I'm thinkin' of gettin' married too. The war cut me out of havin' two legs, but I swan if it's goin' to cheat me out of havin' a wife."

Miss Dawson waited to hear no more. She opened the door of the tin cupboard, punctured in flower designs. Tempting-looking pies were revealed there, and she cut two generous slices and started upstairs.

Her guests greedily eyed the contents of the plate she carried as she came out on the porch. The Captain with a sigh took his portion as if it were a reluctant task imposed by duty, making a sandwich out of his pie by breaking it in two. Miss Dawson busied herself around him, alarmed first about a possible draught on his head, and drew his hand-kerchief high around his neck.

The Captain finally departed, pleading other duties. The two women followed his progress down the road with admiring eyes.

"He is real graceful for a man who has only one foot to walk on," Mrs. Lane remarked thoughtfully, "an' I guess his pension is real big. What a grand soul the Lord has put into his little body. There ain't no wooden heart there, Sophy Dawson—the woman that gets him gets a hero. I wonder how much he gets a month?"

Miss Dawson colored with pride; it was complimentary to her choice.

"Mis' Lane, do you know of a good dressmaker?" she asked abruptly. "I guess I will see at once about getting' my things made.

There ain't no use waitin' any longer. I've given him the idea now, an' when he gets reconciled to it, my weddin'-dress will be ready."

Her neighbor regarded her meditatively. "Will you have a church weddin', Sophy?" she inquired. "At my weddin' to Sissy's Pa I had grand eatables—pie an' cup custards an' ice-cream. You don't care for sech style, I know, marryin' so late in life as you are. An' 'taint the food that makes the weddin', it's the kind of a man you marry. Well, I guess he ain't angry at your mentionin' it to him. I must be goin'; Sissy's comin' back for her valise with the clean clothes in it."

"Now, why don't you set awhile?" Miss Sophy urged her.

"I must be goin'." Mrs. Lane shook her head. "I must do some bakin' while it is so purty. Sissy's Pa had to go to town to get some letters writ. I was that put out that he wouldn't let me go with him that I jest made up my mind I wouldn't bake a thing, but I guess I'll surprise him. I an' him ain't much for letter-writin', you know; I always forget to dot my I's. An' I never could get used to usin' a pen.

Writin' is jest as much a' accomplishment as playin' the pianny; you have to remember your rudiments. An' I ain't any time for sech foolishness."

The flutter of her dark skirts showed for a long time over the brow of the hill. Miss Sophy finally entered her cool sitting-room where the dark-green blinds were closely drawn and sat down carefully in her best upholstered rocker, her mind revolving on her future.

She arose and looked in the closet at her limited wardrobe.

"I need garden seeds more'n I do a weddin'-dress," she sighed mournfully. "I wish to goodness I hadn't got set on matermony. First it was progressive euchre got in my head, then mind cure, an' now it's matermony. I don't know which is worse; it's sech a nuisance. But if I'm going to take the step at all, I'd better get it over before I change my mind——"

The seamstress was found without difficulty, although her labors for the most part were the remodelling of old garments. One day after the last stitch was taken, Miss Sophy put on her best hat and started out to Mrs. Lane's. It had suddenly occurred to her that her friend had been remiss in not coming to see her once during the three weeks of her engrossment with the dressmaker; but, not accustomed to stand on ceremony, she cherished no grievance. She opened the gate. Coming towards her; was a slightly stooped figure in an old army coat. He saluted her as he would have a superior officer. Miss Sophy eyed him gravely as he approached her.

"Good-day to you, Sergeant Collins," she said. "An' how's your bullet-wound?"

"I'm used to it now, Sophy," he replied, his face lighting up at her words. "You're lookin' peart."

She felt curiously constrained with his eyes on her. She started to move on, but he barred the way.

"Can't I come up and see you, Sophy?" he pleaded, "jest once, as I used to do when I took you to the sociables. Can't I?"

She scanned the narrow village street in great perturbation. If she did not wish to encourage his attentions as a suitor, she might be able to effect a satisfactory arrangement as to hiring him to look after her fruit-crop. The honest affection in his voice tingled strangely within her; something, budding, struggled into consciousness under its warming influence.

"Well, Sergeant Collins, I shall be glad to see you most any evening," she cried hastily, feeling conscience-stricken as she remembered the Captain and her plans for the wedding, "but not Tuesdays or Wednesdays, mind you—I have important business them nights. Good-day to you, sir."

She was vexed with herself. It had formerly been the Captain's

custom to call on those evenings, but for the last three weeks, ever since her memorable unmaidenly remarks to him, he had failed to appear.

Mrs. Lane, espying her through a window, rushed to let her in.

"I suppose you've heard the news?" she cried before she helped her off with her hat and light wrap; "Sissy's home for good now."

"I hope 'tain't her cough, Mis' Lane," Miss Sophy said. "Sissy ain't never seemed strong to me since she fell in the creek on the picnic one year ago. If you'd give her some dandelion, she'd pick up smart."

"Sissy ain't ailin', Sophy. I ain't told you the news yet; she's gettin' ready to be married. An' I've jest been sewing steddy since I seen you last—makin' aprons. Brides need so many aprons, what with practisin' cookin'. I had two dozen when I married her Pa, an' now I'm a good cook."

"Ma! Ma!"—Sissy's fresh young voice vibrated in the room— "come here." Her mother threw down her work in annoyance.

"It's jest been that way for three weeks," she said. "I'll be back in a minute."

Sophy Dawson leaned back-against her chair. Across the street lived the Captain's niece, with whom he was at present making his home; before the door the village doctor had hitched his gig.

"I hope Melinda Davis ain't sick," she said as Mrs. Lane bustled back into the room. "Have you seen Captain Stedman lately? Perhaps his rheumatiz is worse."

"He seemed all right night afore last when he was here." Mrs. Lane bent over her sewing again.

"Was he well?" Miss Dawson's tone was eager.

"Oh, yes." Mrs. Lane kept her eyes on her work. "He's a grand man. An' he did manage that wooden leg beautifully. I called Sissy's attention to it."

Miss Dawson took her departure, as she saw some callers coming, and walked hurriedly home. After she had deposited her hat in its box and folded her cape away she took out each article laid aside for her wedding and viewed it in silent delight. Years long past she had sewed on wedding-clothes, but she awakened to find her lover had enlisted in the war, and he had never returned. Life with her had been a duty after that, and she had taken up the broken threads, trying to readjust them as best she could. The Captain's continued absence weighed heavily on her. After she ate her evening meal she went out on the porch, although the night was chilly, and sat rocking in the dark.

The gate clicked and she jumped to her feet, her breathing irregular. Up the walk came a man.

"Good-evenin' to you, Captain," she cried in a trembling voice.
"I'm right glad to see you."

"It ain't the Captain-it's me, Sergeant Collins. If you'd rather I

wouldn't come——" He hesitated, with rude courtesy, on the lower step.

"Set down," she replied quickly, drawing forth a chair, not wishing to fail in civility. He sank into it in comfort.

"Ain't you heard about the Captain?" he asked.

She stared at him sharply in the wan light. His expression was not encouraging.

"He had a stroke at four this afternoon, jest after I seen you. I guess they done all they could, but he was an old man, you know, Sophy, an' there wa'n't no hope. I—I went in to do what I could—we fought in the battles together, you know." The Sergeant's voice was husky; he stopped before it broke.

Sophy Dawson sat rocking in the darkness, oblivious to his presence. A fierce revulsion of feeling seized her. She arose, throwing her long arms menacingly out towards the sleeping land around them.

"An' this country of yours, this freedom that you two men got your bullet-wounds for, and give the best part of your youths to, what has it done for you?" she cried wildly. "Can it pay you in dollars and cents, Sergeant Collins? Can money buy back them years you spent fightin' there? What's two thousand dollars to that bullet-wound of yours that you have suffered over twenty years from? Oh, the shame of it"—she gave a dry, harsh sob,—"an' I—this war took my lover before—an' what has my life been sence? An' Captain Stedman—a man still in his prime an' jest goin' to be married—an' there's the weddin'-clothes all made an' the fruit-cake baked. Oh poor man! poor man—"

"It ain't so bad for her," the Sergeant said gently. "She'll get over it—all young girls do. An' she can use them weddin'-things on someone else. Now if it was you, Sophy, I would feel real bad about it, but with Sissy it's different. She ain't much for grievin', you know."

"What on earth are you talkin' about?" Sophy cried. "Sissy Lane wa'n't goin' to marry Captain Stedman——"

"I guess she told me herself, only last week. The Captain hadn't exactly asked her in actual words, but he jest about said it to her mother. Between me an' you, though, I don't think he had any more notion of marryin' her than he did—well, than he did of marryin' you or anybody else. He wa'n't much of a marryin' man, an' he was real handy hisself; he could darn his socks an' sew on buttons real strong. There wa'n't much left for a wife to do."

Miss Dawson arose and looked mutely at the trees and the road flooded with the radiance of the moon. Five long years she had nursed an illusion the more futile in that she had deceived herself as well. To what ridicule would she not have been exposed had the Captain lived.

"I 'low he'll be buried to-morrow?" she asked, as a momentary darkness clouded the wonderful shining light.

"At two o'clock," the Sergeant said. "An' the brass band is to head the procession, followed by citizens in hired carriages. It'll be grand; there's some things worth dyin' for, after all."

"I—I should like to go." She hesitated as something arose in her throat; it was a final tribute to the Captain's memory. "He was so

fond of my piecrust."

The Sergeant leaned towards her in the shrouded light on the porch; in his eyes shone a fire that years of denial had not dimmed.

"Sophy," he said huskily, "seein' the Captain pass off has made me want to taste a little bite of heaven 'for' I'm called. I guess I've always loved you, Sophy. I jest can't remember when it began—bubblin' like a bird's song in my heart an' makin' music in my ears every time I seen you. Let the folks see us together to-morrow, me an' you, an' after the exercises we'll have some ice-cream." His voice fell persuasively on her ear, but still she sat there rocking without speaking.

There was strong argument in his words; the completed weddingclothes added to it. Besides, if anyone believed her grieving for the fickle Captain, her appearance in public with her old lover would for-

ever disprove such conviction.

"I'm an old fool, Sergeant," she announced bitterly, angry with herself for her recent credulity.

"If you've made up your mind not to——" He tried to say it bravely, but a note of pain roughened his voice and swept to her, making a call on her sympathy.

"I-I didn't mean-" she broke in, roused to explanation. Her

rocking ceased.

"Then what do you mean?" he asked firmly.

"I—I ain't said I wouldn't," she gasped, on the verge of tears. And in the soft gloom the Sergeant's groping hand found hers.

## A MARSH BLACKBIRD

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

VOU of the crimson wing,
Very spirit and breath
Of the ecstasy of spring,
What do I hear you sing
At the darkling winter's death?

Just the old mad mirth
That the ancient Aryans heard
In the primal days of earth!
After the long white dearth
It is enough, O bird!



An Indian Territory Divorce in the Seventies

A TALL, fine-looking colored woman stood in the doorway inquiring for the Doctor. I sent her to the cook's cabin to await him. Shortly after, passing Aunt Nellie's, the cook's, door, I saw the two sitting most amicably together, eating sweet potatoes and smoking pipes.

Repassing, I found Aunt Nelly speeding the parting guest:

"Good-by, Mandy. Give Jim my 'gards and bring him next time you come."

Then, turning to me as Amanda crossed the yard, she said,-

- "Does you know, Miss Alice, who dat is jest gone out yere?"
- "Who is it?" I asked.
- "Dat's my husban's wife."
- "Your husband's wife?" I gasped.

"Yes, Ma'am. Me and Jim was married a long time, an' we lib happy and neber hab no trouble to speak of, and the two chillens was big, when Jim got religion, and after dat, I 'clare to you it's de trouf, I neber hab one more day's peace wid dat man. He neber do no mo' cussing nor slinging t'ings about, but he everlastin' groan, like his liber was out of j'int, an' nothing didn't seem to suit him. I says to him, 'If you jist lay aside your feelin's an' dance a real good breakdown, you'll feel better,' but he 'lowed I was in the bonds of 'niquity -whateber dat is. You see, Jim's religion struck him powerful hard. It doesn't offen come as bad as dat. Well, I stood him long as I could, t'inking it would kind o' wear off, but when dar wasn't no peace winter nor summer, I tole him to saddle up de hoss and we would go down to Boggy Depot and get unj'ined. Der's a man down dere wid legal permission from the Gove'nmint to unjine folks dat's put up togedder wrong. We come home, full of peace. Den after a suitable time of mourning he sets up to Mandy, an' I do say for it dat she makes him a fust-class wife. 'Ca'se when she married, his spells had kind awore off an' he was taking his religion mo' easy."

Much amused, I said, "Did you ever marry again?"

"Me? Law! Miss Alice, no. Dey talk 'bout sperience at camp meeting, but 'tain't nothin' to the sperience of marrying. Co'se I's had offers-ain't I de bes' cook in de settlemint?"

J. E. Nelson.

An Old Friend

ONE Thursday, on one of the boats which ply about Corsica, Sicily, and the neighboring islands, the steward announced that the bell which it was cumstomary to ring before meal-time would not be rung until the following Monday.

One of the passengers, an American woman, whose knowledge of the French

language was limited, understood him to say in explanation that a man was dead.

"Someone in the steerage, I suppose," she said to the stewardess. "Of course, I'm sorry he's dead, but I don't see why they should not ring the bell on that account. It is no one we know."

"Oh, yes," replied the stewardess, "you know him. You know him, at least, by reputation."

"Who is he?" insisted the American.

"Christ," the stewardess answered laconically. "This is Lent."

Caroline Lockhart.

"Supposing you wait here in this comfortable seat by the elewater while I match these two samples of ribbon," said Mrs.
Mayfair sweetly to her husband, who had been entrapped into
going shopping with her. When she came back she said contritely,—

"Have I kept you waiting an unpardonably long time, you poor dear?"

"Oh, I haven't minded it," he said cheerfully. "I just jumped on to a car and ran out to the league grounds and saw most of the ball game, and then I took a little spin in the park with Dorton in his new auto. Did you match the samples?"

"One of them. It's so provoking. I'll have to come in again to-morrow, for they are closing the store now."

M. W.

Canny John
Sherman

THE late Secretary John Sherman showed his talent for financiering at an early age. He and two of his brothers had been given a sum of money with which to pay their board while they were on a shooting-trip for a week at the house of a farmer near Lancaster, Ohio, their home.

The week ended, John ordered the wagon and paid his board. But the farmer refused the money, saying that the sons of Judge Sherman would always be welcome guests. When John found that he did not have to pay board he sent the wagon back to the barn and stayed another week.

Helen Sherman Griffith.

#### A WEDDIN' SURPRISE

By Aloysius Coll

When Sister Sue was goin' t' marry Perkins Biddlehoot,
She collared me th' day afore th' weddin' an' she sez,
"Now, Willie, you go out into th' woods of Neighbor Smoot,
An' git some decoratin' stuff t' match my weddin' dress!"

I sez, "I'll go, if Sammy Jones kin fetch his little gun,
An' go along with me, an' help me tote th' branches through



E WHO ENTER HERE

PEARS MERTERINA

Skin-homely girls are hopeless without the use of Pears—
Through its cleansing and purifying, the beauty that Pears Soap
brings out from a homely skin is a delightful revelation.

Of All Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.

The weeds an' briers." Fer I jes' thought that when th' job was done,
No matter if we didn't git some leaves fer Sister Sue,
We'd bend a hickory saplin' down, an' shoot a bird er two,
An' play that we was Savages, an' have a lot of fun!

We went—an' foun' jes' loads of fern, an' leaves all green an' red,
An' gobs of little berries on a gold an' purple vine.

We cut 'em off in bunches, jes' as Sister Sue had said
She wanted 'em, an' stacked 'em up in bundles, tied with twine,
An' then we foun' a fallen tree, an' et up everything
That Sister Sue had crammed into our little dinner-pail—
But Gee!—we turned aroun' to watch a yellow-hammer sing,
An' right there at our backs, beside a broken rider-rail,
We spied a whopper hornets' nest (I felt my face git pale)
A-hangin' from a hickory saplin', like a little swing!

I s'pose th' frost had driven all th' fightin' hornets in;
We couldn't see a one aroun', but kep' a-creepin' up
Till Sammy shot a bullet through th' nest, an' shot ag'in,
An' throwed some water on it from our foldin' drinkin'-cup.
"It's jes' an' ol' one," Sammy sez; "th' fellers used t' chase
'Em up an' down th' thicket here all summer, so I'm told."
We cut it down an' fetched it home to Sue. She made a face,
An' sez, "I hope it ain't a sign of trouble!" but took hold,
Half 'feared of it, an' sprigged it out with leaves of red an' gold,
An' hung it up t' decorate above th' chimney-place!

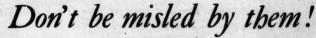
Nex' day th' fire was burnin' in th' parlor chimney-grate;
Th' room was full of weddin' folk, an' Sister Sue was drest
Up fit t' kill; th' minister was goin' on t' state
His rigmaro', an' Perkins was a-lookin' at his best.
Jes' as th' Parson ast him, "Will you, Perkins, take t' wife
This woman, Susan Withers?" Perkins gave his knee a smack,
An' grabbed his purple trouser leg, an' gave his chin a swipe!
When I looked up th' hornets' nest was covered with 'em black,
An' some was flyin' out th' holes, an' some was scootin' back—
You bet them frozen hornets was a-comin' back t' life!

Th' Parson gave a jump, an' dance, an' batted at th' air,
An' clutched his collar with his hand, an' slapped it with his book!
Then Sue, she gave a shriek an' scooted off—I don't know where;
An' ma she tumbled off a stool, a-knockin' down th' cook!
Pa chucked his boot clean through a fiddle standin' by th' door,
An' Towser let a yelp an' lit upon th' organ keys!
Th' parlor lamp fell down an' smashed—I don't know nothin' more—
A dozen hornets hit me all at once! That swarm of bees
They settled on my ankles, an' my hands an' eyes an' knees—
An' out th' door I leaped as I had never gone afore!

# There are Many Imitations of Baker's Cocoa

and-

# Baker's Chocolate





Look for this Trade-Mark

Our trade-mark is on every package of genuine goods. Under the decisions of several United States Courts, no other chocolate or cocoa than Walter Baker & Co.'s is entitled to be sold as "Baker's Cocoa" or "Baker's Chocolate"

Our handsomely illustrated recipe book sent free.

## Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 Dorchester, Massachusetts

45 Highest Awards in Europe and America

They had th' weddin' in th' yard, while pa was smokin' out
Th' hornets in th' parlor with some coals an' hickory.

I didn't know a thing that was transpirin' roun' about,
Fer both my eyes was swollen shet so tight I couldn't see!
An' now, when Sister Sue comes home, with Perkins Biddlehoot,
An' brings that little Perk along, she looks up at th' eaves,
An' spies aroun', all ginger-like, as if th' chimney soot
Was warmin' up another nest of hornets in th' leaves—
An' thinkin' of her weddin' day, you bet she never grieves
Fer autumn decorati'ns from th' woods of Neighbor Smoot!

A New York retail dealer in men's attire engaged for his ill

A Full

Address

wife a German nurse. The latter asked her employer to send her
new address to Berlin, so that her old mother in the German

capital could send letters to the proper place. Thinking the best way to fix

matters would be to put the nurse's name on top of his business card, the
merchant did this. The first letter to come from Germany made the lettercarrier giggle as he handed it out. It had the following scribbled over the
envelope, names and places here being changed:

"MADAME JULIA HAMPT,
"Care of James Broome,
"Dealer in Men's Clothes, Underwear, and Hats.
"2886 Bowery, New York City, N. Y.

"Six Shirts to Order, Nine Dollars. Strictly One Price. Money Refunded

if Goods are not Entirely Satisfactory."

Oscar Herzberg.

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ADD

The Sorcery of Song tiful villa beyond the city limits of Berlin while extensive repairs were being made, and additions also, to her palatial residence in Victoria Strasse.

One afternoon she went to the city and secured the casket of jewels which had been presented to her some years previous by Queen Victoria, her purpose being to show them to a friend who would visit her on the morrow, and who had requested an opportunity to see the famous gems. It never occurred to Madame Lucca that anyone could know of this, nor did she dream of burglary. But that evening, and it was a very dark, drizzly, gloomy evening, as she sat writing letters she saw in a small mirror on her desk the face of a man glaring at her through one of the windows, against which his face was pressed-

She moved a little, so as to shut out the vision and also to prevent the man from seeing that his face was thus mirrored, although the glass was so small that he might not have been able to discern his own reflection. Madame Lucca continued writing; that is, she kept on moving her fingers as though writing, but she really ceased to write. She was thinking and wondering what to do. Not a man-servant was on the place—nobody, indeed, but her young



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The assured under the above mentioned policy had only paid \$7240 in premiums. In return for this amount the Equitable must pay \$50,000, and may pay \$100.000 or even more.

If you would like full information regarding this new form of policy send coupon below, or write, for leaflet.

Splended opportunities for men of character to act as representatives

West to GAGE E. TARBELL 2500... Proceedings

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THE			ASSURANCE	The second secon			Dopt. 10	
	Please send	me info	rmation regarding	a Continuous	Instalment E	ndowment		
	for \$		issued to a pe	rson	ye	ars of age.		
NAME								
ADDR	ESS							

maid. To make an outery would undoubtedly produce no other result than to incite the intruder to violence.

Instinctively she thought of her one great power, the power of song. Handling two or three letters, as though wondering what to do with them, she began slowly crooning a Prussian lullaby. Gradually she sang with more spirit, and at last, although her voice trembled pitifully, she sang with considerable spirit, and sang again and again, the lullaby she had most often heard while yet in her cradle. When she had concluded she moved a bit, looked into the glass, and the face was gone. She sang another lullaby, and sang it with more energy, and again looked to the glass, and knew that she was either alone or that the intruder was seeking admission by some one of the various entrances to the little villa. Then she called her maid; and when the young lady came, she asked her to stand between her and that window, while she took the jewel-case under her arm, turned down the light, and left the room. The maid accompanied her to her bedchamber upstairs. There they barricaded the door, moved the bed against the one window, and spent the night sleeplessly. But there was no intrusion.

Three days later Madame Lucca received an unsigned letter which she read to her maid, and often to others as the years went by:

"MADAME LUCCA: The night you sang the lullaby song you saved me from crime, and maybe saved your own life. I knew that the jewels were there, and I came desperately determined to have them at any cost. Your singing drove me away; but flatter not yourself that it was your power of song. It was the trembling voice of my dear old mother that I heard, coming from your lips, singing the lullaby of my babyhood. It made me feel that my angel mother was there, and I was powerless to commit any crime, so I went away."

Smith D. Fry.

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A NEIGHBOR of mine has an English maid. On the first day of

Hash Day

Lent she heard the maid say to one of the children in the diningroom,—

"Yes, you know this is Ash Wednesday, and so I am going to give you 'ash for dinner."

Helen Sherman Griffith.

#### PATIENCE

By Silas X. Floyd

Li'L' chillun cryin'
Fur de roses los'—
Don't you knew dey's somewhar
Hidin' f'um de fros'?

Li'l' chillun wishin'
Fur de birds to sing—
Don't you know dey's somewhar
Waitin' fur de spring?

# THE PROBLEM

## SOLVED

Try as we may we cannot feed the various parts of the body on drugs. We must do it in nature's way, by food.

Ordinary phosphorus, of the drug shop, will not feed the brain and nerves as that which nature puts into the grains of the field in the form of phosphate of potash. By use of food containing this important element we can properly nourish and rebuild the brain and nerve centres.

The makers of Grape-Nuts breakfast food, knowing its great value, make these important parts of the grains (wheat and barley), which contains the phosphate of potash, a part of their food.

They also change the starch of the grains into sugar, and thus avoid all danger to its users of "starch indigestion," which complaint is common to users of white bread, porridge, etc.

The crisp, delicious particles of Grape-Nuts should be only slightly moistened with cream or milk, leaving work for the teeth as nature intended. Their action brings down the saliva, and this is very important in the digestion of all foods. Try the change 10 days.

There's a reason for

Grape-Nuts

文格系 Setting and Setting

Oh, be patient, chillun,
Th'oo de wintah snows;
Soon de summah sunshine's
Comin' wid bird an' rose!

A CERTAIN and favorite junior officer in the United States Navy
had for a considerable time observed that the Admiral always
removed his uniform coat and donned one of less pretentions
when he read his Bible on Sunday mornings. He often wondered why the
commander of the flag-ship should do so strange a thing, and so one day when
the good-humor of the Admiral permitted the great amount of freedom such a
question would require, he asked,—

"Admiral, will you tell me why you always remove your uniform coat before you open your Bible for Sunday morning's reading?"

The Admiral lifted his eyes and gravely stared the young officer in the face. His smile was more beatific than forbidding.

"Lieutenant, I remove my uniform coat before reading the Bible because I can never give the Lord of Hosts the proper amount of respect and adoration with the stripes of an admiral embracing the arms that support the Bible."

It was a question of the pride of his heart—which was in his admiral's stripes—overcoming the love he held for his Maker when he would render his devotion to Him.

Jane Conway.

Be

In the spring when the colt came the family unanimously agreed
that it should belong to Susan. Possibly they might have decided the same had Susan been less masterful for her years, which are seven. But under the circumstances there was no other way. Ever since the limitations of her nursery Dobbin became apparent she had been clamoring for a real horse, and Susan's clamors are not to be taken lightly.

The colt, unfortunately, was a sickly little affair from the first. But Susan loved it to distraction and was unremitting in her caresses and companionship, and the surreptitious dainties without which the digestion of the unhappy animal might perhaps have stood a better chance. However that may be, as the summer waned the colt grew worse instead of better, and the question of chloroform and another sphere had to be seriously considered.

That such distressing plans should come to the ears of Susan was, of course, the last thing thought of. But she was stringing beads behind the vines and heard the whole. Naturally her grief was unbounded.

"But, dearest," entreated her mother, "you don't want the poor coltie to suffer and be in pain all the time, and never have any happiness, only grow worse and worse, and more and more miserable?"

"N-no," sobbed Susan. "I don't want it to ache and s-suffer, but maybe

ence is the price. The W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoe costs more to make, holds its shape better, wears longer, and is of greater

value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-



day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoe is sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

## BETTER THAN \$5.00 SHOES.

"I have been wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for at least five years, and in that length of time have found them entirely satisfactory. I believe the Douglas at \$3.50 is better than the \$5.00 shoe of other manufacturers. I take pleasure in recommending Douglas shoes for their strength, durability and neatness."

BEN. F. HERMAN,
With John Gough, Contractor, Bridgeport, Conn.

Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.50 and \$2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape, and wear longer than other makes.

W. L. DOUGLAS USES CORONA COLTSKIN IN HIS \$3.50 SHOES. CORONA COLT IS CONCEDED TO BE THE FINEST PATENT LEATHER PRODUCED.

## Fast Color Eyelets will not turn brassy.

W. L. Douglas has the largest shoe mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. State size and width; narrow, medium or wide toe; with or without cap on toe; kind of leather desired; lace, button, congress, or blucher. 25c. extra prepays delivery. If you desire further information, write for Illustrated Catalog of Spring Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 153 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

it would get well, and, anyway, I think it would be a great deal better to have it die alive."

F. F. Jocelyn.

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## A YOUNG MUSICIAN -

By Alwin West

I LOVE to turn the stool around,
As high as high can be;
It makes a screeching, shivery sound:
And while it's whirling, twirling round
I jump on top, 'cause then, you see,
I get a ride for nothing.

I wish there were no keys at all
Away down in the base;
I love to let my fingers sprawl
Where all the notes are wee and small,
And while the teacher makes a face,
Just play them twinkly-winkly.

The teacher always will explain;
I never listen, 'cause
I've such a nimble little brain
I can't help seeing what is plain;
And so I nod, and never pause
Until, from top to bottom,

I've nodded every black and white
And all the keys there are;
And when I have the number right
I give the teacher such a fright—
Her thoughts go wandering off so far—
By shouting, "Eighty-seven!"

Yankee enjoys deathless local fame. For one thing, he is the only native of the place who has been to Europe; and he, moreover, performed while there the ensuing feat, which the neighbors still recount with breathless admiration:

While in Rome the New Englander was shown a certain shrine before which burned a solitary taper.

"That taper," explained the guide in machine-built English, "that taper he has burned before this shrine seven hundred years. He a miraculous taper. Never he has been extinguish. For seven long century that taper has miraculous

# HE SILENCE of a WOMANS BEAUTY LOUDER than the CALL of DUTY



# WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

a SILENT FACTOR in FEMININE CHARM refreshing, soothing and curative, that in cleansing with it daily, one morizes that truism.—A face soap for the face—25 cents. everywhere. Special—A postal will bring our Beauty Booklet. Send 10 cts. for superb bound collection of portaits (9x12 in.) of 15 Theatrical Stars containing autograph letters from each, or 15 cts. with samples. IE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Sole Licensee, CINCINNATI, O.

lously burn before our shrine and not once has he been—what you call—'put out.'"

The Yankee viewed the miracle-candle in silence for a full minute. Then, leaning slowly forward, he extinguished the flame with one mighty "puff."

Turning with a triumphant chuckle to the scandalized and speechless guide, he announced calmly,—

"Wa'al, it's aout naow!"

Anice Terhune.

All to

ONE morning Mr. W.'s coachman was very late in getting to work, and on being questioned for an explanation of his tardiness he said:

"To tell you de truth, Boss, I dun got mah'ied dis mawnin', and dat's huccome it I got late."

"Well, Jim," his employer said, "where is your wife, and why are you not off on your honeymoon?"

"Lord, Boss," said Jim, "she's dun gone off on de honeymoon; she hab all de money."

G. H. S.

An Early Preference TEDDY hated the dark, and his mother was trying to cure him of his fear.

"Now, Teddy," she said as she tucked him in for the night,
"you know who is always with you even in the dark."

"Well, I don't want a man, I want a woman," was his astonishing reply.

Jessie K. Laing.

## A NEIGHBORHOOD SYMPHONY

By Susie M. Best

The person across the way is singing
An aria in the key of D,
In the next door flat the maiden lady
Is banging a march in major C.

The gentleman in the suite above me
On his horn keeps blowing a tcot, toot, toot,
And the boy who belongs to my left-hand neighbor
Is loudly performing upon his flute.

In the rooms below they are at their organ,
It peals its notes in a minor fret,
From the vine-clad porch on the farthest corner
I hear the song of a male quartette.

The Making f a Man

the most important thing on rth and it's largely a question proper food. All the colleges d books in the world will not ake a perfect man. The body ust be strong, sturdy and ealthy. And there's but one ay to build the perfect human ody—proper food and proper tercise.

## Building the Human Body

If you were building a house for yourself ould you put into it any spurious bricks or otten timbers? How are you building the

recious bodies of children? How are you repairing the waste that is going on your body?

As a body-builder for the little ones, as an all-day food to supply heat and power or the full-grown body, dietetic science has thus far produced nothing equal to

## Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

It is made of the whole wheat grain which contains all the elements needed for he complete nourishment of the human body—for the making of bone, muscle, ssue and brain. Why do we draw the kernels into fine shreds? Of course here's a reason for it. It is to make it light and porous and to expose a vast surce to the action of the saliva and the gastric juices, thereby inducing perfect igestion.

I Shredded Wheat Biscuit with milk or cream not only makes a palatable nd nourishing breakfast dish, but is an all day food, adaptable to all seasons and sorts of delicious combinations with fruits, eggs, oysters and vegetables. I Triscuit is shredded whole wheat compressed into a cracker. It may be eaten with cheese or as a substitute for bread, or toast in any form. Send for "The Vital Question Cook Book," free.

NATURAL FOOD COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Across the road is a street piano

That grinds in the most untuneful tones,
And out in the hall a vagrant youngster
Is rattling a rag-time dance on bones.

I bear the jar till I'm in a tension,

And my nerves are racked and my reason fails,

And then I add to the blare my quota,

And in self-defence I practise my scales.

A WELL-KNOWN church speaker of Boston, who is associated with

Jenah's Queer the Tremont Temple of that city, finds the presence of his wife

solourn in his audience the greatest obstacle he has to contend with in
delivering a discourse. Her occasional disapproval of the utterances from the
platform outlines itself on her countenance in a most dispiriting way, and the
lecturer tells of the following experience wherein a slip of the tongue was
brought to his notice in this manner:

He was getting along towards the middle of an address one evening when a glance in his wife's direction and the distressed look on the good woman's face made him aware that something had gone wrong. It was with a very uncomfortable feeling that he finally brought his talk to a close, and as soon as an opportunity was given him he hastened to her side.

"Well, my dear," he asked, "what was wrong with my address to-night? The look on your face suggested trouble of some sort."

"Nothing of great consequence," was the answer, "only you referred to Jonah's remaining three days and three night in 'the whale of the belly,' and you contrived to repeat the expression three times."

Ned Barney.

Bos had been sent to the railroad station for two pieces of baggage, but returned with one only. In reply to his master's question as to why he did not bring both he said:

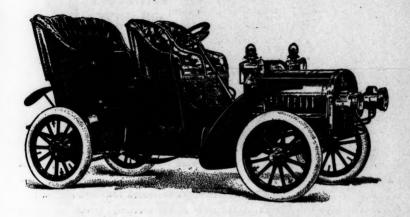
"Dey all say 'yo' cyarn hab de big trunk 'twell yo' pays de twenty cent abcess whar be on him.'"

Katherine E. Megee.

A Novel three little girls began to "play wedding." One announced her intention of going to Australia on her wedding trip, another chose Japan, and Bessie declared that she would go to California, whereupon one said,—

"Oh my! I wouldn't go to California; my papa says they have horrid earthquakes out there."

# Rambler



# SURREY TYPE ONE 18 horse power, \$1350

n racing, every consideration must be given to speed. Not so in touring. Then ease of control, spring suspension, road clearance and freedom from trouble, become far more important. On these points the RAMBLER invites comparison with any vehicle, however expensive. (Other models \$750, \$850, \$2000 and \$3000. (Full information on request.

Main Office and Factory Kenosha, Wisconsin. Branches, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia. New York Agency, 134 West Thirty eighth Street. Representatives in all leading cities.

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY

"Pooh!" said Bessie, "I sin't afraid of earthquakes; I always go up and pat 'em right on the head."

Eleanor G. Holt.

### INCONSISTENCY FEMININE

By Bertha Randabaugh

She gowns herself exquisitely,
Attractive as she dare;
To please the most fastidious
She always has a care;
Then feels it an outrageous thing,
This creature debonair,
If anyone indulges in
A furtive little stare!

THE strange use of the word "elegant" in qualifying nouns
"Alagant" was never more amusingly illustrated than in the case of two
women whose conversation was overheard last Easter when they
were leaving a city church at the close of the services. Quoth one to the
other,—

- "Wasn't that an elegant sermon?"
- " Alagant."
- "And wasn't that an elegant hat the woman right in front of us had on—the green and pink hat with all that elegant pink roses on it?"
  - " Alagant."
  - "And weren't the floral decorations elegant?"
  - " Alagant."
  - "And the music! Wasn't that second anthem just elegant?"
  - " Alagant."

And at the door,-

- "Isn't it an elegant day?"
- " Alagant."

J. L. H.

Culled from a THE tedium of grading papers is often relieved by the finding of some ludicrous blunder, a quaint remark, or an unexpected bright saying, and a certain teacher makes it a point to record all such in her journal. The following are from examinations in literature:

"John Bunyan was the master of Allegory, a beautiful Greek slave."

"Thackeray wrote about the Virginians and, considering he was never in America, did very well indeed."

"Dickens introduced so many characters you may be pardoned for not remembering them."



Artloom Japestries

### ARE NOT EXPENSIVE

They offer the public high art at low prices in the form of attractive curtains, couch covers, and table covers adapted for use in every living room in the house. Many grades adapted for any need. The decorative effects of the Artloom Tapestries cannot be surpassed. Every article is an artistic masterpiece. The label is a guarantee of quality back of which the leading dealers of America willingly put their reputation.

### **DUPLEX CURTAINS \$5 per pair**

The curtains illustrated here are particularly designed for use between adjoining rooms, decorated in different colors. Their peculiar advantages lie in their reversible color combinations; one side red, the other green; or Hunter's Green reverse dark red; nile reverse rose; Du Barry red reverse olive; green reverse nile; from which can be made a choice—harmonious with both rooms. The self-toned design includes Empire

wreaths on trellised or floral effects furnished above and below with a deep border. Inclusive of the heavy lattice fringe and tassels on the throw over, the curtain measures fifty inches wide by three yards long.

Insist on seeing this label. It appears on every genuine Artloom production.



Write, giving the name of your dry goods dealer of acheriment store, for Style Book "J," printed in color with Arthoon suggestions for every room in the house Mailed free on request. Or cut out this coupon, enclor with ten cents and your aclear's name and we will sen you a plush velour square, in red or green, that can bused for centre piece or mounted for plllow top. It would cost fifty cents in any store. They are made exclusively by us,

PHILADELPHIA TAPESTRY MILLS

PHILADELPHIA. PA.

- "Poe, as his name indicates, was a poet. He wrote 'The Raven,' Nevermore,' and several others of erratic and sombre complexity."
  - "Bryant was called the poet of nature because he had no art."
  - "Robert Browning's poems are so fine you can hardly see their point."
  - "Many of Whittier's poems sparkle with a rock-ribbed Americanism."
- "George Eliot was not a man, as her name would make you think, but a woman of the deepest dye."
- "Alexander Pope, truly believing that the proper study of mankind is man, wrote an excellent essay on that appendage."
- "Anonymous is the author of many good things, but of his personal history we know but little."
- "Chaucer was a good poet, but his spelling is so bad but few care to read his works."
- "Spenser wrote 'The Faerie Queen' at the instigation of Queen Elizabeth, who in reality wasn't a bit fairy-like."
  - "Tolstoy is a crank that is hard to turn."
- "Hall Caine is a Manxman and the author of many tales. Here he differs from a Manx cat, which is tailless."
- "Alexander Dumas, the Count of Monte Cristo, married the Countess de Charny and became the father of Alexander Dumas Fields."
- "The Vicar of Wakefield under the name of Goldsmith wrote that sweet poem beginning 'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village in Maine.'"
- "Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a brilliant author, was educated at the School of Scandal."
  - "The 'Children Sour' is by Longfellow."
- "Cooper was the author of the Leather Hosiery Series, a polite delineation of the high life of that time."
- "Conan Doyle has a study in scarlet where he writes his Sherlock Holmes homilies."

B. E. P.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was presenting to her class the story of Cornelius's conversion, and explaining to them how he was told to send for Peter. In reviewing the lesson she asked the question, "Where was Peter staying?" expecting to receive the reply, "He lodged with one Simon, a tanner, who lived by the seaside." She was somewhat startled to have one child answer airily, "He was down to the beach."

Ella L. Watts.

For a child of ten, Francis was unusually fond of horses, which animal formed the subject of his many queries. One day Francis was playing in the pantry, and Jane, exasperated by her futile efforts to annihilate a cockroach that she had discovered on the pantry wall, exclaimed,—

"I do believe that a roach is the fastest insect there is."



ERY likely your first Spring-Clothes need is a Top coat. Get it with the Kirschbaum Label. It will be just long enough, just loose enough; of plain or fancy Covert Cloth; high shoulders, full back, wide lapels, rich linings of silk or serge, deep center vent or side vents, buckhorn buttons. The sort of coat it is a pleasure to wear or

carry on your arm. A coat that is right and that everyone will know is right—and it will be right next Fall.

Prices, \$12 to \$25. If you'd like to see samples of the cloth we'll send them, with the name of the Kirschbaum dealer in your town.

Our Spring Style Book "E" will help you choose the right things to wear. Sent free on request.

A. B. Kirschbaum & Company, Philadelphia and New York

The precocious horseman, giving her a look of mingled surprise and disgust, said, "Aw, gwan, a horse is."

T. F. Coughlin, Jr.

### NUTS

By Carroll Watson Rankin

TO THE EDITOR:

'TIs better, far,
And far more meet,
To send "Walnuts"
To Chestnut Street,
Than it would be—
With pencil fleet—
To send chestnuts
To Walnut Street.

A WELL-KNOWN Episcopal Bishop of High Church tendencies

A Sumptuary was giving a dinner to a number of his clergy not long ago.

In arranging for it with his English butler he was surprised to have the man ask, "Is they 'Igh Church or Low Church, sir?"

"Why, what possible difference does that make?" the Bishop inquired.

"A great deal of difference, sir," the man replied. "The Low Church they eats the most, and the 'Igh Church they drinks the most, sir!"

R. H. Fuller.

An Accomplished by her two-years' stay at college?"

Daughter Mrs. Proudmother.—"La, yes! Mary Elizabeth is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently impoverishes music. But she ain't a bit stuck up—she's unanimous to everybody, an' she never keeps a caller waitin' for her to dress; she just runs in nom de plume, an' you know that makes one feel so comfortable."

Nellie Hampton Dick.

The train was rolling along at breakneck speed over a corduroy railroad. The passengers were numerous and in a hilarious mood. Seated near the forward door was a buxom negress with a baby black as the ace of spades. The imp son of African descent was restless and crying. The mother sought to alleviate his woes by nursing at the breast. Threats and promises of spanking, giving him away, or even throwing him out the window little allayed the peevishness.

## INSIST

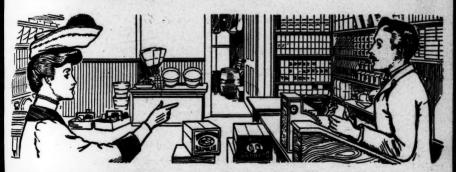
Do it gently, wisely, but firmly.
Insist on having HAND SAPOLIO from your dealer. He owes it to you.

He may be slow—hasten him a bit!

He may be timid—don't blame him, he has often been fooled into buying unsalable stuff—tell him that the very name **SAPOLIO** is a guarantee that the article will be good and salable.

He may hope that you will forget it—that you do not want it badly—Insist, don't let him forget that you want it very badly.

He can order a small box—36 cakes—from any Wholesale Grocer in the United States. If he does, he will retain, and we will secure, an exceedingly valuable thing—your friendship.



JUST INSIST!

"Now, Honey," said the mother, "be good, Honey, take dinna and be quiet. Honey is hungry."

In came the conductor just as she pressed the little lips to the black bosom.

"Now, Honey," said she, "take yo' dinna—be good—take dinna, Honey, or mammy will give it to the conductor."

Exit the conductor!

S. T. Davis.

Comforting A New Hampshire farmer was driving past a country-house and witnessed the tragedy of a child falling into a well. Instead of rushing, appalled, to the scene, he observed that plenty of help was at hand and jogged stolidly on.

About a mile below lived an aunt of the little girl whom the accident had befallen.

"How-do, Mis' Faith," he drawled to the woman shelling peas by the kitchen door. "I jus' seen your sister's little gal fall down the cistern: I guess she's drownded."

Then, having delivered his news, he drove on.

Helen Sherman Griffith.

What He

A BOY in a city Sunday-school was asked what he knew about Sodom and Gomorrah. 'After a moment's reflection he said,— "Well, all I knows about 'em is that they were husband

and wife."

H.

#### TWO PROCESSIONS

By William Hurd Hillyer

Along the street, with blare and beat
Of tuneless horn and drum,

Passes the pageant of the ring,

And brave in tawdry tinselling
The actors come.

The wretched clown grins dolesome down
On the applauding throng,
The women fling their starving smiles.
But on you cross-street slowly files
What column long?

The funeral, with hearse and pall And solemn-tolling bellWalnuts and Wine

49



# MENNEN'S

**BORATED TALCUM** 

TOILET POWDER



The circus, with its painted crew—Which was the sadder of the two?

I cannot tell.

A SMALL boy from the North who was visiting a relative in one

A flatter of of the Southern States where convict labor is employed in public improvements became very interested in the men and their black and white striped clothes. One day he went to a circus and for the first time in his life saw a zebra.

"Oh auntie," he cried, "look at the convict mule!"

Kenneth Lockwood.

### MODESTY

By Ethel M. Kelley

Though now and then a quality
Of mine is not perfected,
I think most people will agree
My faults were well selected!

When old Mose applied for work he was given a job—shovelling Brief sand at a dollar a day.

Authority

A few days later the foreman passed near the sand-bank and, to his surprise, saw Mose comfortably seated on a pile of sand, directing the movements of another dusky laborer.

"Why, Mose!" he exclaimed, "I did not hire that man. What's he doing here!"

"I got him er-doing my wuk, sah," replied Mose.

"Who pays him?" was the question.

"I does, sah; I pays him a dollah a day, sah," was the response.

"Why, that's all you receive, Mose. How do you profit by the transaction?" asked the amazed foreman.

"Well," replied Mose, scratching his woolly head, "I gets to boss de job, doan' I?"

E. F. Moberly.

An American lady went into a French hairdresser's establishment in Berlin to get a shampoo. The proprietor was a tall, thin man, with all the grace and suavity of a dancing-master. He came forward in haste as the door opened.

"Ah, Madame weeshes a treatment for ze scalp. Oui, yes," said he, bowing low with a wide sweep of the hand.

"Yes, and I have my own notions about how it should be done," replied

## 

## IF YOU WANT PURITY

then let us serve you. It stands to reason that we, who run one of the best equipped distilleries in the world, making an average of 9,580 gallons of PURE WHISKEY a day, are in a better position to supply your wants than a dealer who has to buy his goods and probably doesn't sell one-half of 9,580 gallons in a whole year.

HAYNER WHISKEY goes straight to you from our distillery. That's why it's so pure. There is no dealer or middleman to adulterate it.

Buy HAYNER WHISKEY and save the dealers' big profits. That's why it costs less than you pay them for inferior goods.

why it costs less than you pay them for inferior goods.

HAYNER WHISKEY is prescribed by doctors and used in hospitals and by half a million other customers. That's why YOU should try it.

### WHAT COUNT CASSINI SAYS,

Russian Imperial Embassy, Washington, D. C.

"The Hayner Whiskey which has been used at the Embassy has given universal satisfaction. It is an admirable household whiskey"

Kussian Ambassador.

# HAYNER WHISKEY

4 FULL \$3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

OUR OFFER We will send you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE for \$3.20, and we will pay the express charges. Take it home and sample it, have your doctor test it, every bottle if you wish. Then, if you don't find it just as we say and perfectly satisfactory, ship it back to us AT OUR EXPENSE and your \$3.20 will be promptly refunded. How could any offer be fairer? YOU don't risk a cent.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ure., Utah. Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of 4 QUARTS for \$4.00 by EXPRESS PREPAID or 20 Quarts for \$16.00 by FREIGHT PREPAID.

ESTABLISHED 1866. THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY.

TROY, O.

DAYTON, OHIO.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

ST. PAUL MINN.

ATLANTA, QA



Please mention Lippincorr's Magazine when answering this advertisement.



the lady, glancing doubtfully about the room, as if she felt she was putting herself into the hands of irresponsible strangers. "Where do you keep your preparations, sir?"

"Ah, ze ingredients—they are here, Madame," said the artist, leading the way to a marble slab affixed to the wall at the back of the room, upon which there stood a long line of bottles and jars.

The lady recognized many of the preparations and thus regained much of her assurance.

- "Is Madame ready?" asked the proprietor.
- "No, wait, if you please. First, I want some of that," she said, pointing to a bottle.

The hairdresser nodded. "It ees my pleasure, Madame."

- "And then you may rub in some of that." She pointed to a jar of a familiar lotion.
  - "Oui, zat will be excellent, Madame."
- "Then a good rubbing with that," she went on, indicating an open bowl which contained a thin brown liquid.
  - "Mais, non!" cried the other. "Madame does not weesh it!"
  - "Yes, I do!" replied the lady sharply.
  - "But, Madame-"
  - "Do as I say, if you please," she interrupted in a vexed tone.

The proprietor shrugged his shoulders, but he did as he was bid. Everything went well except that the brown liquid did not smell just as she had expected, and produced a curious sensation of warmth as it was applied.

"Wasn't that brown liquid a shampoo mixture?" she asked with growing doubt as he finished.

"Non, Madame," he replied politely; "I put it on because Madame inseests. But you see I was eating my—what you call it?—lunch when Madame came. Zis bowl contained my soup, Madame!"

R. W. Child.

On the Brink

A JEWISH couple during a trip from New York to Boston by water were very seasick, especially the wife. Max, observing symptoms of her total collapse, forgot for a moment his own

troubles and exclaimed:

"Oh Sarah! be careful, there! For Heaven's sake remember that dinner cost a dollar and a half!"

Edwin Tarrisse.

A Strange Animal MRS. JOHNSON was the owner of a factory building, which brought in more trouble than rent. To cap the climax, an unknown man sued her because his son had fallen down the cellar-

stairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson discussed the impending lawsuit in all its phases



## Alice in Peter's-Land

High as the Alps in Quality "This isn't a circus," said the Hatter, severely, to Alice,
"It's a Tea Party, and you're not invited." "Oh! yes, I am,"
said Alice, "There's Peter's Chocolate on the table and that's
always inviting."

"Irresistibly Delicious"

PETER'S CHOCOLATE

Absolutely wholesome, yet so dainty and delicious, that it is a revelation to the chocolate lover.

PETER'S CHOCOLATE

FREE SAMPLE and illustrated booklet, "An Ascent of Mont Blanc," upon request.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO. Sole Importers, Dept. 26, 78 Hudson St., NEW YORK

PROGRESS OF A NATIONAL INSTITUTION.—The twenty-ninth annual statement of The Prudential, of Newark, N. J., shows the Company to be stronger financially and in public confidence than ever before. The year 1904 is reported to have been one of unusual gains in every department. The Company issued and paid for in new insurance during the year over three hundred and twelve million dollars, which is the largest of any single year in the Company's history. The number of policies in force has been increased by over five hundred thousand, bringing the total number of policies up to nearly six millions. The total amount of insurance at risk is over one billion dollars. In payments to policyholders The Prudential has maintained and surpassed its records for liberality. During the year The Prudential paid to policyholders over thirteen million dollars, while since the organization of the Company the total payment to its policyholders has been over ninety-two million dollars. One interesting feature is the fact that in cash dividends and other concessions, not stipulated in original contracts, The Prudential has paid to holders of old policies over five million dollars. When changes are made in policy contracts or rates which result in increased liberality to the insured, The Prudential always makes such changes retroactive, wherever it is practicable to do so, and the above payment is the result of this well-defined policy on the part of the Company.

The Company's assets have increased over sixteen million dollars, making total amount of assets over eighty-eight million dollars. The analysis given in the statement shows these assets to be of the highest grade.

One of the sefest and most profitable investments to a life insurance company consists of loans to its own policyholders, on the security of their policies. The statement shows \$2,427,950 loaned in this way, protected by a reserve value of \$4,427,208, thus affording ample security. Nearly seventy-four million dollars is held as a reserve by the Company to protect policy contracts, and the assets include a surplus to policyholders of \$18,325,866.33. The complete schedule of bonds owned by The Prudential shows the securities to be of the highest grade.

without noticing the interest of their five-year-old daughter. To their great surprise, the child suddenly exclaimed at breakfast,—

"Oh mamma, I wish I could see your lawsuit!"

A. W. M.

with

### SAMMY

By Ella Middleton Tybout

I'm six years old, and almost seven,
But Sammy's ten and going-on 'leven,'
Sammy is;
He's my big brother, don't you see,
And takes the best of care of me—
He's just as thoughtful as can be,
Sammy is.

Why, when we both go out to play
As like as not he runs away,
Sammy does;
But when he leaves so silently
It doesn't mean he don't want me—
He thinks I might get tired, you see,
Sammy does.

He very often pulls my curls,
Because, he says, it's good for girls,
Sammy does;
And if I have a lemon stick
He's so afraid I might get sick,
He hurries up and eats it, quick,
Sammy does.

He speriments on each new doll
Until they have no eyes at all,
Sammy does;
Puts mucilage on pussy's toes,
And when she sticks to my best clo'es,
He wiggles fingers on his nose,
Sammy does.

He says the awfullest things at night
When I'm in bed, without a light,
Sammy does;
'Bout gobble-uns with flaming feet
That hunt for little girls to eat—
He feels right sorry I'm so sweet,
Sammy does.

# Hydrozone

Its action is in No burning of Hydrozone fully used by Sold by best did to be be the Beware of preparagenuine without

cures Sore Throat

Its action is immediate and beneficial.

No burning or cauterizing. No injurious effects possible.

Hydrozone is a standard remedy, indorsed and successfully used by leading physicians for the past fourteen years.

Sold by best druggists.

### Trial Bottle Free

free trial bottle of Hydrozone.

Beware of preparations with similar names. None genuine without my signature on label:

Coupon good only until May 5, 1905.

Geof. Charter tourchants

Mail coupon, naming your druggist, to CHARLES MARCHAND, 57 Prince St., New York City,

dress

Requests unaccompanied by coupon will be ignored.
Only one bottle to a family.

THE YOUNGEST BABY can readily digest and assimilate Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk because the casein, which is in ordinary cow's milk, undergoes physical alteration in the process of condensation, which makes it digestible. It brings the result which every parent is looking for—viz., strong and healthy children.

The great success of McIlhenny's Tabasco both as a relish and as a digestive agent has caused numerous imitations to be put upon the market, many of which consist simply of diluted tomato catsup heavily charged with cayenne pepper, which any physician will tell you is a dangerous irritant and should be avoided. The genuine McIlhenny's Tabasco is a most excellent corrective and aids the digestive organs in their work. Therefore, always be sure when you use Tabasco that it is McIlhenny's, the original—in use nearly half a century by the leading hotels, restaurants, and best families of the land. It gives a fine, spicy, piquant flavor to soups, roasts, fish, oysters, sauces, etc.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

## An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

### MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

He's always hiding behind the doors And jumping out with fearful roars, Sammy is;

He wants to make me brave, you see-But sometimes I believe that he Is 'most too thoughtful about me, Sammy is.

The curtain was rung up for the third time, and Margaret Blake, whose remarkable acting had made "The Burden of Love" one decided hit of the season, stepped forward and responded to the prolonged acclamation of her admiring audience. She spoke with a graceful modesty that charmed, then gathered her floral tributes.

Was it the intense excitement, or the blinding array of foot-lights that dazzled and confused her?

Quietly reposing on a lower box rail by the proscenium she saw a magnificent bunch of violets—her favorite flower—ostensibly placed there for her by the sweet-faced, dark-haired lady behind them.

With applause still ringing in her ears, Miss Blake leaned forward and took the lovely bouquet, acknowledging the gift by a pretty bow.

The sweet-faced, dark-haired lady reached after her with a strange and sudden haste.

"Give me back my hat!" she cried hysterically.

Roy M. Chalmers.

A Baid Statement BOBBY, aged five, sat in the barber's chair for the first time.

"Well, Bobby, how shall I cut your hair?"

"Oh, make it like Uncle Lew's, with a round hole in the

middle!"

L. M. Gaines.

### DREAMS

By Ethel M. Kelley

When I was little and alone
My dreams were all of being grown,
But now I walk about with men,
I dream of being small again.

A Swift Answer ONE night he prayed, "God bless paps and bring him safe home to us." Just then he heard his father's voice in the hall. "Never mind, God, he's here all right!"

Mrs. E. A. Matthews.